MODERN SCREEN

ECEMBER

10
CENTS



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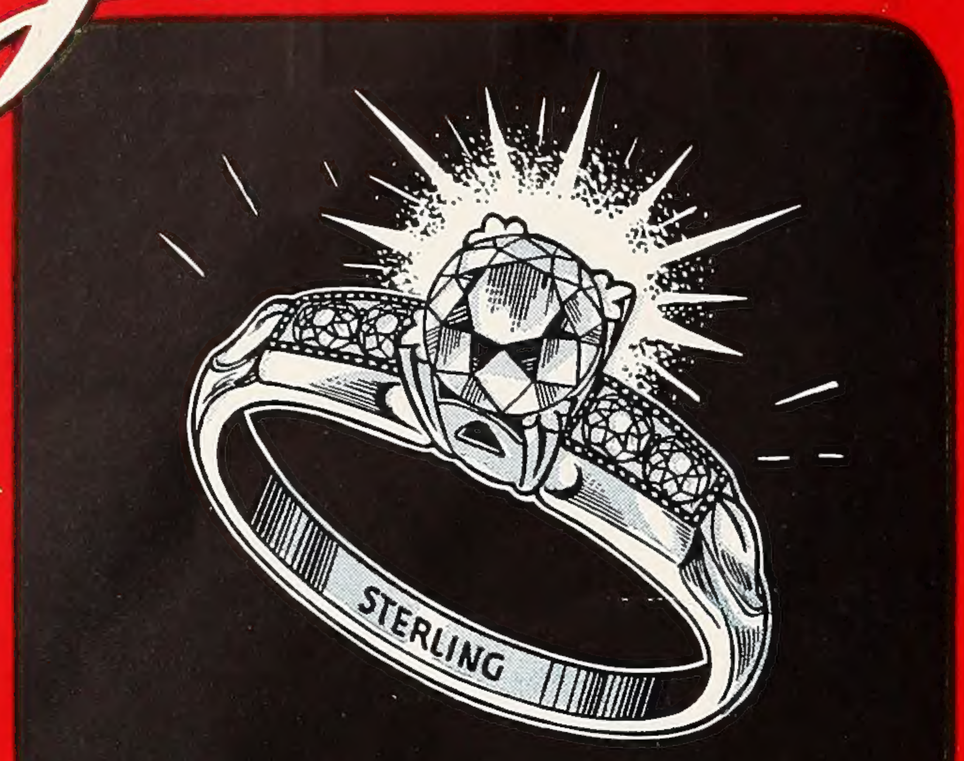
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Ladies!



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TO READERS OF MODERN SCREEN

WE HOPE YOU DON'T MISS A WORD OF IT

Priorities have cut our supply of stones for these gorgeous rings. This may be your last chance to get yours before stocks are entirely gone. Now, today, mail the coupon!

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MAIL COUPON TODAY...TEST 10 DAYS ON GUARANTEE OF FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK! The beautiful, sentimental solitaire has a gorgeous, brilliant center replica, nearly ¾-karat size and two dazzling replicas on each side. The mounting reproduces in fine detail the same popular ring styling which has been the rage from Miami to Hollywood. It is the ring of youth, of love, of affection. You have your choice of genuine sterling silver or yellow gold-plate mountings. Remember, we're not trying to tell you these are real diamonds. The originals would cost $100.00, $200.00 or perhaps more. But these replica diamonds *ARE* one of America's greatest imitations. Not too big, not too flashy, it takes the closest inspection to tell the difference. Stage stars, celebrities, social leaders and millionaires don't risk their precious originals but wear replica diamonds without fear of detection.

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THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 506, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Use the chart below. Cut out the strip accurately, wrap tightly around middle-joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.



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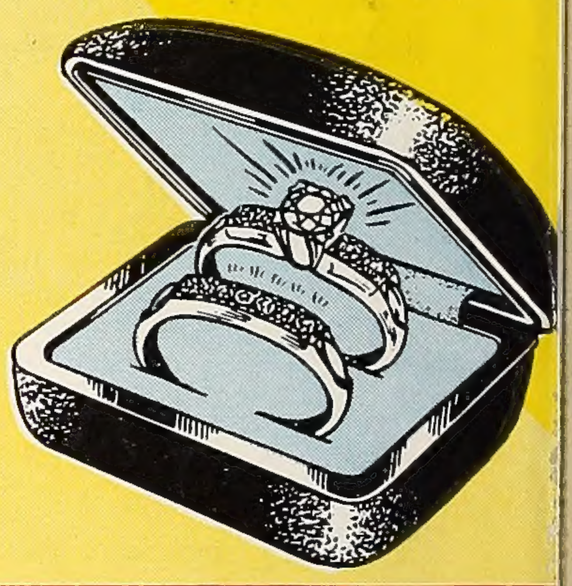
Ladies . . . have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Well, you know that the marching armies of Europe have brought the diamond centers of the world to a virtual standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward, it might be a long, long time before your dreams come true. But here's amazing news. If you act now, today, you can obtain a beautiful solitaire *replica* diamond ring, nearly ¾-karat solitaire, one of America's greatest imitations, in a gorgeous sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, during one of the greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! Simply mail the coupon below. Inspect this remarkable solitaire replica diamond, wear it for 10 days. If you aren't delighted in every way, you need not lose a penny!

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Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

hearts surrender to a radiant smile!

To give your smile extra sparkle and appeal, brighten your teeth with Ipana and Massage!

TAKE COURAGE, plain girl—and smile! You don't need beauty to win your heart's desire. Just glance about you at the girls who are well-loved—the brides-to-be—the happy young wives—

Very few can claim real beauty . . . *but they all know how to smile!* Not timid, half-hearted smiles. But big, heart-warming smiles that light their faces like sunshine!

You, too, can have that same magnetic appeal—compelling, irresistible. So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Let your smile turn heads, win hearts, invite new happiness for you.

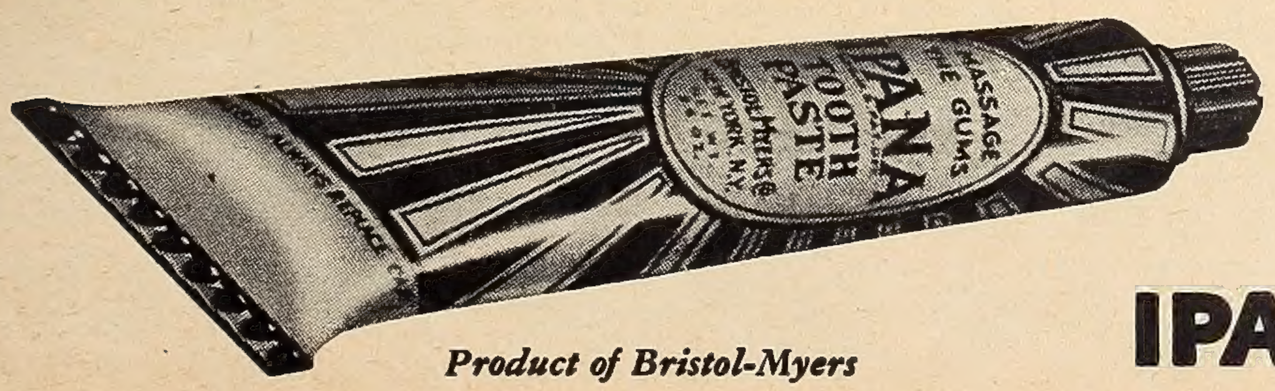
But it must be a *brave* smile, flashing freely and unafraid. For that kind of smile, you must have teeth you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it helps the health of your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means gum circulation is quickening—helping gums to new firmness.

Make Ipana and massage part of your regular dental routine and help yourself to have brighter teeth and firmer gums—a more attractive, sparkling smile!



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The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

A lion like an elephant never forgets—

★ ★ ★ ★

She was twelve, she came from Grand Rapids and had rhythm. She sang like a lark on the beat. While her mother accompanied her on the pianoforte. M-G-M cheered.

★ ★ ★ ★

What an electric little spark was Judy. She was destined for stardom.

★ ★ ★ ★

Today is destiny day. See "For Me and My Gal."

★ ★ ★ ★



Judy Garland is a great star. As a matter of fact, she is the second most popular actress in the nation by actual poll. And no wonder.

★ ★ ★ ★

How she sings and dances and acts! But above all, she has feeling—that's what makes her so good.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's what distinguishes "For Me and My Gal" from all other musical movies you've seen. Feeling.

★ ★ ★ ★



The plot is as warm and friendly as your fireside. Convincing dialogue. Infectious song rendering.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Murphy and Gene Kelly play with Judy. Murphy is at his best. Gene Kelly is a "find." Broadway saw him first in "Pal Joey," but you'll never forget him in "For Me and My Gal."

★ ★ ★ ★



It's not necessary to predict a future for Gene Kelly. His future is here. What a performance he gives as a heel with a heart.

★ ★ ★ ★

The dramatic and humorous screenplay has been provided by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers from Howard Emmett Rodgers' original yarn.

★ ★ ★ ★

Busby Berkeley, the screen's greatest director of musical pictures, directed it and Arthur Freed produced it. The two work well together.



★ ★ ★

"The bells are ringing For Me and My Gal." —Leo

P. S. We recommend "Random Harvest" as the greatest dramatic film since "Mrs. Miniver." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, of course.

MODERN SCREEN

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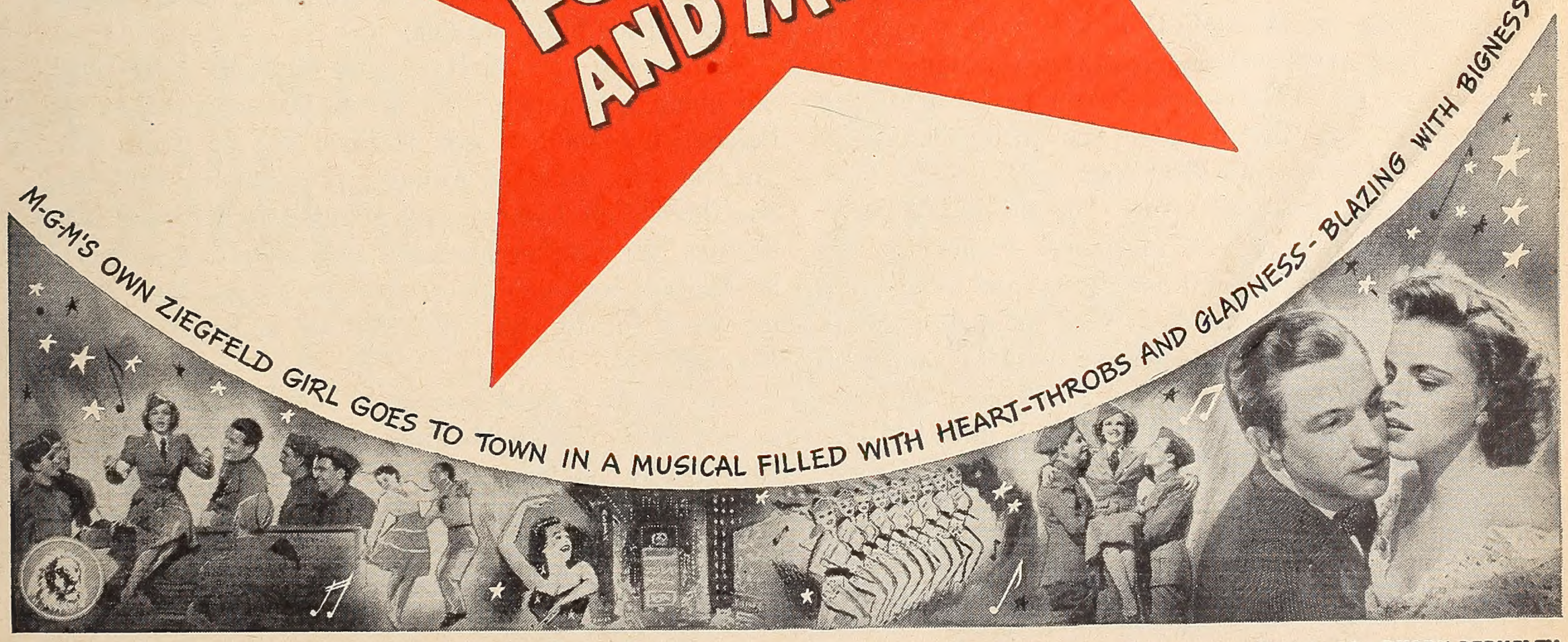
GRAB YOUR GIRL - HUG YOUR BEAU - HERE'S A DARLING MUSIC-SHOW!



JUDY GARLAND

FOR ME AND MY GAL

M-G-M'S OWN ZIEGFELD GIRL GOES TO TOWN IN A MUSICAL FILLED WITH HEART-THROBS AND GLADNESS - BLAZING WITH BIGNESS!



GEORGE MURPHY · GENE KELLY · Marta Eggerth · Ben Blue · Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Screen Play by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers · Original Story by Howard Emmett Rogers · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

MOVIE REVIEWS



Gene Kelly, featured with Judy Garland in this saga of vaudeville, rocketed to glory in "Pal Joey." Judy's a trouper of the vaude circuits from away back.



Judy's brother, Richard Quine, leaves to make the world safe for Democracy. (Richard was in "Babes on Broadway" with Judy, too.) Gene, Lucille Norman and George Murphy look on.

By Zachary Gold

FOR ME AND MY GAL

Vaudeville may or may not be dead; we wouldn't know. We only know what we read in "Variety." But as far as Hollywood is concerned, two-a-day is ancient history; it happened way back in the nineteen twenties, didn't it? So for Hollywood, at any rate, vaudeville falls into the class of costume pictures, twenty-three skidoo and a comic in checkered pants, derby hat and spats. "For Me And My Gal" falls back a notch beyond that and sets its tale against the background of the last war; by that coincidence, it can be flavorful and topical at the same time, nostalgic and full of the current emotional punch of a world at war.

And make no mistake about it, "For Me And My Gal" touches the heart and stirs the memory. Vaudeville may be a corpse, but the story of it has a warm and living quality. There's nothing particularly new about the picture, but it's told simply and with an eye for detail and with just the right proportions of ham and hoke. And certainly it doesn't suffer because its leading roles fall into such capable hands as those of Judy Garland, George Murphy and Gene Kelly.

It's about the Palace and Orpheum time, about the train jumps to make a "split week" in Minneapolis, about the big time and the hicks. It tells the story of Jo Hayden (Judy Garland), a girl with a voice and a pair of dancing legs. Jo was playing the smaller circuits with Jimmy Metcalfe (George Murphy) when, in a small Iowa theater, she meets Harry Palmer (Gene Kelly). Palmer is all bluster and big front; he's headed for the big time and the Palace, he says. And Jo falls; not for the line but for the guy himself. There's something about Harry, despite all his bluff and talk.

So Jo teams up with Harry and salves his pride when the going gets tough. It's a long, slow climb to the Palace; but Palmer and Hayden are on their way. They've even received promise of a chance when the War breaks on America and Harry gets his draft notification. He crushes his hand deliberately in order to be deferred long enough to play the Palace. And that's too much for Jo. She quits Palmer and goes back to Metcalfe.

But War is a great teacher in some respects, and in France on the battlefields Palmer learns he's not heaven's only gift to humanity. He comes back after the war different and chastened. He comes back to an act named Palmer, Hayden and Metcalfe; but he learns that in Jo's heart the billing is still just Palmer and Hayden.

The story of "For Me And My (*Continued on page 8*)



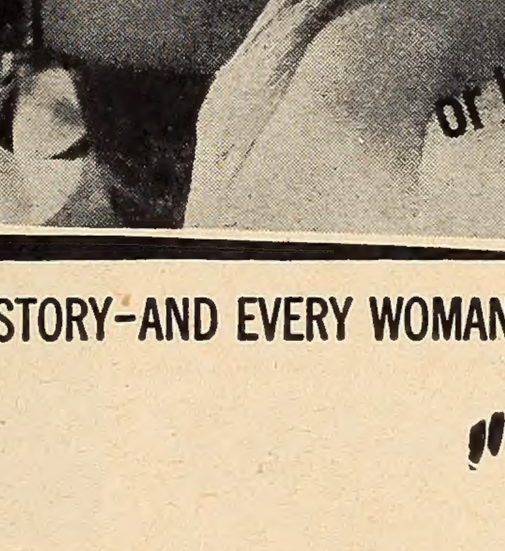
THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY-AND EVERY WOMAN!

IDA
LUPINO
DENNIS
MORGAN
JOAN
LESLIE

Supported by
JACK CARSON
GLADYS GEORGE
FAYE EMERSON • *Directed by*
VINCENT SHERMAN
Screen Play by Daniel Fuchs and Peter Viertel

☆

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AT YOUR THEATRE



"The Hard Way"

A Great WARNER BROS. Picture!

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Would you like to have that "something" that draws men like a flower does bees? Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, can learn to be attractive to men.

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Take the Kinks Out of Your Appearance and Personality!

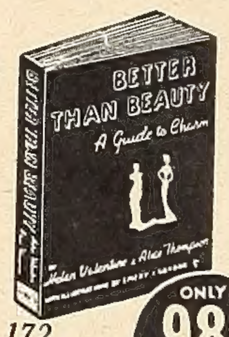
If you have a large nose, small eyes, short neck—if you are short, tall, fat or thin, or have any other physical fault—this book tells you EXACTLY what to do. If your clothes never look well—if you don't know what to talk about—if not sure of your manners—if you are moody—if you have rasping voice or giggling laugh—or troubled by any problem—this complete book will guide and help you to minimize or correct every difficulty or fault!

WHAT THIS BOOK WILL DO FOR YOU

Here are a few of the subjects covered:

- How to add beauty and allure to your face and figure
- Care of skin and complexion; professional make-up
- Secrets of smart hair-styling
- Selecting most becoming clothes and accessories for every type figure
- How to meet and make new friends; become liked and popular

APPENDIX: An 8 page caloric Table of everyday foods—a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight.



172 pages 49 illustrations

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Do you know why girls who wear a certain color more readily receive proposals of marriage than those who wear another color? Did you know that colors have for ages been used as a means of enhancing sexual attractiveness? The glamour girls of history—Cleopatra, Josephine, DuBarry—instinctively understood the enchanting power of the RIGHT colors. Now you can get the scientific facts about colors, all the answers to your personal questions, whether blonde, brunette or redhead; you can learn HOW TO CHARM WITH COLOR—ABSOLUTELY FREE!

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Gal" is only half of the picture. It's the flavor of the period, the songs and the dances that make up the other half of the film. Judy Garland, in one of the best parts of her career, sings and acts her way through a juicy role; some of the songs are old and some of them are new, but they all get the Garland treatment. The little lady has been growing up, and in "For Me And My Gal" she makes her bid for mature stardom.

"For Me And My Gal," too, acts to serve up Gene Kelly on a large platter. He's something of a new face in films with a sensational New York stage success behind him. There's George Murphy, of course, of the pleasant Irish face and the nimble feet; and Ben Blue, Keenan Wynn and Marta Eggerth. As they may have said at the Palace: it's a solid bill. Ring up the curtain!—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Judy Garland was the first official "customer" at the new M-G-M Emergency Hospital. She limped in with blisters on her feet from a 3-day dance routine . . . Buzz Berkely, rehearsing Ben Blue for a corny vaudeville dance act, didn't like the way things were going. Ben was supposed to dash onstage just as the curtain fell, run under it, be hit on the head, etc. The timing was wrong, so Berkely said, "Here—I'll show you," and ran under the curtain. It conked him on the head with a bang and he hit the floor! He'd forgotten that Blue wore a heavy rubber pad under his cap for the scene! . . . Keenan Wynn, son of Ed, had a part as a vaudeville star playing the old N. Y. Palace. Funny coincidence is that his Pa was on the opening bill of that famous variety house, as well as in the closing show. A decade later, another Wynn is playing the Palace, even if it's only a picture . . . "Oscar" trophies are losing their prestige, claims the cast of "Me and My Gal." Each time one of them does an extra-good scene, Director Berkely rewards him with a lump of sugar—"The Academy Award of Today" . . . One of the sets was a 1915 restaurant, and among the authentic "props" was a large glass globe on the counter, stocked with sugared doughnuts, a custom in those days. Judy, who loves doughnuts, ate one between each "take," and the property man had to keep replenishing the globe. "Serves me right," he cracked, "for not laying in a supply of rubber ones before they put the ban on tires" . . . George Murphy and Blue had trouble finding jokes so bad that the audience wouldn't laugh. Sample—Ben: "What's that mark on your forehead? A birthmark?" George: "Yeah, I got into the wrong berth." . . . Gene Kelly got the biggest surprise of his life when Marta Eggerth handed him a glass of champagne in a scene. "Holy Cats," he exploded, "it IS *champagne!" "The holy cats were convincing," observed Buzz, "but why the rest?" "Because it* IS *champagne, taste it!" They did and discovered that an old bottle of champagne lying around in the property department had been unearthed!*

CASABLANCA

We are learning our geography lessons these days in the painful school of war and battle. And it's a tortured geography that does not move in straight lines and set patterns; it skitters over a world made shapeless and horrible by the Nazi shadow. The refugees who seep out of Europe must move a cautious, round-about, danger-ridden path to safety: Paris to Marseilles, a dash by night across the Mediterranean, from Oran in Africa to Casablanca in French Morocco, and from there, with luck, to Lisbon, and from Lisbon, for a few, to America and safety.

"Casablanca" puts a magnifying glass on this way station in the new Underground Railway. Here in this Moorish city, sweltering under the African sun, the hopeless of Europe gather for the dash to Lisbon; here you might find a haunted Austrian seeking a visa, a Belgian on his way to the Free French forces in the Congo, a Pole hunting passage to England and the RAF, an underground leader on his way back to the death-house of Europe, Gestapo agents and Nazis, thieves and smugglers, women and the men who love them . . .

You would find them, most probably, gathered under the bright lights of Rick's Cafe. For Rick's was the center of everything that went on in Casablanca, the good and the bad alike. And Rick himself (Humphrey Bogart) knew all the secrets of Casablanca, all the whispered stories of its back alleys and hideouts. Rick . . . the American who had come from Paris, whose own past was a secret, and who watched life and death in Casablanca with the same cool eyes.

"Casablanca" tells a tense and taut story of action here on the rim of Africa. For Rick's own past rises out of the ashes of Europe one night when Ilsa Lund (Ingrid Bergman) comes into his cafe. Rick had known Ilsa in Paris, known her as the woman he had loved. But Ilsa is not alone in Casablanca; with her is her husband, Victor Laszlo (Paul Henreid), secretly the head of a vast underground movement in Europe. Events move with a harsh swiftness when the Nazis discover Laszlo's presence. They'll stop at nothing to prevent his escape; he is determined to return to Europe.



Caught up in this net of intrigue, caught up again in his love for Ilsa, Rick must move on a dangerous tightrope between the Nazis and safety. Inevitably the action centers in the brightly lit arena of his cafe. There Laszlo comes to plead with Rick for help, there the Gestapo agents come to bargain and threaten, and there Ilsa comes, bringing alive memories Rick had thought long dead. Over the harsh pounding music of Sam, the Negro, at the piano, over the click of the dice and the roulette wheels of the gambling room, over the inane chatter of the bar-room, the drama of "Casablanca" moves to a climax.

Warner Brothers has gathered an all-star cast for "Casablanca." Besides the stars you'll find Claude Rains as the French Prefect of Police, Conrad Veidt as the unyielding Nazi, Peter Lorre and Sydney Greenstreet as characters of the

(*Continued on page 70*)

He Kissed Her All Over The Map

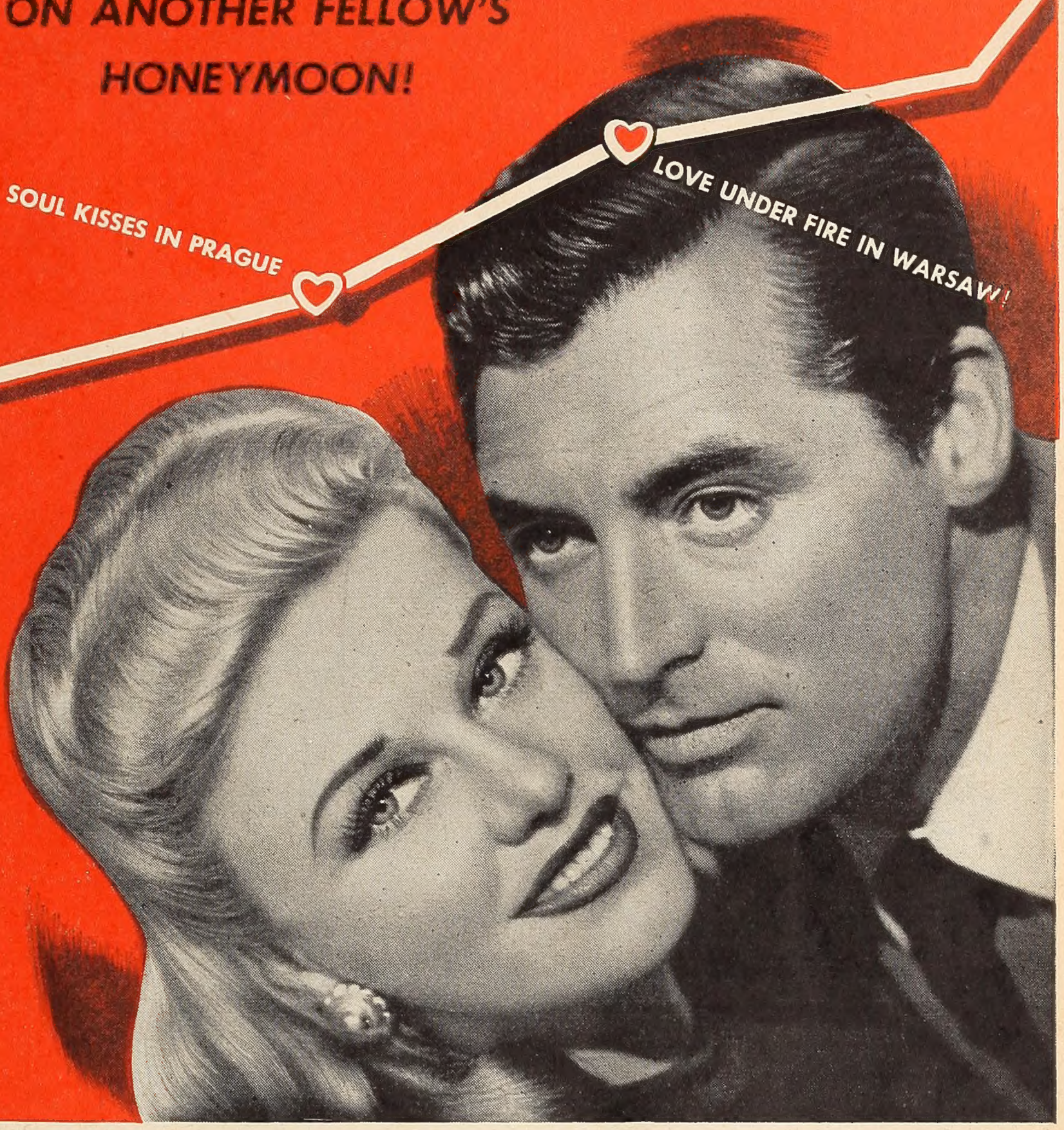
ON ANOTHER FELLOW'S HONEYMOON!

THAT EVENING IN PARIS

VIENNA WAS HEAVEN

SOUL KISSES IN PRAGUE

LOVE UNDER FIRE IN WARSAW!



Whirlwind romance that races headlong through the tumbling capitals of Europe! . . . A truly great picture that catches the courage, the drama, and the flaming spirit of a blitz-torn world, in the most *exciting* story of this war!

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The
BIGGEST
musical Western
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Roy
ROGERS
KING OF THE COWBOYS
is riding your
way with . . .

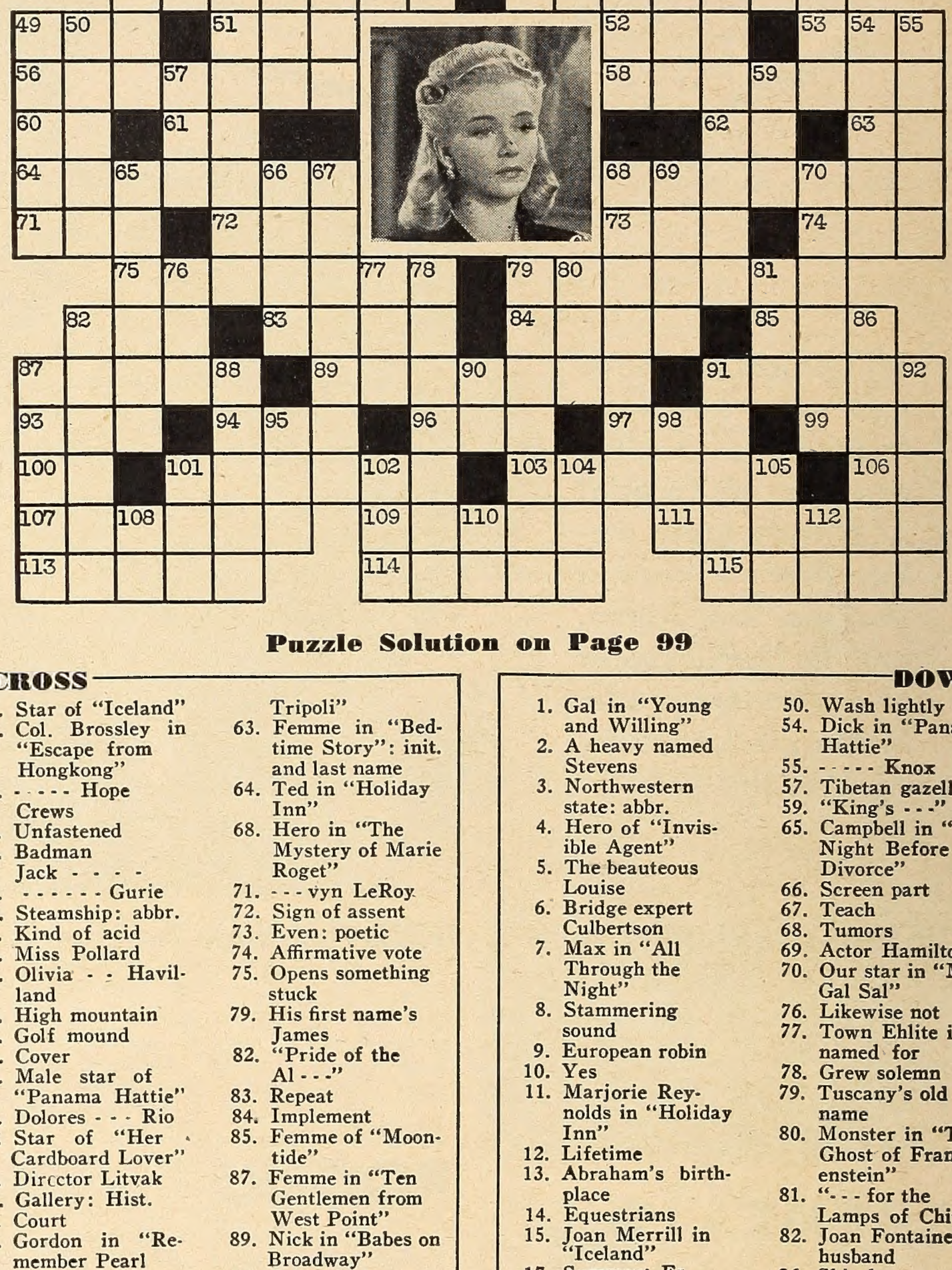


More Action! More Songs!
More Spectacle! More Comedy!
Than you've ever seen in one picture before!
and Smiley BURNETTE with George "Gabby" HAYES
IN
HEART OF THE GOLDEN WEST



with
BOB NOLAN and the SONS OF THE PIONEERS
RUTH TERRY
WALTER CATLETT PAUL HARVEY EDMUND McDONALD
LEIGH WHIPPER WILLIAM HAADE
AND THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR
Choral Arrangements by Hall Johnson
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 99

ACROSS

1. Star of "Iceland"
6. Col. Brossley in "Escape from Hongkong"
11. - - - - - Hope Crews
16. Unfastened
18. Badman Jack - - - -
19. - - - - - - Gurie
20. Steamship: abbr.
21. Kind of acid
23. Miss Pollard
25. Olivia - - Havilland
26. High mountain
28. Golf mound
29. Cover
31. Male star of "Panama Hattie"
32. Dolores - - - Rio
33. Star of "Her Cardboard Lover"
35. Director Litvak
38. Gallery: Hist.
40. Court
41. Gordon in "Remember Pearl Harbor"
42. College miss
44. Printer's measures
45. Femme in "Fingers at the Window"
47. Pert. to motion
49. " - - - Husbands Necessary?"
51. Twice 44—Across
52. Compass point
53. American humorist
56. Largest
58. Daily
60. Band leader in "Pride of the Yankees": init. & last name
61. "Tales - - Manhattan"
62 "- - The Shores of Tripoli"
63. Femme in "Bedtime Story": init. and last name
64. Ted in "Holiday Inn"
68. Hero in "The Mystery of Marie Roget"
71. - - - vyn LeRoy
72. Sign of assent
73. Even: poetic
74. Affirmative vote
75. Opens something stuck
79. His first name's James
82. "Pride of the Al - - -"
83. Repeat
84. Implement
85. Femme of "Moontide"
87. Femme in "Ten Gentlemen from West Point"
89. Nick in "Babes on Broadway"
91. Select body
93. Rowdy in "Panama Hattie"
94. Obtained
96. "B - - - Geste"
97. Male lead in "Sunday Punch"
99. Depressed
100. "To Be - - Not To Be"
101. Make object of love
103. Mac in "You Can't Escape Forever"
106. L - - se Rainer
107. Dinner course
109. DeMille's first name
111. Wandering
113. Prophets
114. Group of three
115. Spars

DOWN

1. Gal in "Young and Willing"
2. A heavy named Stevens
3. Northwestern state: abbr.
4. Hero of "Invisible Agent"
5. The beauteous Louise
6. Bridge expert Culbertson
7. Max in "All Through the Night"
8. Stammering sound
9. European robin
10. Yes
11. Marjorie Reynolds in "Holiday Inn"
12. Lifetime
13. Abraham's birthplace
14. Equestrians
15. Joan Merrill in "Iceland"
17. Summer: Fr.
19. "- - - Devil Island"
22. One devoted to actuality
24. Prinked
27. Sawfly's fleshy leg
30. "Swing - - Soldier"
32. Snuffy in "Snuffy Smith, the Yard Bird"
34. Extinct bird
36. The blonde Grey
37. - - s January
39. Hawaiian wreath
41. Old Dutch measures
43. Lucille Ball's husband
46. Reducing sail
48. Ancient Germans
49. Father of the Hebrews
50. Wash lightly
54. Dick in "Panama Hattie"
55. - - - - - Knox
57. Tibetan gazelle
59. "King's - - -"
65. Campbell in "The Night Before the Divorce"
66. Screen part
67. Teach
68. Tumors
69. Actor Hamilton
70. Our star in "My Gal Sal"
76. Likewise not
77. Town Ehlite is named for
78. Grew solemn
79. Tuscany's old name
80. Monster in "The Ghost of Frankenstein"
81. "- - - for the Lamps of China"
82. Joan Fontaine's husband
86. Shipshape
87. Wind instruments
88. Fanny in "The Magnificent Ambersons"
90. Rochester's real last name and init.
91. Excessive: Scots Law
92. Revises
95. Short poem
98. Morris Ankrum in "Ride 'Em Cowboy"
101. Go astray
102. Perform on a set
104. "In - - - California"
105. Epoch
108. Tellurium symbol
110. Edward - - anelli
117. "Tough - - They Come"



Keep your nails pretty. Dura-Gloss does it. If, like so many others, you're busier than ever with war duties, you'll find Dura-Gloss nail polish a real ally. Dura-Gloss contains a special ingredient (Chrystallyne) that makes it last longer on your nails (and it's important now to make things last)—this ingredient gives it a special sparkle that brightens you up. You just can't help *feeling* better after you've used Dura-Gloss! Get it today.

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DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

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PERC WESTMORE, Head Make-up Artist at Warner Bros. studio

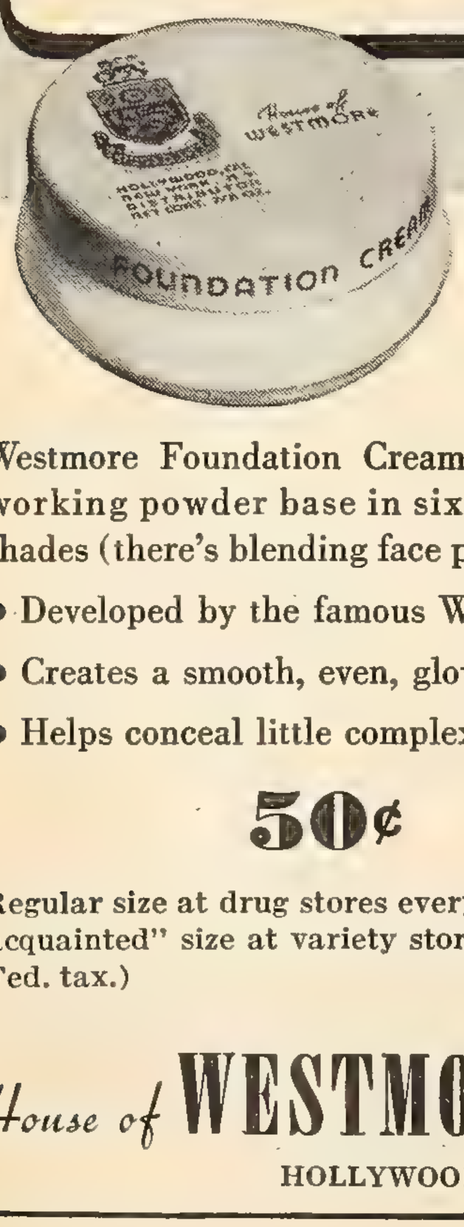


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ANN SHERIDAN, co-starred in "GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE", the Warner Bros. hit.

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- Developed by the famous Westmores.
- Creates a smooth, even, glowing tone.
- Helps conceal little complexion faults.

50¢

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House of WESTMORE Inc.
HOLLYWOOD

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
Across the Pacific (Warners)	3½★
Affairs of Jimmy Valentine (Republic)	2½★
A-Haunting We Will Go (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Almost Married (Universal)	2½★
Always in My Heart (Warners) C	3★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount)	2½★
Atlantic Convoy (Columbia)	2½★
Bambi (RKO) C	4★
Berlin Correspondent (RKO)	2★
Between Us Girls (Universal)	3★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount)	3★
Big Shot, The (Warners)	3★
Big Street, The (RKO)	3★
Boss of Hangtown Mesa (Universal)	2½★
Broadway (Universal)	3★
Busses Roar (Warners)	2½★
Calling Dr. Gillespie (M-G-M)	2½★
Canal Zone (RKO)	2½★
Corpse Vanishes, The (Monogram)	2★
Counter Espionage (Columbia)	2½★
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The (M-G-M) C	3★
Crossroads (M-G-M)	3★
Danger in the Pacific (Universal)	2★
Dangerously They Live (Warners)	3★
Desperate Journey (Warners)	3★
Down Rio Grande Way (Columbia)	2★
Dr. Broadway (Paramount)	3★
Drums of the Congo (Universal)	2★
Eagle Squadron (Universal)	3★
Enemy Agents Meet Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Escape from Hong Kong (Universal)	2½★
Falcon Takes Over, The (RKO)	2½★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal)	2★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M)	2½★
Fleet's In, The (Paramount)	3★
Flight Lieutenant (Columbia)	2½★
Footlight Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists)	2½★
Gay Sisters, The (Warners)	3★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal)	2½★
Ghost Town Law (Monogram)	2½★
Girl From Alaska (Republic)	2★
Give Out Sisters (RKO)	2½★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists)	4★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M)	3★
Great Man's Lady, The (Paramount)	3★
Her Cardboard Lover (M-G-M)	2★
Holiday Inn (Paramount)	4★
I Married An Angel (M-G-M)	2½★
In Old California (Republic)	2½★
In This Our Life (Warners)	3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia)	3½★
Invisible Agent (Universal)	2½★
It Happened in Flatbush (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Jackass Mail (M-G-M)	2½★
Jesse James, Jr. (Republic)	2½★
Juke Box Jenny (Universal)	2½★
Juke Girl (Warners)	3★
Just Off Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M)	3★
Klondike Fury (Monogram)	2½★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount)	3★
Lady In a Jam (Universal)	2½★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners)	2½★
Let's Get Tough (Monogram)	2½★
Little Annie Rooney (United Artists) C	2½★
Little Tokio, U. S. A. (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Loves of Edgar Allan Poe (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mad Martindales, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Magnificent Ambersons, The (RKO)	3★
Magnificent Dope, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Maisie Gets Her Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Major and the Minor, The (RKO)	4★
Male Animal, The (Warners)	3★
Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia)	2★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Manila Calling (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Mayor of 44th Street (RKO)	2½★
Meet the Mob (Monogram)	2★
Meet the Stewarts (Columbia)	2½★
Men of Texas (Universal)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire at Sea (RKO)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire's Elephant (RKO)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost (RKO)	2★
Mississippi Gambler (Universal)	2½★
Moonlight Masquerade (Republic)	2½★
Moontide (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M)	4★
My Favorite Spy (RKO)	2½★
My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mystery of Marie Roget, The (Universal)	2½★
Native Land (Frontier Films)	3½★
Nazi Agent (M-G-M)	3★
Night Before the Divorce (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Night in New Orleans (Paramount)	2★
Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M)	2★
Parachute Nurse (Columbia)	2½★
Pardon My Sarong (Universal)	2½★
Pied Piper, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Pierre of the Plains (M-G-M)	3★
Powder Town (RKO)	2½★
Pride of the Yankees (RKO)	4★
Priorities on Parade (Paramount)	3★
Private Buckaroo (Universal)	2½★
Raiders of the Range (Republic)	2★
Reap the Wild Wind (Paramount)	3★
Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount)	3★
Remember Pearl Harbor (Republic)	2½★
Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal)	3★
Riders of the Northland (Monogram)	2★
Riders of the Range (Monogram)	2★
Rings on Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Rio Rita (M-G-M)	3★
Romance on the Range (Republic)	2★
Rubber Racketeers (Monogram)	2★
Sabotage Squad (Columbia)	2½★
Saboteur (Universal)	3½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror (Universal)	3★
She's In The Army (Monogram)	2½★
Ship Ahoy (M-G-M)	3★
Ships with Wings (United Artists)	2½★
Silver Bullet, The (Universal)	2★
Sing Your Worries Away (RKO)	2★
Sleepytime Gal (Republic)	2★
Somewhere I'll Find You (M-G-M)	3★
Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sons of the Pioneers (Republic)	2½★
Sons of the Sea (Warners)	2½★
South of Santa Fe (Republic)	2★
Spoilers, The (Universal)	3½★
Spy Ship (Warners)	2½★
Stage Coach Buckaroo (Universal)	2½★
Stage Coach Express (Republic)	2½★
Stick to Your Guns (Monogram)	2★
Submarine Raider (Columbia)	3★
Suicide Squadron (Republic)	3½★
Sunday Punch (M-G-M)	2½★
Sweater Girl (Paramount)	2½★
Sweetheart of the Fleet (Columbia)	2½★
Syncopation (RKO)	3★
Take A Letter Darling (Paramount)	3½★
Tales of Manhattan (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Talk of the Town (Columbia)	3½★
Tarzan's New York Adventure (M-G-M)	2½★
Ten Gentlemen From West Point (Twentieth Century-Fox)	3★
They All Kissed the Bride (Columbia)	2½★
This Above All (20th Century-Fox)	4★
This Gun For Hire (Paramount)	3½★
Tish (M-G-M)	2★
To Be or Not to Be (United Artists)	3★
Tombstone (Paramount)	3★
Top Sergeant (Universal)	2½★
Tortilla Flat (M-G-M)	3½★
Tragedy of Midnight (Republic)	2½★
True to the Army (Paramount)	2½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO)	3★
Twilight on the Trail (Paramount)	2½★
Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia)	2½★
Valley of the Sun (RKO)	3★
Vanishing Virginian, The (M-G-M)	3★
Wake Island (Paramount)	4★
We Were Dancing (M-G-M)	2½★
What's Cookin' (Universal)	3★
Who is Hope Schuyler? (RKO)	2★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia)	2½★
Wings For the Eagle (Warners)	3★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M)	4★
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners)	4★
Yokel Boy (Republic)	2★

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER

HAYWORTH'S *Glowing* BEAUTY!
ASTAIRE'S *Glorious* RHYTHM!
KERN'S *Greatest* SCORE!



A big tuneful dance film to blow your blues away! Kern's best songs since memorable "Show Boat"!

Hits already being hummed everywhere:
"I'M OLD FASHIONED"
"YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"
"DEARLY BELOVED"
"WEDDING IN THE SPRING"

Fred ASTAIRE · *Rita* HAYWORTH

in

You Were Never Lovelier

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Music by JEROME KERN

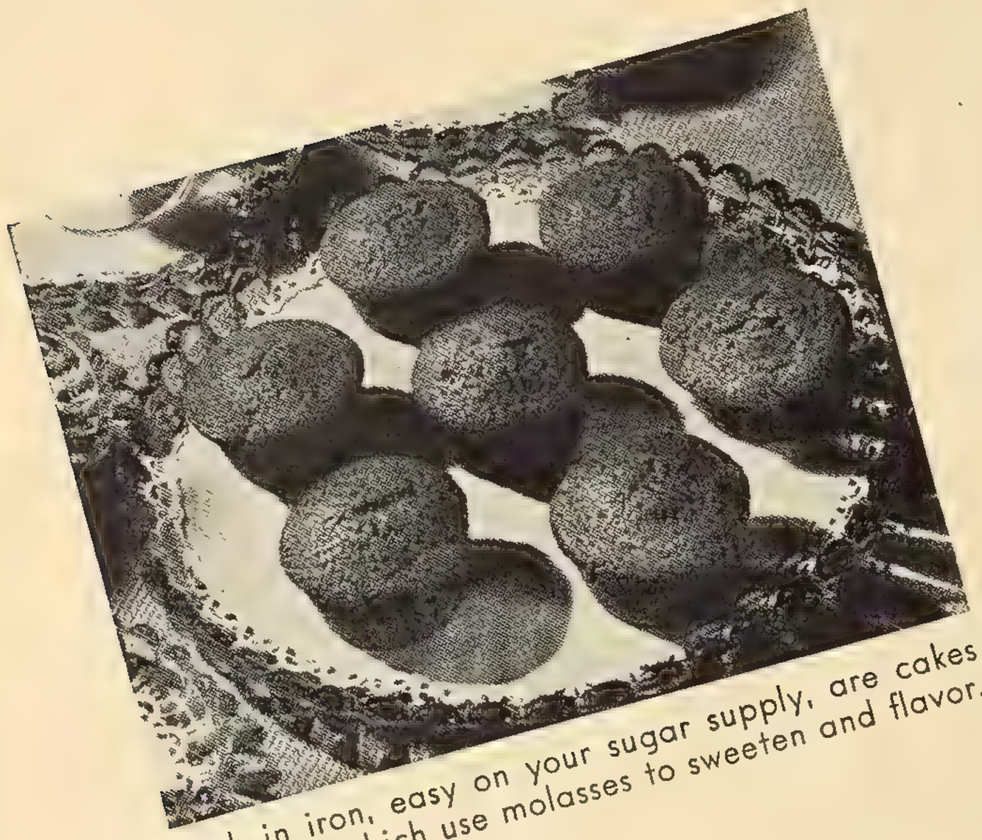
Screen play by Michael Fessier & Ernest Pagano and Delmer Daves
Directed by William A. SEITER • Produced by Louis F. EDELMAN
A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Gay . . . Grand music-making by
XAVIER CUGAT and His Orchestra
Hear their hit tune . . . "CHIU, CHIU"!

BUNDLES FROM BRITTON

By Marjorie Deen



Rich in iron, easy on your sugar supply, are cakes like these which use molasses to sweeten and flavor.



Almost ready to take out of the oven—a batch of those spicy Gingercakes which this young star of "Star Spangled Rhythm" loves to bake.



In the family kitchen, at Long Beach, Barbara wraps sweet surprises for studio friends. Soon she'll be mailing Xmas goodies to our boys.

When Barbara's Paramount pals

tasted her cooking they wanted

to try her recipes—and so will you!

Probably the best, and certainly the shortest, way to describe starlet Barbara Britton is to say that she is as unspoiled as she is charming. But since this is, after all, a food page, let's add that she is a *honey* blonde with a *peaches and cream* complexion—and incidentally, she's a *darned good cook!*

Barbara's pulchritude was originally noted when she appeared as Queen of the Long Beach float in California's Tournament of Roses. After this auspicious debut she stepped from inevitable Westerns to small roles, to good parts—in short, onward and upward until she happily found herself in the star-studded cast of "Star Spangled Rhythm."

The fact that she also possesses marked talents along cooking lines made itself apparent when crew and cast started receiving attractively packaged food gifts—usually of a Monday morning—amusingly marked "Bundles from Britton." When this bit of culinary gossip reached my ears you can be sure I rushed over to talk to the young lady herself.

"I especially love to bake," Barbara assured me over a late breakfast which we enjoyed together shortly after her return from her very first trip East—a most exciting visit, and a much photographed one as you can see from the cute shots on our fashion pages, taken of Barbara in New York.

"During the week," she continued, "I live just a short bicycle ride from the Paramount lot, at the Studio Club, a place for girls who, like myself, are already in the movies, and for others who aspire to film careers. But on weekends I go home to Long Beach, to be with the family and to revel in Momma's homemade cakes and cookies and the other dishes she prepares for me. Then I take a turn in the kitchen and make special little gingerbread cup cakes—sometimes as many as six dozen of them—to take back with me."

These same spicy morsels, together with other goodies, will find their way into the Christmas boxes Barbara and other girls will be packing for those soldiers and sailors in nearby camps who will not be able to get leave during the Holidays. You, too, should try your hand at making these special treats of Barbara Britton's, soon. Then you could plan on including them in gift boxes that you will be preparing for members of our armed forces who—although they have not left our shores, will still be far from their own homes, this year.

BRITTON GINGERCAKES

2½ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1½ teaspoons ginger
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
1 cup molasses
1 cup hot water

Sift flour, measure; add soda, salt and spices and sift together twice. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar gradually, creaming well together. Add beaten egg, mix thoroughly. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with the combined water and molasses. Fill well-greased muffin pans 2/3 full. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 20-25 minutes, or until cake tester comes out clean.

OLD FASHIONED TAFFY

2 cups New Orleans molasses
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon vinegar

Place ingredients in heavy kettle (preferably one of iron or granite). Bring to a boil, stirring constantly; then continue boiling, without stirring, until a little of mixture becomes brittle in cold water (260°F. on candy thermometer). Pour into buttered pan. When cool enough to handle, butter your hands and pull candy until light-colored and hard—about 10 minutes. Pull out into thin strips, cut with buttered scissors. Cool on greased cookie sheet, wrap each piece in waxed paper.

CANNON BALLS

2 quarts popped corn, or an equal quantity of ready-to-eat crisp rice or wheat breakfast cereal
⅔ cup molasses
¾ cup sugar
¾ cup corn syrup
¼ cup boiling water
¼ teaspoon vinegar
⅓ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons vanilla
3 teaspoons butter

Place freshly popped corn, or breakfast cereal which has been crisped in the oven, in large buttered bowl. Combine molasses, sugar, corn syrup, water and vinegar in heavy kettle. Bring to a boil slowly, stirring constantly. Cover and simmer for 5 minutes. Uncover and boil, stirring only occasionally, until a little mixture becomes brittle when dropped in cold water (260° F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat, add salt, vanilla and 2 teaspoons of the butter. Pour immediately over contents of bowl, mix well with fork or large spoon. As soon as mixture is cool enough to handle, form it into balls with hands greased with remaining butter. Wrap each ball separately in colored cellophane.

HONEY BARS

1 cup mild flavored honey
3 eggs, well beaten
¼ cup melted vegetable shortening
1-1/3 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 pound dates, chopped
1 cup chopped nut meats
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine honey, beaten eggs and melted shortening. Gradually add flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Stir in dates and nuts with the last of the flour mixture. Add lemon rind and vanilla. Spread thin in long, shallow tin which has been greased and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 15-20 minutes. Cut into ¾-inch-wide strips.



"Time for your FELS-NAPTHA Beauty Bath"

The lady knows her laundry . . . she knows Fels-Naptha Soap will change that basket of limp, bedraggled 'wash' into clothes so crisp and fragrant it makes a person perk up just to put them on.

She knows another thing . . . a Fels-Naptha washday *won't* leave her a limp, bedraggled woman. That tireless washing team —gentle, active naptha and richer, *golden* soap—takes the work out of washing as surely as it gets dirt out of clothes.

How long since you've washed with Fels-Naptha Soap? Today's Fels-Naptha is milder, quicker-sudsing. A better washday and household helper than ever. *And—Bar or Chips—a better value for your money!*



Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Co-ed

Buck up, you crepe-hanging co-eds! You and your ideals are what the guys are fighting for. Don't let 'em down!

By Jean Kinkead

Yesterday we were downing Pepsi's in our favorite jernt, and in came two queens from high school. But queens—with smoothie long sweaters and pale blue reversibles and endless shiny blond hair. We couldn't take our eyes off them, they were so cute. And as wholesome-looking as a couple of Ivory soap babies. It ain't legal, but we eavesdropped on their chatter thinking to hear nothing more hair-raising than who was taking whom to Saturday's game. Which just goes to show how wrong you can be. The gist was this:

"I'm flunking Latin and English cold, and last year I would have been frantic. But jeeps! This year who cares?" "Yeah, doesn't everything that seemed so terrific last year just seem completely *futile?*" "Mmm. School and careers. And marriage! 'Member when we used to think all we had to do was get out of school, dabble around a bit, then take our pick of the horde and settle down?"

Much more in the same vein. Their whole attitude seemed to be, why not neck and drink and flunk math? The war was going to go on and on. The men were going to get fewer and more incapacitated. There wouldn't be any little vine-covered love nest for years, maybe never. This would probably be the last year that America would be America. Whereupon we left. That last we couldn't stand.

Those were a pair of pretty typical kids. Probably knitting sweaters like fiends for the Red Cross, sending brownies to innumerable camps and selling bonds every spare second they had. And simultaneously doing about the neatest demoralization job Hitler ever pined for. This then is in the way of a spanking for all you crepe-hanging co-eds from Weehawken to Wisconsin.

Granted the war is lousy. It's messing up our lives. It's strictly no fun. But remember this. The only darn reason our brothers and cousins and beaux are in there batting is that they're very, very fond of America. They're fighting to keep it the way it is now. When they come home, they want to find things pretty much untouched by what has happened. Won't you see to it that the very things they're fighting for don't cease to exist while they're gone? Won't you promise not to change, except maybe a wee bit for the better?

Specifically, don't lose interest in school and in getting good marks. Your education is more vital now than ever because more and more important jobs will have to be done by women, and the more you know the more useful you'll be. Study all your assignments and a little bit more. Honestly, there's comfort to be found in Caesar and Cicero. Think how many world cataclysms those two old guys have survived. Realize how many upheavals civilization can take and still stick around. Believe that there have been other girls in other eras who have felt as confused and bewildered as you, and who came out of it finer and more tolerant people.

Try to feel that every "A" you pull down is making you that much more valuable to America. Give the old books a whirl every day, won't you? (*Continued on page 103*)

First on your list of glamour aids!
SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO ARRANGE!



Dress up *and vary a simple, basic dress with smart new, hair-dos and change of accessories! The gorgeous, beaded collar shown here ties at back. Makes an office dress look like a "date" dress. The lovely new hair-do is suitable for any evening occasion.*

New Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added gives thrilling new beauty results! Leaves hair far more manageable, more alluring, too!

Every beauty expert knows that lovely hair, beautifully arranged, is any girl's first step to glamour! So don't put off trying our new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! Because Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it, to leave hair silkier, smoother, and far easier to arrange—right after shampooing! If you haven't tried Drene lately you'll be amazed at the difference!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene. For Special Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

Be sure to ask for this wonderful improved shampoo by name . . . Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or get a professional shampoo with Special Drene at your favorite beauty shop!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble

This film illustrates how all soaps and soap shampoos dull lustre of hair!

All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—always combine with the minerals in water, to form a sticky scum. (Bathtub ring.) This scum leaves a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre—and clings stubbornly, no matter how thoroughly you rinse with clear water.

But Special Drene is different! It is made by an exclusive, patented process. Its action in water is different. Special Drene does *not* combine with minerals to form a scum—so it never leaves any dulling film on hair. Instead, Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!



Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

It's Bigger AND BETTER THAN "SUN VALLEY SERENADE" BECAUSE IT'S GOT UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTING NEPHEWS...THE U. S. MARINES!



Sonja
HENIE
John
PAYNE
in

ICE-CAPADES



with JACK OAKIE

FELIX BRESSART • OSA MASSEN • JOAN MERRILL • FRITZ FELD • STERLING HOLLOWAY



SAMMY SWING and SWAY KAYE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE
Produced by WILLIAM LeBARON
Original Screen Play by ROBERT ELLIS and HELEN LOGAN

20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Songs by
MACK GORDON
HARRY WARREN

"You Can't Say No To A Soldier" "Lovers Knot" • "Let's Bring New Glory To Old Glory" "There'll Never Be Another You" • "I Like A Military Tune"

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

Roman Freulich

"Theresa Wright," wistfully breathes the younger contingent, naming its favorite actress. Like them, she's a natural from her starry eyes and shy grin to her straightforward, unfrilled "I don't smoke . . . I'm no sweater girl, and I know it. I just want to be an actress." (Wish granted in Univ.'s "Shadow of a Doubt.") That, in a H'wood crammed with successes built on jaded private lives and purple lipstick!

Henry Fonda may have got A in something called Polymorphism at college, but he enlisted as an apprentice seaman with the rest of the guys. Then he went around looking for recruits, and the first one he signed was his make-up man. 20th-Fox, scared that he'd Pied-Piper the whole place away, hurried to wangle him a deferment until he could do "The Immortal Sergeant." (His last film was "The Big Street" for RKO.) So now Henry's in the process of selling his cars and horses. His dog has already left.

Wandered over to Linda Darnell's and is so fond of her, he won't come home. Unless they can persuade him to tear himself away, long enough to come kiss Hank "good-by."

John Miehle



Denison, Iowa, breaks out in a 5-alarm celebration whenever local-gal-made-good Donna Reed's name hits the marquee. She's the town's favorite daughter and vice versa. Skims home for crucial moments like birthdays, tonsillectomies . . . and romance! That sparkler she wears hails from a local high school flame that's still smoldering. She hasn't forgotten any of her old tricks, either. Just the other day she won a $25 defense bond from Lionel Barrymore when he bet she couldn't milk a cow! Only changes made since she went away are in her eyes—from velvet brown to hazel—"bleached" by the kleigs, claims owner Donna, who sparkles 'em to advantage in M-G-M's "Eyes in the Night."

Clarence Bull



Enter the service? "Uh, uh—you're sick, fella," they told him. But he wouldn't listen. "I've got to do something—" So he'll be a foreign correspondent, and soon . . . He's Warners' "Gentleman Jim," wide-shouldered, slim-flanked, matching his cocky grin and blasting fists against the pulverizing legend that was John L. Sullivan. . . . He'll be Gunnar Brogge, grim-eyed Norwegian fisherman, pitting his brains and the courage of his brawny, slow-spoken fellows against the brutal Nazi stranglehold on his native land. . . . He's Errol Flynn, the guy who banged his head and his fighting heart against a draft board doctor's instruments—*but*—who never went down for the count!

Longworth



WE'RE OFF ON THE ROAD TO MOROCCO





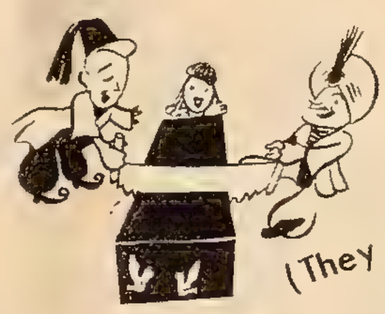
We're off on the road to Morocco
This taxi is tough on the spine
Where we goin'? Why we're goin'—
How can we be sure?
I'll lay you eight to five that we meet
Dorothy Lamour.

We're off on the road to Morocco,
Hang on till the end of the line.
I hear this country's where they do the
Dance of the seven veils . . .
We'd tell you more but we would have
The censor on our tails.

We're off on the road to Morocco
Look out! Well, clear the way!
Cause here we come.
The men eat fire, and live on nails,
And saw their wives in half.
It seems to me that there should be
Easier ways to get a laugh!



(Dance of the seven veils)



(They saw their wives in half)

FOUR BIG SONGS

"Moonlight Becomes You"
"Constantly"
"Ain't Got A Dime To My Name"
"Road To Morocco"



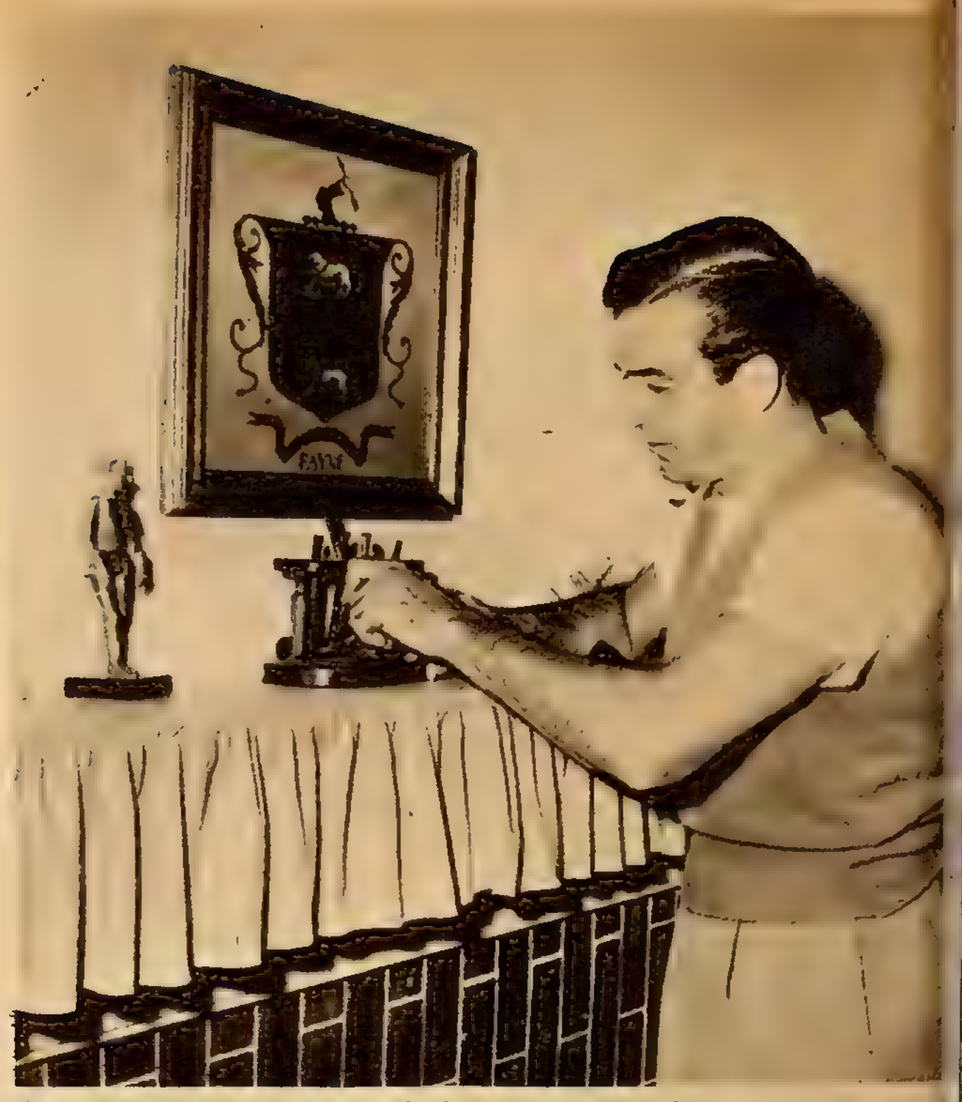
with
ANTHONY QUINN • DONA DRAKE
Directed by David Butler
Original Screen Play by Frank Butler and Don Hartman

A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

The best son a mother ever had

"Who could know him better?" figured Modern Screen. So here are facts—straight from an exclusive interview with Johnny Payne's Mom!



John says he can't think for an hour after rising. Is currently in "Springtime in the Rockies." That coat-of-arms he's standing under is 700 years old.

Mother Payne and John, below. He went home for a visit last year, reveled in Virginia hams and waffles. Found a first edition of Scott's poems among his father's things and brought it back for his library.





Although he's been dating Jane Russell almost every day, there are still many who say John would do anything to effect a reconciliation with Anne. Above, with Jane at "Pied Piper" premiere.

By Ida Zeitlin

Always a health-fiend, Johnny really concentrates on physical culture. He eats four meals a day, and each of these is measured beforehand for total calorie and vitamin content.



John Payne's mother has just spent a month with him in Hollywood—her first visit. It's hard to uproot her from her Virginia home. But when John phoned and said, "Mom, I've got this beach house now, so why don't you come out and stay a while?" she packed bag, baggage and a dozen napkins embroidered by Rosie, and went.

Though he rents his place furnished, linens and all, Rosie insisted on sending the napkins. A relative by marriage, seventy-five, perky, the world's best needlewoman, she lives with Mrs. Payne, and her favorite character is John. "He doesn't sit me in a corner at parties with a glass of sherry, but pours me drink for drink with his own."

Mrs. Payne herself is a native of Colorado, who's lived in Virginia so long she's acquired the accent. When her husband's business associates, entertained at her home, murmured compliments about Southern hospitality, she'd reply sweetly: "As dispensed by a daughter of the West."

She had a wonderful time in Hollywood. She met John's friends. "Dear Anne"—which is how she refers to her ex-daughter-in-law—sent the baby over every day. She satisfied herself that John was well taken care of. When he was busy, she explored the country alone. He used his motorcycle, leaving the car for her. They celebrated her birthday together—just the two of them. And like any American boy's mother, she was only too glad to reminisce about her son.

She's a gracious person, but you don't take liberties with her. There's one, however, which as a reporter, you're forced to take, since you can't talk to his mother about John Payne and pretend Anne Shirley doesn't exist. So you close your eyes and plunge—and bless the lady for a thoroughbred, who takes the unhappy business quietly in stride.

Yes, she'd been delighted when Anne and John were married. They'd phoned her after the ceremony. Anne had talked to John's brothers, too, and bubbled over at the wonder of having a family—she'd been an only child so long. Having borne three sons, Mrs. Payne felt just as excited over the acquisition of a daughter. John had brought her down home after the baby was born. They'd all fallen in love with her. The separation came as an utter shock. John phoned his mother the night before the news broke. He didn't want her to learn it

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

from the papers. He said he thought he'd come home. She said, "Do, son." When he got there, he didn't talk much, didn't explain.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't understand myself how the thing happened."

Not being the kind to probe, she left him alone. "He was always one to carry his own load." In Hollywood she saw Anne, but Anne doesn't talk, either. One thing she's sure of—there was no other man or woman in the picture. For the rest, "I don't know," she sighs, echoing John. "I still can't understand it—

"He was always one to carry his own load." If her story of John has a theme, that's it. From babyhood almost, he went his own way, quieter, more self-sufficient than the other boys. His feeling for music showed itself early. Before he could talk, he'd lift an eager head to listen when his mother played or sang. Later he took lessons, but only for a year or two. "I can't learn that way," said the twelve-year-old individualist. "I've got to find things out for myself." That was all right with her. She believes in letting people follow their own bent and, unlike some, considers her children people.

They moved from Roanoke to their beautiful home on a fifty-acre farm at Ft. Lewis—a dream of John's father come true. The boys rode as naturally as they walked, had their own chickens to look after, learned to milk cows. Each boy had his own dressing-room and a big sleeping porch. George was five years older than John, Ralph, five years younger—too far apart to be playmates in their early days. They called George, Bill, to distinguish him from his father, and Ralph was called Pete for no particular reason. John was never anything but John. The other two tagged around with a bunch of kids, John went off by himself. Not that he was unsocial. If there were people around, he enjoyed them. But they weren't essential to him, and he didn't seek them out. He could always have a good time on his own, swimming, hiking through the woods, building model airplanes. He'd spend hours in the big ballroom on the third floor—which wasn't used for balls—building planes that would fly two or three miles. The epic battle of those years was brought on by his failure to turn a sheet into a parachute. "Yah!" yelled the other kid, "it doesn't work." So John lit into him.

His fights were his own business, but this time he got home so gory that Mrs. Payne couldn't smother an exclamation. " 'S'all right, Mom. I won." As soon as she dared, she followed him to the ballroom where, still blood- and dirt-caked, he was trying to make the parachute work.

He was headstrong, but not hard to handle. There's a difference, his mother maintains. Once set on a thing, he'd move mountains. Tell him he couldn't or he mustn't, and he wouldn't hear you. But he had a logical mind, and if you took the time and trouble to reason with him—as she did—you could make him see the light. Except on one point. There were certain vegetables he wouldn't eat. When sweet reasoning failed, Mrs. Payne turned in desperation to more Spartan measures.

"We'll sit here," she said, "till you've eaten them, if it takes all night."

They sat till his head drooped, and she had to pick him up and carry him off to bed. "After all," she protests, as if to some invisible accuser, "you can't force food into a sleeping child's mouth."

So she gave him his vegetables in Brunswick stew, a Southern tidbit he dotes on. Traditionally, it's made with squirrel. Mrs. Payne didn't fancy that. Being one of your creative cooks, she fooled around till she got the right effect with a streak of lean and a streak of fat. Where food was concerned, John presented no other problems. He'd drink his daily half gallon of milk—still does—and consume a pound of bacon at breakfast if he could get it. Balked by paternal veto, he'd stroll out to the kitchen and snitch a few strips from the cook.

One year he grew seven inches, so where the other kids had two and three suits, he was rationed to one at a time and would barely get it settled over his frame before the frame started cracking the seams. John wasn't exactly awkward, says his loyal mother, but you couldn't be sure, when he was around, whether a pitcher would stay on the table or hit the floor. His dad split no hairs on the subject. "Put a bucket of water in a ten-acre field," he'd say, "and John will land in the bucket."

It was an idyllic kind of boyhood. Their place was the happy hunting ground for the crowd. They always brought their dates home, and why not. You couldn't have a better time anywhere (*Continued on page 83*)



Out of the past—18-year-old Anne and husband John as they used to be. Music had a special spot in their hearts, then.



2. The Corbetts were a wild and spectacular family. Pat (Alan Hale), his father, and Ma (Dorothy Vaughan); Mary (Marilyn Phillips) and Harry (Pat Flaherty); George (James Flavin) and Jim. They lived in a whirl of talk and action. Together they knew no peace; apart they never forgot one another. And for every argument, Pat had one solution: "Let's go to the stable," he'd shout. And there in the sawdust, with the horses looking on somewhat bewildered, the point at issue would be settled peacefully in the Corbett manner . . . with fists.



3. Banking wasn't long for Corbett. In San Francisco's Olympic Club, sporting center for the Comstock Lode millionaires, Corbett began his long climb. There for the first time he met wilful, impulsive Vicki Ware (Alexis Smith), beautiful daughter of Buck Ware (Minor Watson). "So you say you can fight?" she said to him . . . "Yes" . . . "We'll see," Vicki said coolly. In the Olympic Club, too, Corbett met Carleton DeWitt (John Loder), Vicki's fiancé. "So you're going to marry him?" Jim said . . . "Yes" . . . "We'll see," Jim said coolly.



5. He was angry and bitter after the fight. He wasn't a fool; he knew they'd hoped he'd be beaten. What did they expect him to do—these Olympic Club swells? Did they want him to go bowing and scraping before them? At the dance after the bout that night he drank heavily and talked big. Walter Lowrie (Jack Carson), his only friend there, tried to stop him. But he went on drinking. And talking. Until they threw them out, threw out Corbett and Lowrie, with Vicki Ware looking on, her eyes cool but something like a frown around her mouth.



6. "What do we do now?" Lowrie said . . . "Let's get drunk," Jim said. They woke up in Salt Lake City with a worry-faced, anxious little man (Wm. Frawley) hovering over them. "Who the devil are you?" Corbett said . . . "Your manager. Name's Delaney" . . . "Manager?" . . . "Sure, I got you a fight here. Remember?" . . . "No." . . . "Well, we got it anyway." So Jim Corbett, ex-bank teller of San Francisco, became a professional fighter, trading on his fists and his fighting heart He came to San Francisco to meet Joe Choynski in his first big fight.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



Bette Davis wouldn't swap one homesick soldier boy's grateful smile

Queen Bess

By Kirtley Baskette

On her last visit to New York, Bette Davis took in a Broadway play one evening with an old girl friend. At intermission time, Bette started for the lobby and a cigarette. The audience popped up, *en masse,* stretching necks, craning for a look. Bette stared at the rising crowd.

"What is it—the Seventh Inning?" she whispered to her friend. "Why is everybody stretching? What are they looking at?"

Her friend laughed. "Don't you know?"

"No," replied Bette impatiently. "What is it?"

"*You,* Silly. They're staring at Bette Davis!"

"Why?" asked Bette. "What's *wrong* with me?"

That may sound incredible, but Bette Davis is an incredible person. Hollywood has never boasted a more universally acclaimed, distinguished dramatic actress. In Bette's Hollywood career she has collected more Academy nominations, critics' kudos and world-wide bows than any other star. She has been swamped with glamour and smothered with success. Millions have envied and copied her. Bette has had enough honors heaped on her ash-blond head to set it spinning like a top.

Yet today, Bette Davis is as unimpressed, unfeazed and unflattered as the day she arrived from skeptical, practical New England. There's not an ounce of pretense or pose about her, and she's strictly allergic to sham. As a Hollywood natural in a land of make-believe, that alone makes Queen Elizabeth an outstanding freak.

Bette Davis was born in April, which makes her an Aries person. Thumbing through my zodiac book for a clue to Bette, I find Aries people do such startling things as eat, sleep, breathe, dislike pain and enjoy pleasure. But one special item hits Bette right on the button: "Those born under the influence of Aries," (*Continued on page 88*)



Bette's something of a talent scout and discovered Ernest Anderson, chauffeur in "In This Our Life." On her army camp tour, she was besieged for autographs.



Long famous for her infectious giggle, she's got Arthur doing it, too. Her role of a 39-year-old in "Watch on the Rhine" requires padded togs which leave her prostrate under heat of kliegs!

for a dozen solid gold Oscars!

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A Victory PARTY

Takes more than tire shortages and dimouts to put a damper on Jinx Falkenburg's gang!





Forrest Tucker perennially squawks because he never can kiss a girl in pictures, so he was pleased as Punch when his cooperative Pepsi bottle pointed toward Linda. Perfect hostess Jinx aided and abetted the proceedings!



Glenn had eggs flipping in and out of his sleeve and hat without breaking so much as a single yolk! Held Larry, Jinx, Evelyn, Forrest and Gussie Moran entranced. Gussie, 18-year-old tennis champ, was Jinx's house guest. Idolizes J., apes her walk, talk and laugh!



Left: Spinning the Bottle for a kiss—Glenn Ford, Linda Darnell, Jinx, Forrest Tucker, Evelyn Keyes and Larry Parks. Loser of each game paid "Little Orville," the piggie bank, 25c, and proceeds were given to charity.



Jinx was embarrassed when she beat Evelyn and her other guests at a potato race. She was beaming all p.m.—over dream man, writer Tex McCrary, who planed East from Cal. day before and was phoning that midnight.

Next on the roster was a peanut nose-race up the room. Glenn officially refereed entrants Larry, Jinx, Linda, Forrest and Evelyn. Made E. start over when she pushed hers out of bounds. Nuts were used instead of pennies so expensive noses wouldn't be skinned!



Larry and Forrest cheered Jinx and Glenn racing on the Falkenburg boys' trikes. Larry, 25, was in line for a major studio build-up till 1A put the kibosh on it! Lives with 10 other fellahs in a cooperative house.

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE



Yum, Yum! Glenn, Linda and Evelyn gobbled the peanuts that had just mopped up the floor in the nose race. Linda refused to shed her jacket all evening—probably because it was the immortal one that had witnessed the Lana Turner nuptials this summer.



Most popular game was sniffing paper from one nose to another. Linda, Glenn, Jinx and Larry Parks maneuvered successfully, but Evelyn and Forrest dropped theirs. That dress Jinx wears was made by Mrs. F. at a cost of $4.



Larry, Evelyn (blindfolded), Jinx and Forrest played Pin the Mustache on Hitler. Drawing came from anonymous genius discovered by Linda in Col. art dept. Forrest apologized when his mustaches, cut out of Bobby Falkenburg's personal stationery, looked like butterflies!



Can you guess name of the song Larry and Evelyn are charading? If you can, you're better than Glenn, Gussie, Forrest and Jinx! Gussie was too nervous to think, anyway, since this was the day of her Col. screen debut. Ans. to icky charade: "From Taps to Reveille." Catch?

S-s-n-n-if-f . . . Linda was so jittery nosing paper to Glenn, she scratched off her nail polish. Her newest pic for Col. is "City Without Men"; Glenn's is "The Desperadoes" in which he stars with fellow guest Evelyn Keyes.



For the first time on record 6 actors congregated and talked about something besides shop. Draft had conversational priority with Parks and Tucker 1A, and Coast Guard Glenn studying navigation 2 nights a week and going on active duty weekends and holidays.



"Going to Jerusalem" narrowed down to a fight to the finish between Evelyn, Forrest and Jinx for two coveted chairs. During Tex's visit, he slipped a gold and diamond-set zircon on Jinx's third finger, left hand. Yet she swears they're not engaged!?!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

When Vic showed up 7 mins. late for Coast Guard roll call, his leaves were cancelled (with exception of "Tales of Manhattan" premiere with Rita). Recently spent 10 days in brig.

Why Vic will never forget Rita!

By Daphne McVicker



Rita and Fred Astaire are currently tapping it out in "You Were Never Lovelier." Hard work on her recent U.S.O. tour resulted in a complete collapse upon her return to H'wood!

Out of a jungle of nightclubs with too much praise, too little love, he found a candle at a window . . .

Vic Mature lounged onto the set and stared at the girl they'd picked for him to kick around in this script.

"My God," someone whispered. "What a gorgeous combination. Add up a couple of beautiful humans like that—Vic Mature and Rita Hayworth. What if—"

Hollywood is always ready for a new "what if." Even though Vic was still married, and Rita and Ed Judson Hollywood's prize couple. Ed was a husband who helped her with her career, adored her—and Vic was the man with a hundred girls. But "what if" they said. And, of course, Vic knew they were saying it. He grinned across at the red-headed gorgeous gal whose dark, shadowed eyes lifted to his with a question. "We know the answers, don't we?" Vic seemed to say.

Did Rita know the answers? A little southern girl named Cansino had danced to Bobbie Maytorena's orchestra down at Caliente. She was lushly beautiful—grandly gifted. She thought you could marry your good friend who offered you freedom and success. That would be a partnership and a partnership was fine.

A starry-eyed child swaggering under the new name of Mrs. Judson. With a million-dollar budget for her year in pictures.

The stars in her eyes went out.

Rita was growing up and the beautiful body was tense with frustration. She danced and sang through her days, and then turned back to the black shadows that reached clutching fingers of scandal for her till she screamed aloud in the night.

Now, they'd disappeared for the moment, for she was working on a new picture. With a towering, sulky lad opposite her whose eyes asked her a mocking question. "We know all the answers, don't we, Rita?"

Did they?

There was a long, whistled—"Whee—iooo!" at the magnificent love scenes as the picture went on. And Rita was laughing again. Vic kept her merry. He was swell. Sometimes they were just a couple of roistering children together. Vic thought she was super—not only beautiful. "A peculiar kind of a gal—with a heart that is mellow but dead on the level—" Well, that was a new one or Vic. A girl—love interest—dead on the level? In Hollywood? That was funny, that was.

The last day of "My Gal Sal," after the final scene was completed, Vic beat loudly on Rita's dressing-room door.

"Come on out, 'Sal'," he ordered. "We've got to launch this picture right. Break a bottle of champagne over your head. Drink a toast to it."

Hair flowing, lips curved and gay, Rita came to the door. "But I don't drink," she protested. "And I have to get home, because—" (*Continued on page 85*)

"CRASH DIVE"

Ty Power, Lieutenant Junior Grade, U. S. Navy, grins happily after having blundered into Anne Baxter's berth.

By MARIS MacCULLERS



Later, Ty's feeling low, because he's been ordered to give up his PT boats and go back to a nasty old submarine, when whom should he spy in his hotel lobby but Anne. He fixes it so she'll be shown to *his* rooms.



After learning from the desk clerk that she's from New London, Conn., and in charge of 6 various small girls, Ty wends his merry way suiteward. Is Anne upset? Anne is annoyed. "Go far away," she suggests strongly.

Navy-bound Ty Power salutes the bold men who go down in ships in this saga of submarines and fighting hearts.



When she finds the suite's really his, she asks Ty to let them stay. "Date with me, or I'll call the manager," says that wily Power, and the poor kids are simply too tired to be moved, so she's just *got* to go.



Ty is smitten, and gets himself assigned to a New London base (unbeknownst to Anne). Aboard his new ship are Officer Dana Andrews (Anne's beau, but Ty doesn't know it) and "Pop" (Charlie Grapewin).



Their sub sets out to attack a German base, and in the hard fighting any personal quarrel is forgotten. Ty, remaining behind to cover for the others after their mission is accomplished, barely escapes.



He returns a hero. Congratulations from Dana and Charlie are in order. Then Dana steps aside, like the officer and gentleman he is, and leaves the fair maiden Anne to Ty, which, in Ty's opinion, is some leavin's!

STORY

The Lieutenant Junior Grade, United States Navy, was in his pajamas. He was sprawled rather comfortably in his berth listening to the click of the train wheels as they carried him to Washington. He was holding a magazine in his hand, but the Lieutenant was not reading it. He was watching a girl; in the Lieutenant's expert opinion, the girl was beautiful.

She was also, at the moment, sitting on the edge of his berth, evidently quite unaware of him. She sighed once, as if she were tired and then she yawned. Still seated, she slipped out of a night robe. She was, the Lieutenant decided, more than just plain (*Continued on page 93*)

PRODUCTION

Tyrone Power was a terrific surprise to the Navy men at Newport.

They'd always thought of him as being just strong enough to chase Loretta Young around a drawing room, but Ty shared jolt for jolt with them in the PT boats and acted besides. They watched him effect a make-believe rescue, 20 miles off shore in an actual combat zone, that would have claimed their complete attention. Yet Ty had to listen to shouted directions from Director Archie Mayo, remember at all times where the cameras were and keep the right expressions flitting across his face.

Another tough scene was a crash (*Continued on page 98*)

Reflections on Beauty

Your mirror reflects your beauty habits. Learn the rules of lovely-skin care.



Ann Morriss of M-G-M has fair, delicate skin and massages it often with rich emollient cream.



Pat Morison uses extra-soft puffs to powder her silky skin. See her in "Are Husbands Necessary?"



How'd you like your mirror to picture a complexion lovely as Marsha Hunt's?

Beauties are made, not born! Movie stars plot their good looks campaigns with as much care and forethought as you use in planning to meet the cute-looking boy down the street. Hedy, Ginger and the rest don't spend their days loitering in beauty parlors, either. Do you know what a screen star's schedule is like? She rises at six to be on the lot at seven, spends two hours dressing her hair and her face to match yesterday's "takes," and starts shooting pictures at nine. Noon brings little time for lunch, what with "rushes" to view, reporters to see, make-up and coif to be touched up. In an hour our star is back on the scene, to shoot and re-shoot until six or seven. Then she takes



Evelyn Keyes has soft, smooth lips. She's in "The Desperadoes" with Randy Scott and Glenn Ford.



Laraine Day sees a lovely skin in her mirror. Her forthcoming attraction is "Journey for Margaret."

By Carol Carter

off her costume and make-up, and heads for home, supper and a couple of hours' work with her script. We'll wager our pet lipstick that your calendar is no more crowded than that, but is your skin movie-star soft and smooth? The girls who dwell in Hollywood budget their time to include their beauty duties. You can do the same.

It's All Done with Mirrors

Brenda Marshall quips, "Women wouldn't be beautiful if it weren't for their mirrors." The reflection that smiles out of yours can encourage admirers or discourage suitors—and it all depends on you. Remember the saying, "Pretty is as pretty does"? You can make it come true, if you study the beauty-book and practice the "do's."

Face Facts

Rule number one for skin beauty is scrupulous cleanliness. Most movie stars have discovered that to get a face really clean you need cleansing cream, soap and water. The cream goes on first, to dissolve make-up and loosen dirt, and is removed with tissues. Remember to use upward motions in applying the cream and wiping it off because you don't want to encourage droop-lines in your face. After the cream is removed, use soap suds lavishly on a firm-textured wash cloth and rinse at least twice with clear water. Bonita Granville is a busy young lady, yet she says she goes through this routine no less than three times a day. Do the same if you possibly can—and without fail before you jump into bed. Wearing an accumulation of soil and stale make-up overnight is a fine way to get blemishes, large pores and a sallow complexion. You don't want to turn up with any of those at the next USO dance you attend!

If your skin is what Alexis Smith calls "dry as the Libyan desert," the cleansing cream you use should be the rich, fatty kind. Let it stay on as long as possible. Steaming it in while you're taking your bath is a fine idea. You also need an emollient or all-purpose cream, to follow up your cleansing. The glands of your skin need more oil, and the cream will supply a film of moisture to keep it soft and unwrinkled. Massage it gently around the eyes, nose and mouth, and on the forehead and also the throat. As you have heard before, it's best to leave the cream on overnight. If you rebel at that, compromise by wiping off the excess layer after fifteen or twenty minutes, and leaving a light film to soften your skin while you sleep.

If your skin is oily, it is because your sebaceous glands are over-active. You need to cleanse your face even more frequently than the dry-skinned lass, to avoid the ills of blackheads and enlarged pores. Use the liquefying type of cleansing cream or a liquid cleanser, and follow with lots of soap on a rough cloth, or better still, a complexion brush. Finish off by patting astringent or ice-cold water briskly over the surface to help contract the pore-openings and counteract the over-oiliness.

Those pesky skin blemishes that seem to delight in appearing when you want them least are usually warning signals. Perhaps you are not cleansing your face as often and thoroughly as you should. Maybe you're not drinking enough water (six to eight glasses a day) or getting the proper amount of air and outdoor exercise. Your diet is probably part of the trouble, too. Keep a diary of what you eat, and you'll find yourself scanning the menus for wholesome foods. Fewer chocolate sundaes and more raw vegetables and fresh fruits will make your complexion look brighter and clearer. You might also try using a medicated night cream, especially prepared for externally caused pimples, or ask your doctor to prescribe a lotion to help dry them up. When there are so (*Continued on page 104*)

Beauty...

By Carol Carter



Take to frosty weather as gracefully as
Claudette Colbert zooms through the snow.
Read, then practice, these beauty hints.



Hankys of paper
. . . . are safer!



Drink your water
Like you oughter!



Shiny face?
Make-up base!

A beauty out in the cold, cold winter weather . . . with shining eyes, rose-tinted cheeks, wind-tossed ringlets, glowing vitality. That's the pictue Sonja Henie presents even when the weather is so frosty that your breath would form ice cubes. But when the cold is in your head instead of the thermometer—it takes a bit of doing to look as charming as a movie star!

When the Cold Strikes

You shouldn't, of course, catch cold at all. It's your duty today to keep fit. But germs don't read Uncle Sam's health posters. They're likely to strike you down with a cold just when that date you've been hoping for finally does come through. We may not know all Dr. Kildare does about warding off a cold, but we do know that with the proper beauty aids you can avoid that red, pathetic look even if you do have the sniffles.

She's "Dot a Told in Her Dose"

Mocking little boys sometimes shout, "You look like death warmed over." Cold or no, don't let anyone think that about you. To achieve a more reassuring complexion, use a powder base. Try a ruddy shade of make-up. A vibrantly toned base under a lighter powder is good. If your nose glows with a W. C. Fields candescence, let your make-up blend it in (*Continued on page 102*)

MODERN SCREEN'S *Menu* FOR SKIN BEAUTY

RECIPES FOR	INGREDIENTS TO USE	METHODS TO FOLLOW
Dry Skin	Rich cleansing cream Lubricating emollient Cleansing tissues	Massage rich cleansing cream into skin. Let it remain on for a while. Remove with soft tissues. Apply softening emollient or all-purpose cream. Leave on overnight.
Excess Oiliness	Liquefying cream Liquid cleanser Soap Complexion brush Astringent	Frequently (at least twice daily) cleanse with liquefying cream or liquid cleanser. Follow by soap-and-water scrubbing with complexion brush. Finish with astringent.
Blemishes	Medicated lotion or cream Make-up base	Cleanse as for oily skin. Apply medicated healing lotion or cream at night. Rest, exercise and well-balanced diet are important. Dermatologist should be consulted if condition persists. Camouflage with cover-all make-up foundation (lotion or cream) to blend with skin coloring.
Chapped Skin	Soft cloth Soap Rich emollient cream Softening lotion or cream Make-up foundation	Wash area very gently with soft cloth and lukewarm sudsy water. Spread rich emollient cream on chapped spots and allow to remain on as long as possible. When skin is exposed outdoors, be sure that it is further protected with softening lotion, cream or make-up foundation.
Weekly Facial	Mask Emollient cream Cotton Skin freshener or astringent	Start with immaculately clean face. Apply favorite mask, following package directions. Completely relax while mask is on. Remove and smooth on emollient cream. Finish with cotton saturated in skin freshener or astringent.
Hand Care	Hand cream or lotion Soap Cotton gloves Manicure accessories	Wash, rinse and dry thoroughly. Push cuticle back with towel. Apply cream or lotion after each soap-and-water cleansing (in-between times, too). Lubricate nightly with soothing hand cream and wear gloves to protect bed clothes. Manicure regularly. Wear gloves outdoors.

BIG SISTER



When Pat Tierney came to H'wood gossips ran wild with rumors of Gene's attempts to keep the kid sister from a career. But it's Gene who'll arrange for Pat's test. Above, reading lines together. G.'s now in "China Girl."

By Rosemary Layng

hese gay sisters mother each other. But comes a showdown, it's Gene who wears the slacks!



The emcee at a New York premiere noticed this luscious dish approaching upon the arm of an admiring escort. "Well, fold my retractable landing gear," said he in a glow, "if it isn't Gene Tierney. But where, oh where, is Cassini?"

The emcee dashed over with his microphone. "Won't you say a few words to your radio fans, Miss Tierney?" he begged.

Miss Tierney favored him with a brilliant smile. "What should I say?" she asked.

The emcee was bowled over by such naivete on the part of the famous. "Oh—anything. Tell them how much you're going to enjoy this picture. If you know the star, Tyrone Power, say something about him."

Miss Tierney leaned forward and in dulcet tones told the mike, "I know I'm going to enjoy this picture, as Tyrone is one of my favorite actors. If I ever have the good luck to meet him, I'm going to ask for his autograph."

The emcee, growing more dazed by the minute, mumbled into the mouthpiece, "Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, that was Miss Gene Tierney speaking. She is wearing . . ."

"Oh, no," corrected the individual with the gorgeous gams, "I'm Patricia Tierney — Gene's younger sister."

This will give you an idea of how closely the sisters resemble one another. They interchange clothes glibly and even wear the same size shoe and glove. When Gene came home the other day, wearing a pair of new navy blue suede shoes, Pat emitted a cry of sheer delight. "They'll be perfect with my navy slacks," she opined.

"But I gave you my red ones to wear with your blue outfit," Gene protested.

Pat stood quite still, looking at the blue shoes. Very lightly she bit her under lip, and her eyebrows were arched wistfully. She said nothing. She didn't have to talk.

"Oh, all *right,*" sighed Gene. "Stop looking like that. You may wear them any time you want to."

Pat is just a trifle heavier than Gene is and perhaps half an inch taller, but she likes to wear her dresses shorter, (*Continued on page 99*)



The uniform means Mr. Cassini is in the U. S. Coast Guard, and without waiting 'round for a fancy commission. He's an ordinary seaman and proud of it. Above, Sat. night off, at Mocambo.

Gene, Ma and Pat on the home front. Pat's knitting socks for Oleg, and the other girls are working on a tablecloth set for Gene's new house. She and Ollie lived in a tiny cottage on the grounds, while house was being built.



Candidly Yours

Wanta glimpse of the latest thing in premieres? Ciro's? The Grove? You name it—Walt Davis has it covered!



Did'ja know that Lana Turner's wedding present to her Stevie was a gold watch with all kinds of gadgets on it? 'Tis reported that he's to have an M-G-M contract, too. Above, at Mocambo.



Betty Hutton can work all day, jitterbug till morn at Mocambo. Sad note: She loses beau Edmond O'Brien (shown with her) to army. Glad note: She, not Ann Sheridan, will play Tex Guinan.



Premiere of the "Pied Piper" grossed $4000 which will provide nurseries for children of the Navy's fighting men. Gene Tierney and Oleg finished up at Ciro's. They have a cute habit of talking French to each other.



Alan Gordon dated Carole Landis for "Pride of the Yankees" premiere. The first dim-out premiere in nineteen years of Hollywood history, all proceeds went to the Naval Aid Auxiliary.



Mr. and Mrs. Milton Berle step out. Milt's busily writing an article called "How to Be Funny and Retain Friends," and is one of the latest entertainers to be signed by the Treasury Department. (He'll do 26 broadcasts.)

Time out from the war. Lt. Ronnie Reagan and Jane were snapped at the Ice Follies. Janie contracted food-poisoning on a recent bond tour; sold $12,000 worth of war bonds in Albuquerque, alone!



A new Twosome at the Cocoanut Grove—George Montgomery, whose salary has rocketed to $1,000 a week, and Anne Shirley. Trying to squelch reports that she and Eddie Albert will wed?

Poor Ann Sothern's all tired out. First her 86-year-old grandma insisted on doing the town, and then Bob Sterling decided she ought to learn golf, and well—Above, The Inseparables.

LIFE WITH FATHER

That's what Denny Morgan's kids got a taste of when Mom was in the hospital, and they're ready to tell brand-new James what a swell guy Pop is!

By Fredda Dudley

Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Ida Lupino and Joan Leslie were doing a series of recordings for "The Hard Way." For one of Dennis' song specialties in the picture, a Chopin concerto had been grooved, streamlined and given a lyric. Dennis was keen on that number. "It really hits me, and I know I'm going to be able to sock it over," he confided to Jack during rehearsal.

But, on the morning the recording was set, Dennis stalled as long as possible. He said his voice didn't feel quite right—maybe he'd better get another cup of coffee. Then he said he kept getting the words mixed up—he'd go into the dressing room and study.

Finally, the recording couldn't be postponed another minute. Dennis walked over to the mike and took a firm grip on his composure. The orchestra completed the overture while Dennis waited with gritted teeth. Perspiration began to bud on his forehead, and his white shirt clung to his big shoulders. He went into the first bar, faltered . . . tried to control himself. Then his voice broke.

Shaking his head, the lovable guy known to everybody from third assistant prop boys to studio executives as "Stan," walked away to the sidelines and sat down to rest his head in his big hands. "I'm sorry," he apologized.



Stan and his pop use their front lawn for a rifle range. Patriotic Denny's turned his workshop into a cannery open to neighbors, in a campaign to preserve fruit and vegetables!

"There's something doggoned wrong here," Jack Carson mumbled, hot-footing it over to sit down beside his friend.

"Got a cigarette?" Dennis asked. "I feel like a fool —breaking up like that. I'm shot, Jack."

"Better spill it, kid. What's wrong?"

Dennis studied the toe of his shoe. "They took my wife to the hospital this morning. We're expecting our youngster in about three months, and the doctor doesn't know whether Lillian will pull through or not. Ichabod —crazy name, but that's what we've been calling him between ourselves as a family joke—sure isn't very crazy about coming into this old world."

Jack handed his friend another cigarette and held the match for him. "Tough break," he said.

"I'm half out of my mind," Dennis went on. "I took Stan and Kristin up to my folks in Beverly Hills this morning. Kids are wonderful philosophers—no matter what happens, they enjoy it. They got an awful kick out of knowing that they're going to live with their grandparents for awhile."

"That's one worry off your mind," Jack pointed out. "It *would* be a mess if they set up a howl about being away from home. Come on, Stan, snap out of it. Considering the miracles of medical science today, I'll bet little Ichabod and your wife get along just swell."

"Thanks, Jack. Well, guess I'd better take another crack at that recording," Dennis sighed. But, no matter how hard he tried, the recording couldn't be made that day, nor the next. Not until the doctors—a week later —had announced that Mrs. Morgan was responding to treatment, could Dennis sing the Chopin concerto.

Dennis wasn't getting much sleep those nights. He had been used to the racket caused by the squabbles between Stan—aged 8—and Kristin—aged 5. He had been accustomed to stopping pillow fights . . . or, more likely, getting into the thick of the fracas himself. He had grown wary of walking through darkened hallways for fear of doing a half gainer off a small iron firetruck. While he read the paper in the evening, he had frequently minded one of Kristin's ailing dolls. "That doll has a bad tem-mature," Kristin would confide. "On the ther-monitor her breath makes it say forty below zero. She's very sick."

Now, at night, the house was a model of order. Nothing out of place. All the toys tucked away or taken down to Beverly Hills. No arguments between big brother and little sister to be arbitrated. No calls from their mother, "Dennis, will you change the light globe in the service porch—the old one's (*Continued on page 53*)



The week baby Jimmy was born, Denny's mom broke her leg, his purp Brude had an eye infection and he was reduced to a frazzle wondering when *his* time was coming! On Warner lot (above with Bruce Cabot) he was peppered with baby presents!



Kristin dotes on a ride around the yard whenever Dad mows the grass—but note a motor does the pushing! As soon as "The Hard Way" is reeled, he'll concert tour.


Dennis Morgan

LIFE WITH FATHER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

burned out and cook's stumbling all over the place."

He could read his paper in perfect peace. He could work in the garage with his hacksaws and hammers without interruption. And it was no fun at all! The headlines—without punctuations of family noise—had no flavor. Fussing with his carpenter tools couldn't seem to hold his interest unless he was nagged by the hazard of disturbance.

He wandered around the house, restlessly, then went to bed only to toss and turn and wonder what made the darkness so quiet.

Finally, toward dawn, he would fall into a troubled sleep. Later, when he came out of the fog, he would blink hazily at the clock, turn over with a sigh, then explode out of bed. He was due at the studio in five minutes!

While Dennis was stifling a yawn at luncheon the other day, he told Jack Carson, "I'm certainly looking forward to the day when the whole family will be living under one roof again, so that I can get a good night's sleep, roll out of bed on time in the morning and get to the studio fully dressed and in my right mind."

The first Saturday after Lillian had gone to the hospital, Dennis had a free day from his "Desert Song" shooting schedule. Mentally rubbing his hands together, he thought, "Now—with nobody around to interfere—I'm going to clean every gun in my collection. This is gonna be a great day!"

He rummaged around, finding an old towel (which afterwards turned out to be one of Kristin's doll quilts), his cans of oil and all the rest of a man's gun-cleaning paraphernalia, and went briskly to the gun cases in his den.

Sliding back the doors, the first thing Dennis saw was Stan's BB gun and twenty-two, solemnly stacked up beside his dad's rifles and 12-gauge blunderbusses.

A tide of loneliness flooded over the big man. Biting his lips, he swallowed hard to get rid of the lump in his throat. It was no use. Dropping his equipment on the floor, he grabbed Stan's .22 and his own pet rifle and zoomed out of the door (forgetting to lock the house). Jumping into the car, he fortied (saving tires) to Beverly Hills.

He was determined to be nonchalant when he drove up before his father's home, but when the two youngsters catapulted out of the house and down the walk, roaring at the top of their lungs like a pair of pursuits, he grabbed them into his arms and stood there, laughing.

"Gosh, I'm glad to see you two monkeys," he managed



Virginia Patton initiated Denny into the Spike the Rumor Club on "The Desert Song" set. While on desert location, an Indian air raid warden rode up and made Morgan put out his campfire!

to admit. He took a long look at one, then the other.

"Same to you, Pop," yelled Stan. "But, for gosh sakes, don't get gooey about it."

"It's just this cold I've got," explained the father, acting like a parent.

Stan nodded. "Yeah—the same one Kris had the first night we slept here."

Kris extended herself to full height and announced with great dignity, "That was *not* a cold. That was hay fever like Mother's friend gets. It makes your eyes and nose run."

"And it makes you go boo-hoo," added Stan, leering at his little sister.

Dennis forestalled hostilities by saying, "How about our going hunting, Stan? I brought along your gun as well as my own. I thought we could drive out to our special field and . . . well, sort of hike along the creek."

Stan let out a war whoop that could have been heard by Indian ears on the Utah reservation. His grandmother came to the front door to caution him. "You mustn't make so much noise, dear. Those two children who live next door play quietly in the yard for hours at a time and never disturb anyone. Why can't you act like them?"

Stan agreed. "Sure—but then they're much better trained than Kris and I are. They're townies, and we're used to the country, huh, Dad?"

"Because Mommy's in the hospital, we aren't being trained at all. We're just being spoiled," elucidated Miss Kris, beaming at her father. (*Continued on page 104*)

Ingrid Bergman

"WHO'S GIG YOUNG?"

By Ruth Frank



Warners' new star, Gig Young, spends a day off set at home. That's Gig Young number two, who's helping him build a model plane. Gig (number one) will soon be seen in Warner Brothers' new "Air Force."



You can bring a light to Gig's eyes by feeding him thick steaks and baked potatoes. Recently gained 10 pounds (no connection); favorite books are "Days of Our Years," "The Importance of Living."

You'll find out if you stick around. Here's an introduction to someone new and exciting!

Gig Young—Gig Young—Gig Young—he's getting used to his crazy new moniker now, but he still turns around faster when someone from back home yells, "Hey, Buster!"

The "Buster" tag developed long before anybody was making a fuss about him. In the halcyon days when he was just Byron Barr to the teacher and "Buster" to the kids. First thing Hollywood did was to wipe out the folksy stuff and set the Barr boy up as "its newest romantic discovery, Bryant Fleming."

O.K. So he was Bryant Fleming. He could get used to a change. They all did. But then came fast and sudden-like his big chance, a sizeable role with Barbara Stanwyck, the gal he had more than once spent his last thirty-three cents on, just to see her in his neighborhood movie palace.

Acting the role of Gig Young, Stanwyck's artist friend in "The Gay Sisters," unknown Bryant Fleming did such a good job that wily previewers, always on the lookout for new talent, rushed their cards in to Director Irving Rapper, demanding to know the background of this bird, Gig Young. They couldn't stop to find out his real name—Gig Young was enough identification. Everybody at Warners' began calling him Gig, the gals at the switchboard dubbed him Gig, and to simplify (or maybe complicate) matters, the studio decided to change his name (*Continued on page 106*)


Robert Sterling

She's Engaged!

HOPE BULKELEY of New York—another beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be—is engaged to Arthur Clarke Sutherland of Canada. *Hope's Ring* (below) is set in platinum, a smaller diamond each side of the blue-white solitaire.



HE IS GOING TO SEA—SHE IS MAKING THE SEAS SAFER—Her deft fingers turn out miraculously sensitive aircraft instruments. Hope studied for a stage career—"But, I wanted to do something *specific* in this war," she said, "so I went to the U. S. Employment Service, and the next day started work. I'm thrilled by my job, and every little glass tube I handle, I think, '*this* one may help Arthur.'"

She's Lovely! She uses Ponds!

HOPE IS TYPICAL of so many plucky, darling girls today who have given up all personal ambition so as to become "production soldiers" behind their fighting men.

"We like to feel we *look* feminine, even if we are doing a man-size job," she says, "so we tuck flowers and ribbons in our hair and try to keep our faces pretty as you please.

"My stage work taught me how awfully important a good cleansing cream is if you want a really lovely complexion. I use and *love* Pond's Cold Cream because it's such a splendid cleanser and softener. It's a grand value, too. A great *big* jar of Pond's *costs you less* than a *small jar* of many creams."

Every night Hope smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats in. Then tissues off well. This is to soften and remove dirt and make-up. Then, she "rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues off again—and "my skin feels angelic—so *clean* and so *smooth*," she says.

Do this yourself—at night, for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Victor du Pont, III, use Pond's, why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.



HOPE AND ARTHUR greet two R. A. F. friends at the Waldorf, before Arthur enlisted. With her adorable smile and flower-fresh look, it's no wonder the boys can't see anyone else.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!


Maureen O'Hara


Can your Hands hold his Love, too?
WILL HIS HEART quicken at the ecstasy of your touch . . . the exquisite softness of your hand in his . . . the thrill of your fingertips caressing his cheek? Or will rough red hands disappoint him when he comes home?
MAKE THIS TEST! Brush your lips lightly across the back of your hand . . . as he might! Do they feel dry and uninviting, neglected? Ah . . . they need the delicate care of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.
IN JUST 10 SECONDS Cashmere Bouquet Lotion can have your hands alluringly smooth, temptingly kissable! Yes, just massage a few drops of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion into your hands, and in 10 seconds it's dry, leaving no trace of stickiness to smear your gloves! And your hands seem transformed! Surface roughness is already gone . . . they feel luxuriously well-kept and satin-smooth!
AND NOW—THE PROOF! Make the kiss test again . . . feel the romantic softness and smoothness Cashmere Bouquet Lotion imparts to your hands. Daintily scented with rare Cashmere Bouquet perfume, the fragrance men love! Get two bottles today, one for the kitchen, one for the bath.
In 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.
NET CONTENTS 4½ FL. OZ
Cashmere Bouquet
LOTION
COLGATE-PALMOLIVE-PEET CO. JERSEY CITY, N.J. MADE IN U.S.A.
Cashmere Bouquet Lotion
A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN



Shhh! It's strictly against army rules to pose for publicity shots, but if Bill Holden's caught off guard, whose fault is that? He and Brenda were ecstatic the 2 weeks he was making army shots on the Coast. She tearfully drove him to the train back East.

Payne volunteers in Army Air Corps! Jane Withers nixes two proposals. Gable sheds 27 lbs.!

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Fri., Sept. 4th: Strange and a little sad that Glenn Ford must go off to war feeling his Hollywood career is ended. Visited him and Eleanor Powell at Elly's home and was shocked to hear Glenn say he's washed up in pictures. No amount of argument can convince him fans will give a darn about Glenn Ford after the war. Bill Holden was in town a couple of weeks ago, and he and Glenn had one of their old-fashioned bull sessions. Only this time they didn't talk about career; they talked about war and future. Bill feels exactly as Glenn does—that he's out of pictures for good because no one will want him back. Bill is still kicking around a few ideas for a post-war profession. But Glenn, who spent two and a half years studying to be a doctor, expects to return to medicine. However, I'll make bets they'll return to acting. Both of these swell boys would wither without their daily daub of greasepaint. If only someone could make them understand that fans are not fickle, disloyal pinheads, but good and faithful friends who will love them all the more for signing up with Uncle Sam!

Janie Withers phoned, thrilled to pieces. Received her first proposals this week, one from a civilian, the other from a marine. Of course, Jane's never laid eyes on either man, but she couldn't be more excited if George Montgomery popped the magic question.

Wed., Sept. 9th: Lunched at Warners' with Olivia de Havilland, who's having a devil of a time hunting a new house. Can't find one furnished to suit her tastes. Liv recalled the time Errol Flynn rented Roz Russell's home. Errol was enchanted by the wide, modern living room and the book-lined den. They were so ideal he kissed the rental agent and signed the lease on the spot. Not till he came 'round the next day and toted his clothes up to the bedroom did he realize what he was in for. Roz, the ultra-sophisticate, had gone completely feminine in her boudoir! Errol's feet froze on the furry white rug, and his eyes glazed when they took in the flouncy dressing table and curtains, and the satin padded bed that would have done justice to DuBarry. But it was too late; the contract was signed. To this day Errol blames his habit of keeping late hours on Roz's bedroom. He used to stay awake half

the night dreading to go into that beruffled insult to his masculinity!

Dennis Morgan and Fredda Dudley were at the next-door table trading talk about Lillian and the new baby. Thought Dennis would go to pieces before my eyes. The poor guy has an advanced case of jitters. Lillian's illness and the constant fear that something terrible would happen to her and the child put an awful strain on ol' Pop Morgan. He brought 'em home from the hospital yesterday, and they're going to be all right. Now it's Dennis who's the patient! He leaves tomorrow on a three weeks' fishing trip to rest his nerves. Lillian wants him to go. Says watching him fidget and squirm around the house would only delay her recovery.

Mon., Sept. 14th: Set called at Columbia. First stop: "City Without Men" to see Linda Darnell and find out what goes with her and Pev Marley, the handsome 41-year-old camerman who was once married to Lina Basquette. Linda repeatedly denies there's anything between them, yet town talk still has 'em on the way to the altar. "That's because we won't let gossip kill our friendship," Linda says. "Certainly I realize Pev is old enough to be my father. But we can still go out together, can't we?" Anyway, Linda says she has more important things on her mind. She and Ann Miller are opening a day nursery to provide for the children of women war workers. They will charge a very small fee, maybe $1.50 a week. The children will receive their lunch, playground facilities and medical attention.

On the "A Night To Remember" stage found Brian Aherne, Loretta Young and Joan Fontaine. Brian and Loretta co-star in "A.N.T.R." but the studio's thinking of writing in a part for Mrs. Aherne because she's around so often.

Skirted the "Something To Shout About" troupe. This was Jack Oakie's first day on the set since he and Venita Varden announced their separation—and definitely the wrong time for a social call. Jack, I'm told, is willing to talk about his estranged wife. Unlike Mickey Rooney who followed his divorce announcement with orders that "The Human Comedy" set be closed to every reporter who's ever even heard of Ava Gardiner. No question, the Mick's been dealt a hard blow. Must of struck deep because he isn't trying to clown it off like he does everything else. Hollywood hears Ava is asking $100,000 along with her freedom. She'll probably get it, too. No wonder Mickey tells friends he's sorry he wasn't drafted a year ago!

Fri., Sept. 18th: Surprised to find Alan Ladd and Sue Carol in the Paramount publicity department this A.M. Only a few days ago they were full up about their coming vacation—the first real one since they married. They were to leave the next morning to be gone two weeks. And today I found them, on the fourth day of their holiday, sitting in the studio studying some new portraits of Alan!

Seems they drove to Santa Barbara and checked in at the swankiest hotel in town. Unhappily, the big hotel was half vacant, and they had all the swank to themselves. The huge, deserted lobby and the long, empty hallways depressed them. They were the only couple on the dance floor, and at dinner they could hear a napkin drop. But they wouldn't admit they weren't having a good time. It was their precious vacation and neither would confess it was a disappointment. On the third evening they sat in the dining room bent dolefully over their soup. All of a sudden they looked up at each other and shouted: "Let's get out of here!" Without stopping to finish their meal, they zoomed to their room, packed their bags, and in a half hour were headed back to Hollywood and home, sweet home.

Window shopping on Sunset Strip and ran

(Continued on following page)

SAYS VERONICA LAKE

(CAMEO SKIN TYPE)



VERONICA LAKE, CO-STARRING IN "THE GLASS KEY", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"I've met my Match!"

"I'VE BEEN SEEKING a powder shade that would 'do things' for my very fair, hard-to-match coloring.

"And now comes Woodbury's luscious new Color Controlled Natural shade. It's so clear and alive, I know—at last, I've met my match."

Of course, Veronica! So have thousands of girls when they've smoothed on Woodbury's new powder. You see, Hollywood directors have collaborated with Woodbury to classify skin types and create glamour shades for each.

And a new Woodbury process, Color Control, blends color into powder with new clearness, finer texture that clings. So buy Woodbury Powder. A chart in every box shows you your type, your shade. Large boxes are $1.00, 50¢. Introductory sizes, 25¢, 10¢.

You'll love the look this new powder gives you—*so will he.*



Beauty Bonus!

Now with your $1.00 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get Rouge and Lipstick, a complete Matched Make-up—all three for $1.00.



WOODBURY

Color Controlled powder

FREE . . 7 NEW GLAMOUR SHADES

Paste this on penny postcard. We'll send you, fast, all 7 shades of Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. *And* a helpful little color chart so you can find your type. Address, John H. Woodbury, Inc., 8128 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Name*_____

Street _____

*City*_____ *State*_____



Dave May and Bun Granville at "Talk of the Town" premiere. $5,000 proceeds went to H'wood Canteen, which is modelled on N. Y.'s Stage Door and guests about 5,000 men per day! Civilians must pay $25 to come in and sit at the "angels' table"!



Photographers had a heyday clicking the Cary Grants. Tickets to premiere entitled holder to after-theater Ciro party where an impromptu all-star was given. John Charles Thomas not only sang but paid $11 for privilege of being there!



Ellie Powell and Glen Ford came to "Talk" premiere cram-jammed with 6 others in Harry Cohn's station wagon. Bets are on they'll merge ere he takes Navy oath.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued)

into Bonita Granville giving that far away look to a pair of antique chairs in William Haines' decorating shop. Her mind wasn't on the chairs, though, 'cause all she talked about was Jackie Cooper and how unhappy she was not to be able to meet him in Cincinnati for a bond tour through the Midwest. She was set to leave the other night, but the studio phoned to hand her a juicy assignment in "Hitler's Children." She'd rather have had the bond tour than the role, but orders are orders and she starts tomorrow. She wired Jackie to go on without her, and she knows he's just as unhappy as she is. Deplores the story that she and Jackie had planned to see an Ohio preacher and turn the bond trip into a honeymoon. Someone cooked up the tale because it made good copy, which is unfortunate because Granville and Cooper are a pair of nice, wholesome kids who don't deserve to have the details of their romance booted around the newspaper columns.

Thurs., Sept. 24th: Looks like Hollywood's headed for a mass nervous breakdown!! Rita Hayworth is the latest to crack up. Back from a bond tour yesterday and, plop, into the hospital she goes! Daphne McVicker tells me when she saw Rita last night, Rita was nervous as a cat. Kept knitting and unknitting her fingers, jumping up, sitting down and smoking furiously. And today she's in bed. No wonder. Her tour was a tremendous emotional and physical strain. The bond-buyers were grand, but some of the weirdies who sprang out of the crowd just pecked at her nerves. Like the woman who elbowed her way through the mob, carrying a small child in her arm. When she came close to Rita, she pushed the child into Rita's face and commanded: "Now reach out and touch her. Touch her on the head, or touch her on the nose—but touch her!" The child obediently yanked Rita's hair. The mother muttered a brief "thank you," and the pair of 'em disappeared into the crowd.

Fri., Sept. 25th: To Paramount and the "Bells" set. Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper were between takes. Found them facing the sun, inhaling and exhaling like a pair of kids in a school room drill. Looked a little queer, but who am I to question the breathing habits of Cooper and Bergman? If they want to "inhale 1-2-3-4, exhale 1-2-3-4" that's all right with me! Was a little relieved though, when Ingrid explained. The company just returned from Sonora location where they spent six wonderful weeks in the clean, wide-open spaces. First day back Ingrid and Gary were stuck in a cave sequence, and from 9 to 6 labor over a vile-smelling kettle of rabbit stew. The change is too much. To prevent suffocation, they stumble out of the airless cave and onto the lot soon as Director Sam Wood gives 'em the okay.

Ingrid still studies English with Ruth Roberts, the tall charming girl who ironed the accents out of Jean Gabin, Ilona Massey and Hedy Lamarr. She's a diligent student, that Bergman. Even carries on a bi-lingual conversation with her husband Dr. Lindstrom. He speaks Swedish; Ingrid answers him in

English. Sometimes she "rolls up her arm" when she means sleeve, and "leans against the ceiling" when she means wall. But shucks, those are minor errors!

Short Shots

Johnny Payne's enlistment in the Army Air Corps was no surprise to Jane Russell, the only gal who shares his confidences . . . Anne Baxter's grandpappy is famed architect Frank Lloyd Wright . . . Glenn Ford's photo still graces Joan Crawford's baby grand piano—and no squawks from Phil Terry!

Richard Denning, a whiz at shorthand and typing, will steno in the Navy . . . There will be no dirty glances if Van Heflin runs into his visiting "ex," Mrs Eleanor Heflin. They parted friends . . . "Boot training" whacked 27 pounds off Clark Gable's frame . . . Unexpected twosomes: George Raft and Simone Simon; Vic Mature and K. T. Stevens . . . Frances Rich, daughter of Irene Rich, is a Lieutenant in the WAVES . . . Raymond Massey will be a Major in the Canadian Army by the time you read this . . . And Ray Milland would like it known he is not joining the British forces. He's been an American citizen for five years, and his services belong to the USA . . . Norma Shearer signs her personal notes "Norma Shearer Thalberg Arrouge". . . . Hedy Lamarr would like to know Randy Scott.

What Price Glamour

Charles Boyer has had a nice long career in the cinema. For years he's been a top movie lover, and he's made a big pile of dough. So he really shouldn't mind yielding his glamour crown to a better man—when that man happens to be Benny Goodman.

Yup, Benny has entered the Pretty Boy Sweepstakes! The word is out. Goodman is gonna get gorgeous. Strenuous dieting has already whittled fifteen pounds off his chassis. And his conservative wardrobe has undergone a revolution; it's now strictly streamlined and just a trifle zoot-suity.

Benny's transformation is painful to the boys in his band. They usually pretend not to notice. But sometimes it's more than they can bear. Like the day the gang was rehearsing at N.B.C. Benny was late and the boys were beginning to worrry. At last the door opened and the maestro walked in. The musicians took one look and gasped. Because Benny was bravely groping his way toward them—without his glasses!

"Sweet glamour!" said one of the boys, disgustedly. "What a leading man he'll make . . . if someone gives him a Seeing Eye dog!"

Autry is Grounded

Sgt. Gene Autry's cowboying may be great stuff to his 'teen age fans—but it doesn't mean a darn thing to Uncle Sam.

As every Autry-ite knows, Gene is so accustomed to toddling around on high-heeled boots, a pair of regular shoes throws him off balance. When he joined the Army Air Corps, he quite naturally took with him his favorite footery—a pair of green and yellow Westerns, with three-inch spikes.

The first morning Gene showed up for inspection, his superior officer gave him a quick once-over and moved on. The second and third days Gene again received nods of approval. But on the fourth day a new Captain appeared to review the rookies. Going down the line, he suddenly halted—spotted the silver spurs.

"My dear Sergeant Autry," began the officer, sweetly but firmly, "you will please remember you are now a soldier in the United States Army and not a member of

(Continued on following page)





Norma Shearer proudly introduced hubby Marty Arrouge to chums at dimmed-out premiere of "Pied Piper," benefit for Naval Aid Auxiliary. Chief Petty Officer Rudy Vallee led the Coast Guard Band in a musical prologue including many of his old-timers.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued)

the Texas Vigilantes. Hi, ho, Silver is out —for the duration. Remove those boots immediately and report to me at headquarters!"

The next day Autry was down to earth—breaking in a new pair of shoes without a whimper.

Disa and Data

George Sanders and the Army are looking into each other . . . Katharine Hepburn was surprised as anyone when Ludlow Ogden Smith, the man she married in 1928 and divorced in 1934, divorced *her* this September . . . Artie Shaw is waving his baton over a 15-piece Navy band . . . Alice Faye will do ten new song numbers in "Hello, Frisco, Hello" . . . Hollywood hears the recently-widowed Virginia Bruce will retire from pictures to devote full time to her children.

Michele Morgan's shining-new hilltop home is up for sale. Love's the reason. Bridegroom Bill Marshall insists they live within his means—and "his means" means an attractive little cottage in Brentwood . . . Note to Gypsy Rose Lee: Miss Fay Bainter, no less, plays a curvy burlesque queen in her next Metro flicker . . . Errol Flynn is learning to step faster under the personal tutelage of Arthur Murray Dance instructress, Shirley Cowan . . . Phil Harris challenged billiard Champ Willie Hoppe to a game of pool—and beat him 61 to 10 . . . It's Capt. Glenn Miller now. He'll make music for the Army for the duration. Harry James takes over his radio spot . . . Bette Davis may yield to fan pressure and remake "Of Human Bondage" . . . The violin Jack Benny tortures with his rendition of "The Bee" is a genuine Amati, insured for $100,000 . . . It's the Army for Claude Thornhill, while Clyde McCoy gets into Navy blues.

Ensign Vaughn Paul passed through town on a quick furlough and brought the twinkle back to Deanna Durbin's eyes . . . Jane Withers is papering the walls of her den with letters from boys in the service. One entire panel is reserved for the poetry the lads send her . . . Bob Stack practiced shooting the soft talk at Showgirl Elinor Troy before he enlisted in Naval Gunnery School.

See Here, Private Lynn!

If you think Army life doesn't change a man, consider the case of Jeffrey Lynn. Before turning soldier Jeff was the shyest man in town. So what happens? Jeffrey Lynn becomes a buck private—and displays more brashness than he ever had as a movie star!

Jeff recently trained into Hollywood on an Army job. Fellow soldiers who left him at the station felt a little sorry for the guy. His best girl, Margaret Hayes, was married to another man. His home was rented to strangers. His family was in the East. They expected Jeff to curl up and die. But Jeff showed 'em! He pulled a nickel out of his khakis, dipped into a phone booth and—although he had never met the lady—called Hedy Lamarr!

Unfortunately Hedy was in bed recovering from a bond tour and couldn't come to the phone. She did let it be known, however, that she was not unwilling to talk to Mr. Lynn the next time he was furloughed.

What puzzles Hedy is how Jeff got her phone number, which she has changed almost as often as her bed linen. Reason for the changes, say insiders, is that George Montgomery, still a very persistent suitor, won't stop calling. And Hedy, still a very hurt young woman, doesn't want to speak to him.



Although she came to "Talk" with Wynn Rocamora, Dottie Lamour spent intermission kidding with Hope. At Ciro's every guest from Turner to B. Davis' mom shook a leg to Goodman, Stuff Smith, Matty Malneck and a superb Santa Ana Navy Band chockfull of big-time swingsters!

Photo Phobias

When they see the candid cameraman heading their way: Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz duck their cocktails and reach for a tumbler of ice water . . . Cesar Romero warns his girl friends with a quick nudge, so they too can get a beeg smile working . . . Edmond O'Brien, on the other hand belongs to the "every man for himself" school. He mugs fearfully when the shutter clicks, and doesn't care whether or not his date is snapped off guard . . . Norma Shearer strikes a pretty pose. Norma is the one star who is never caught napping. She can sense the lens-boys' approach even when her back is turned . . . Marlene Dietrich stops eating (a fork piled high with mashed potatoes or broccoli is seldom glamorous) and quickly lights a cigarette . . . Joan Bennett whips off her glasses. Not 'cause she's vain. She's just smart enough to know that a flash bulb catches reflections from spectacle lenses and sometimes ruins the picture.

The Uninvited

That glamour queen who mopes around the house waiting for John Carroll to call might as well give up. The only way she can see Johnny is to pay fifty cents at the box-office and watch his latest movie. For John has tossed away his telephone numbers, and the only gal he's courting is pretty Martha O'Driscoll.

Must be love, too. The other evening John called the O'Driscoll home and discovered Martha had left an hour earlier with Edmond O'Brien. He rushed out of the house and began to make the rounds of all the clubs where the pair might be. He finally located them at the Mocambo.

Sauntering up to their table, he eased into a vacant chair beside Martha. Ignoring the burning O'Brien, he proceeded to tell Martha how wonderful it was to be with her. Eddie stood it as long as he could.

"Mr. Carroll," he said furiously. "Will you please leave!"

"Certainly," replied John rising. And turning to Martha. "Call me, honey, when you get rid of this guy. Good night!"

We don't know whether O'Brien has dated Martha since. But we do know Carroll is moving fast to eliminate all rivals. Last we heard, Martha was going to dinner at the Carroll home, to meet John's mom.

Love is in the Air

Last month Paramount Studios was thrown into a panic by the sudden blast of an airplane diving overhead. As the deafening roar came closer and closer, there was a mad scramble for shelter under desks and behind waste-paper baskets. Suddenly, a few feet from the roof tops, the big ship pulled out of its dive with a sickening whine, and disappeared into the blue.

Every day for the next two weeks the mystery plane returned. Studio executives were frantic, actors refused to act, and crew members threatened mutiny. Finally, when it appeared Paramount would have to be evacuated, Betty Hutton spoke up. It was all her fault, she confessed. The pilot of the plane was her new boy friend. His name was Sid Luft, and he was a test pilot at Douglas. And all those power dives and barrel rolls—well, that was only Sid's way of showing his affection!

Betty and her test pilot have since broken up, maybe at Paramount's urging. But the

(Continued on following page)



Dimmed-out "Talk" premiere was held at Four Star Theater without benefit of searchlights or batteries of arc lights. Doughboys had time of their lives dancing with gals like Janet Blair (above) at Ciro's.



At "Pride of the Yankees" premiere for Naval Aid Auxiliary, 3500 fans jammed bleachers in front of theater to glimpse stars like Ann Rutherford and Rand Brooks. San Diego Naval Band played for early birds.

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At Beauty Counters Everywhere

GOOD NEWS

(Continued)

Luft menace has struck again. This time it's Columbia that's being victimized, thanks to Sid's latest heart interest, Starlet Alma Carroll. No one knows how long this new blitz will last. But we wouldn't be surprised to see Columbia sprout a balloon barrage any day!

Surprise Party

Those who saw Camp Beale the day the news came from Hollywood say it looked like a college campus just before a prom. Excited soldiers were clustered around the barracks, laughing and joking as they hadn't laughed and joked in ages. Spirits were high and the world was good. For the news from Hollywood had been wonderful news. Movie actresses were coming to Camp Beale! Two of them! They would arrive next morning to spend the day with the boys, many of whom hadn't seen a pretty girl in months.

Next day, the men lined up, hearts a'poundin', and watched a big black limousine thread its way along the rough path to the camp. Someone had started a rumor that the Turner kid, a new transfer, was really Lana's brother, and Lana herself might be coming to see them—probably bringing Hedy Lamarr. The boys sighed and prayed a little harder.

The car rolled to a stop. Several hundred men held their breath. The rear door swung open, and out stepped—Hedda Hopper and Maria Ouspenskaya!

"After we recovered, we had a swell time," said a young corporal. "It was like looking forward to seeing your best girl, and having your mom arrive instead. And is that so bad?"

Turn Off the Heat

Another story from Camp Beale concerns Lieut. Jimmy Stewart who was sent there on a special government mission.

Jimmy arrived at the camp one night when the mercury was snuggling close to zero. A stove was sent to his quarters, and Jimmy was gratefully thawing out when someone informed him that, being a guest of the camp, he was the only soldier enjoying the luxury of a private heater. Jimmy waited to hear no more. Without a word, he struggled into his overcoat, detached the stove and marched it back to headquarters!

By the way, Jimmy told a pal he was mighty embarrassed by radio commentators, columnists and people everywhere who insist on making a martyr of him because he joined the army as a buck private. They imply it would have been a cinch for him to get a commission or snag a soft job. Actually, he had no choice. He was simply drafted, like a million other Americans. "So what's all the fuss about?" says Jimmy.

The Rising Sun

When Hedy Lamarr moved back into the hilltop home she used to share with Gene Markey, she decided to have the whole place revamped. A host of decorators and painters were immediately set to work with yardstick and paint. (Continued on page 98)



Janet Blair and Roz Russell on "Mail Call" show over CBS to soldiers overseas. Roz lost 12 pounds in 10 days entertaining soldiers at Camp Chaffee, Ark. Later went on to sell $15,000 worth of bonds in 15 mins. Now she wants to go abroad to bolster morale!



When Monty Wooley invited Bette Davis to premiere of his picture, "The Pied Piper," she innocently replied. "Oh, that's the film little Roddy McDowall is in. I'd love to go." Later in evening he magnanimously took her to Mocambo with party of friends!



Stars of "Talk of the Town," Jean Arthur, Cary Grant and Ronald Colman (right, with Mrs. C.) saw to it that servicemen had tickets to premiere and party.

Claudette Colbert STARRING IN "THE PALM BEACH STORY"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



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For the



"This is what we do with them in California," offers Ann Rutherford as we bring out the new, delicately woven red scarf. So we tell her to hold that pose. But even she agrees the scarf will better cheat the chills if you pull it close around your shoulders and loop, ascot-fashion.



Ann's next comment, "These ARE wonderful," is just what you'll say of the bright weskits with suede front, knitted back, to sport at home on bound-to-come heatless days. They cost so little, you can add four 25c war stamps to your bond book as change from a fiver.

Rutherford Is Ready

If you could have seen the way Ann Rutherford whizzed into one change after another, blithely announcing, "Rutherford is ready," you'd understand how she managed to land in New York without collapsing after that last strenuous Bond Tour. The girl does things that easily. She did claim lack-of-sleep circles under the eyes, but it must have been her imagination because we couldn't see any. She looked dyed-in-the-wool glamour in her beautifully fitting, knit suit.

When we asked her about CLOTHES on the Bond Tour, she did have a story to tell. Seems she started out in one of her loved suits, but by the second day found that wasn't what the public wanted. So between the morning and afternoon rallies, she whipped into a nearby department store, bought two basic navy dresses and proceeded on tour, using a full bag of clothes tricks that any one of you could copy to advantage. Mornings it was a simple white pique collar and cuff set and unadorned pompadour hat with the basic dress. Afternoons she whisked off the pique, substituted pearls, added a veil and on to the next rally. Believing "There's nothing worse than tired veiling," she packed her suitcase with yards of fresh veiling, as well as bright-colored gloves, important-looking bags and flocks of feathered birds which she pinned in her hair in place of ribbon bows.

Ann Rutherford is now in 20th-Fox's "Orchestra Wives."



"We'll probably all be much healthier with less heat, anyway," is the way Ann feels about the 65 maximum temperature decree. But whether you're an oil-shortage worrier or not, you'd better take a sweater inventory, then add at least one cheery, cable-stitched cardigan.

By Elizabeth Willguss

Modern Miss

The Girl Next Door

"I don't LIKE my hair this way," was eye-compelling Barbara Britton's whispered greeting as soon as she arrived at the fashion studio. "I'd much rather wear it—you know—down. But this is for the opening tonight, so—" So for the New York premiere of Paramount's superb "Wake Island," she was to look chic, sophisticated. An easy feat with her looks.

But actually she is just as natural and friendly as the girl who sits next to you in Ec or Math. Her first trip to New York, what did she do but sight-see all the well-known places of interest. Almost all, that is. A disappointed girl was going back to Hollywood next day, because there would be no time for a jaunt up to the much-heralded Bronx Zoo.

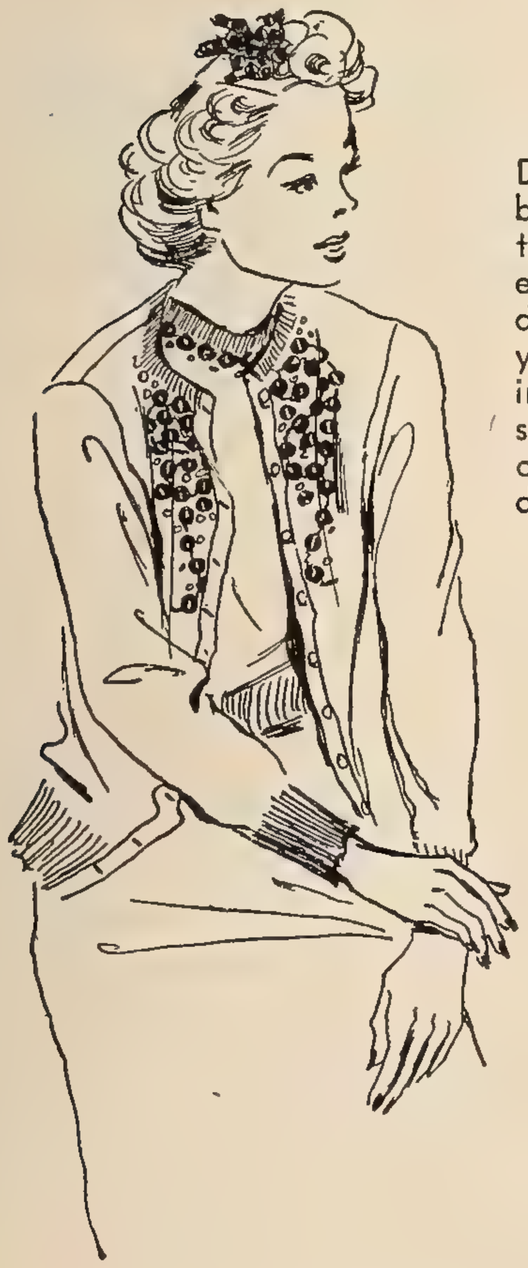
Barbara's face lighted up as she told of running into a boy from home at the service dance the night before, and we can imagine how glad he was to meet a now-famous school chum. Showing us a pin with anchor she'd designed, she explained it was meant as a gentle hint to boys at USO dances that her heart was already taken. This sounds like a good way to make friends and discourage wolves, doesn't it?



"A girl should dress up every now and then," believes Barbara Britton, and rightly so. A black velvet suit dress spells money doubly well spent. Warm enough to wear in homes without a crackling fire in the hearth, versatile enough for all sorts of doings, with a mere change of collar.



One case when a fur that isn't a fur looks mighty like it and gives out with a new type of warm sweater cardigan. The spotted leopard cloth version of the panda cardigan is bound with brown, and cut so well that you wear it downtown just like a jacket, as Barbara Britton demonstrates. A jive adaptation!



Don't discard your warm, bright sweaters for something dressier when you entertain the boys at Sunday night suppers. Use your bean about embellishing them. Dedicate one set to the cause by sewing on sequins or braid in a design dreamed up by you.

See page 92

GIFTS OF A LIFETIME

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 8*)

Casablanca underworld, S. Z. Sakall and Leonid Kinsky in supporting roles. It's a big picture directed by Warners' ace Mike Curtiz and produced with care. "Casablanca" is a romantic melodrama, in a striking setting; it's packed with the danger, thrills and heart of our world today.—*War.*

P. S.

Humphrey Bogart drove Sydney Greenstreet quietly mad with his nonchalant approach to his art. Before a scene, Greenstreet goes over his lines, works up a mood. Bogey stays completely out of character, wanders around trading laughs with the crew. The minute the cameras start rolling, Bogart is right on the beam, every line, every piece of business delivered right.

For one whole day, Claude Rains did nothing but raise his eyebrows. The scene was a key one, with the camera panning around a room, resting for a few significant seconds on a table, a piano, a chair and, finally, Rains' face. While Claude was standing in the cafe, raising and lowering his brows at the command of Director Mike Curtiz, Bogart wandered onto the set and gave his fellow actor a thorough heckling.

Peter Lorre chalked up his most embarrassing moment to date during production. His big scene was a noisy escape, with the police hot on his trail. Screaming at the top of his lungs, he dashed through the cafe set, overturning furniture, staring wildly in every direction, looking for a good spot to run out of camera range. Seeing a woman "extra" player he knew, he used her as a focal point and headed right for her. Literally foaming at the mouth, and with those incredible Lorre eyes popping almost out of his head, he decided to follow through, and when he came to the gal, he grabbed her shoulders with both hands and glared. She fainted dead away, and only then did Lorre discover the dim light had deceived him. He had never seen the woman before, and found out later she was an important visitor to the studio, the wife of a prominent Iowa theater owner.

Everyone in the cast but Bogey spoke with a foreign accent. Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Peter Lorre, Greenstreet, S. Z. Sakall and Claude Rains. By the end of the production, Rains, who soaks up others' accents like a sponge, was speaking with a brand new accent, combining the best of Swedish, Austrian, French and Russian.

More than half a million cubic feet of vaporized oil was used to "fog" the sound stage used as a setting for the airport . . . Technical director was Lieut. Robert Aisner, an authentic refugee via Casablanca . . . Madeleine LeBeau, French newcomer who came to this country with Michele Morgan, had to do some of her scenes with Marcel Dalio, whom she's divorcing. Dalio himself is another Gallic actor who has found safety and work in America.

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON

History, or what passes for a reasonably accurate facsimile thereof, is the theme of "Once Upon A Honeymoon." Supporting the stars, Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant, are such assorted characters as Chamberlain, Daladier, Adolph Hitler and a bit player named Mussolini. Opening in the Vienna of 1938, it skips, at the properly critical moments, to such spots as Munich, Danzig, Warsaw, Latvia, Rotterdam, Denmark, Norway, Belgium and ends in Paris as the Germans take over. The picture screens as if it were sired by a newsreel out of a radio broadcast.

"Once Upon A Honeymoon" is a comedy.

It tells the story of one Katherine Butt-Smith (Ginger Rogers), a beautiful American girl, who marries a foreign title named Baron Von Luber (Walter Slezack). A roving radio correspondent, Patrick O'Toole (Cary Grant), suspects that they are both phonies and, as Hitler's troops march in to take over Austria, he is hard at work trying to prove it. While Austria dies, O'Toole skips nimbly in and out of Miss Butt-Smith's bedroom with hilarious results.

They meet again in Warsaw. The Baron and his wife have just returned from a Czechoslovakia betrayed and dead. O'Toole has just come in from Munich, where as radio correspondent he got off a gag or two about Chamberlain's umbrella. The bombing of Warsaw finds O'Toole quite innocently sporting about Miss Butt-Smith's boudoir in his pajamas while the Baron comes thundering up the stairs. This provides quite a bit of sport for a couple of hundred feet of film. Outside the windows, Warsaw is a shambles.

At this point, Miss Butt-Smith decides that the Baron is a fifth column agent for the Nazis and, properly



shocked, she plans to escape with O'Toole. Unfortunately, the pair of them are mistaken for a Jewish couple named Beckstein and wind up in a Concentration Camp. The horrors of this are suggested when, as presumably husband and wife, they are alloted only one blanket to sleep on. Cowed by it all, Miss Butt-Smith confesses to O'Toole that she is really Kitty O'Hara, a former burlesque queen, who thought she had something good in an honest-to-goodness Baron, except that he turned out to be a Nazi. Thus, O'Toole confirms his theory that both of them were phonies. While he does nothing about the Baron, at the time, he falls in love with the beautiful Kitty.

Love and the American Embassy manage to get them out of the Concentration Camp and on their way to Latvia. Following history, they find themselves bombed from Latvia to Belgium, where they join a stream of refugees heading toward Paris. In Paris, shined up again, they're all set to call it a day. O'Toole wants to get back home to do something

patriotic; he's going to write a book. O'Hara (née Butt-Smith) wants to get to Reno as fast as she can. They're held up by a spy plot and the fact that the Germans take Paris.

But they get passage eventually, and are all set for a voyage to America. The Baron shows up momentarily, but Kitty shoves him overboard and that's the end of *him*. And O'Toole changes his mind about the book; he's going to do a coast-to-coast lecture tour instead.

Thus ends the saga of the O'Toole and the O'Hara.

This is history; or, as we said, somebody's idea of a facsimile.—*RKO.*

P. S.

The three stars—Rogers, Grant and McCarey—have more in common than their opinions on timing or how lines should be read. Each one is a better-than-average piano-player and singer, and there was always a rush to see who could get to those 88 keys first. McCarey has a mighty repertoire of original tunes, never published, but well known to his friends. Most-often-requested: "Sitting on Your Patio," written by Leo years ago for the Duncan Sisters.

Grant and Rogers discovered they harmonize well, and Rogers discovered Grant dances well. Cary and Leo whip into a vaudeville routine they've worked up to the tune of "Lorelei" that's so good they could have headlined at the Palace any time. For an encore, the boys sing their own verses to "The Strip Polka."

At the beginning of the picture, Ginger Rogers' dressing room door had nothing on it but her name. By the time the film was finished, the door looked like a bulletin board. Everytime a member of the crew ran across a picture or newspaper cartoon he thought Ginger might like, he'd paste it on the door to surprise her.

This is villain Walter Slezak's first picture. The man was bogged down with advice and hints, and ribbed constantly. For one scene, he had to turn his back while phoning so he wouldn't see Ginger cross the room and enter another door. McCarey told him to keep talking until he got a cue that would mean Rogers was safely out of sight. Walter grabbed the phone and began ad libbing. Ten minutes later he began running out of things to say. When he ventured to peek around, he discovered the entire company had quietly left the set for lunch, leaving him to act, undisturbed.

Ginger treats cast and crew to ice-cream bars every afternoon, but this time the tables were turned. For the first time since she's been in pictures, her birthday has rolled around while she was working. McCarey shelled out for the frozen cream, plus cake, and cast and crew bought her three albums of music they knew she didn't have. When she entered the sound stage that morning, the entire company was lined up from the door to her dressing room, and as she walked along, each one handed her a gaily wrapped, beribboned recording.

Two of the most important events in Cary Grant's life occurred during production. First, he became an American citizen; second, he married the woman he loves, Barbara Hutton. He took but one day off for each event. McCarey kiddingly allowed him an extra hour for his honeymoon, told him he could report for work at ten instead of nine. Any other star would have kidded right back and come in when he felt like it, but

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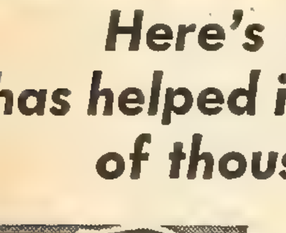
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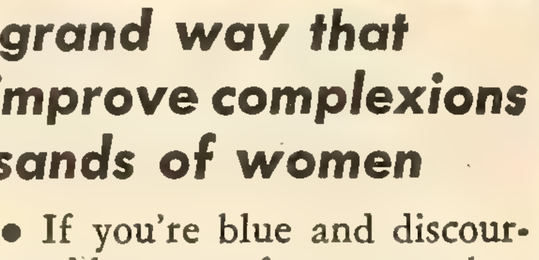
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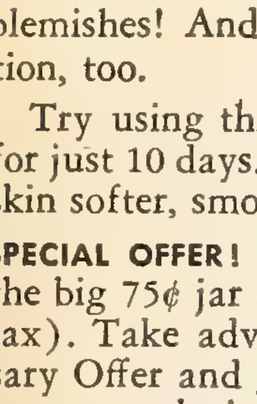
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not C. Grant. Knowing the company couldn't get rolling 'til he got there, he showed up on the dot at ten!

There were no gifts handed to him, no fuss made. After all, what can you give a guy like that?

WHO DONE IT?

The round little fat man and his partner are back again, and it hardly seems as if they were gone. Abbott and Costello must own a merry-go-round, their pictures come whirling by so fast these days. It seems only yesterday and maybe it was, that they were wrestling with a gang of cannibals in "Pardon My Sarong," and here they are once more with not a trace of a headhunter to be found. The boys are quite civilized in their new picture, parading nonchalantly through the lush interiors of a super-duper radio center. They're pretending to be script writers in "Who Done It?" but when did they prove they could read and write?

Not that there's much time for such quiet habits as reading and writing when Abbott and Costello are around. These boys can make even a Union League Club look like a madhouse once they begin their horseplay. "I got to see a doctor about my face," says Costello at one point. "What's the matter with it?" asks Abbott. "It talks too much," says Costello. It talks enough to keep "Who Done It?" going at a zany clip from the opening shot to the fadeout.

As you might guess from the title, "Who Done It?" is concerned with a murder. Not too seriously concerned, though. Of course, there's the usual list of suspects, and the mystery is finally cleared up, but with the script the murder is played strictly for laughs. You might, for instance, be slightly puzzled as to how a murder investigation could lead Abbott and Costello into a mix-up



with a troupe of flying acrobats; and in between questioning of the suspects, Costello manages to walk off with the $10,000 prize offered by a radio program known as the Wheel of Fortune. It's all in fun, though, and, when you come right down to it, which is more important anyway—crime or Costello?

The boys get a little support in this one from a subordinate love story handled by Patric Knowles and Louise Albritton; and just to show what real police officers look like, there's William Gargan and William Bendix on hand to flash their shields and act tough. Jerome Cowan leers through a slightly sinister role, and Ludwig Stossel, Don Porter and Mary Wickes chip in when a little plot filler is needed between Abbott and Costello routines. You won't find any music except such stray strains as may blast through a radio station occasionally, but Universal is betting that you won't miss the songs if they can keep you laughing long enough.

Whether or not they can, is strictly a matter of your own funnybone. Since they first burst on the screen in "Buck Privates," these two clowns have gagged their way through a respectable library of old joke books and have had enough left over to keep their radio program rating high. If nothing else, they've proved that they certainly can raise cob with their corn. As a matter of record, they go by the names of Chick and Mervyn in their latest picture; at other times they've been known as Wellington and Alsey, Duke and Willoughby. What's in a name? Somehow or other, they always come out Abbott and Costello, the funny little fat man and the exclamation point.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Both Lou Costello and Bud Abbott got paid for their work in this one, but only Lou got the dough. Bud lost most of his earnings to his chubby partner in gin rummy games between scenes . . . The boys always wear black ties when they're working. They don't know why, except that when they wore blue ones, business was terrible . . . Walter Tetley, "brat" actor, heckled Lou so beautifully in his one short scene, Director Earle C. Kenton called him back for more work, had his part built up via extra scenes . . . Louise Albritton is afraid of being typed. This is the fourth time she's played a girl named "Jane" . . . During production, Lou met Charlie Chaplin at Chaplin's house. After a little discussion, the two of them made tentative plans to make a picture together . . . Patric Knowles doesn't have to worry about what people will say if he's not in uniform. He was one of the first men in Hollywood to answer the call to service, and acted as flying instructor in Canada until an eye injury, sustained in a forced landing, washed him out of active duty for some time to come . . . Dan Porter, the heavy, got his choice of being the hero or the heel. Decided more people remember the villain . . . Assistant Director Howard Christie's toughest job was tossing eggs at little Lou so they'd land directly in the middle of his face. After four tries, he got it right on the nose (literally) . . . Funniest off-stage gag was pulled by a grammatically-minded assistant. Making out the call sheet for the following day, the guy crossed out "Who Done It?" and wrote in "Who Did It?" Or so the publicity man told us.

THE DESPERADOES

Here's a big, fast, lurid picture spilling over the screen in gorgeous Technicolor with a sound track full of gun blasts and loud talk, a brace of straight shooting and hard riding heroes and two—count 'em—two beautiful ladies for the close-ups. It's a Western, of course, but a super edition, bringing back many of the favorites who made last year's "Texas" such a success at the box office. Bringing them back, we might add, in roles and a story very similar to the last-named opus. William Holden is in the Army now, so you'll find Randolph Scott riding the range in his place; but Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor and Edgar Buchanan are back at the old stand again. The charming Evelyn Keyes is the added starter.

We have a theory that no one really likes to see anything new in a Western. They're like familiar music, the more often heard, the more beloved they are. This reviewer stubbornly maintains that he can watch a group of

hard-riding horsemen thundering into a canyon against an immense sky over and over again without palling to the thrill a single jot; this reviewer likes his gunfights exactly as his Papa before him saw and enjoyed them. So let's check through "The Desperadoes" and see which of your old favorites you'll find.

THE BANK ROBBERY: a whopper, in fact a couple of whoppers.

THE HONEST SHERIFF: There's no one on the screen today who can look quite so sturdy and honest in chaps and sombreros as Randolph Scott. And Randolph wears a shiny badge all the way through "The Desperadoes."

THE HERO WITH A PAST: Glenn Ford comes drifting into town with a ten thousand dollar price on his head and the quickest draw East or West of Cheyenne.

THE LADY WHO RUNS THE GAMBLING PALACE: You'll find Claire Trevor done up in ostrich feathers and sweeping satin gowns sitting bank at the town's classiest roulette layout. And, yes, she has a heart as well as a purse of gold.

THE SALOON TRIAL FOR MURDER: A pip, here. With a judge who's anxious to get the trial over quickly so that he can get out and build the best gallows the West had seen to date.

THE JAIL BREAK: Rip-roaring and fast in "The Desperadoes" and hinging on a neat piece of business—a thundering herd of wild horses, and you can imagine how that films in Technicolor.

THE CROOKED BANK PRESIDENT: Right.

THE WILY UNSUSPECTED "BRAINS": He's there, all right, and probably I shouldn't



tip you off; but it's not a secret for very long. And if you saw "Texas," you'll probably be watching Edgar Buchanan anyway.

And also assorted brawls, thundering hooves, minor gun fights, a yellow villain and—all right—some love stuff, too. As you can see, "The Desperadoes" rates high on most counts, and what it misses probably isn't worth bothering about. If you don't see it, you're crazy; you might even, if you're lucky, catch it on a double feature with "Texas."—*Col.*

P. S.

Exterior shots were made at Kanab, Utah, in a spot 103 miles from a railroad . . . During the three weeks the "Desperadoes" company was there, 13,895 pounds of food were consumed . . . Temperatures of 137 degrees in the local canyons were every-day occurrences, but no one fainted away . . . Edgar Buchanan and Big Boy Williams got involved in a gin rummy game, starting June 19 and finishing August 28, when the troupe returned from location. When the score was finally tallied, Big Boy owed Buchanan 28 cents . . . Evelyn Keyes was honored by a local electric company with the title "Queen of the



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Kilowatts," and is waiting patiently for a crown of assorted light bulbs . . . Because the film is in Technicolor, 600 pounds of red Utah dust had to be shipped back to the studio, so the actors' clothes in the interior scenes would match those worn in the wide open spaces . . . All night scenes had to be made in the daytime, to conform with dim-out regulations. How the effect was obtained is Photographer George Meehan's secret . . . The engine, Old No. 22, was built in 1865 for use on the Virginia Truckee Railroad. Now that it's been converted into an oil burner, it can do 60 miles an hour . . . Fifty local cowboys spent two weeks rounding up the thousand unbroken horses used in the stampede scenes . . . The rescue race in the special rodeo staged for the visiting film troupe was won by Hollywood cowboys Glenn Ford and Big Boy Williams. The cowpunchin' natives were plumb tore in half with amazement . . .

THE GLASS KEY

"The Glass Key" takes this reviewer's award for the year's most bewildering picture because it is, by turn, very good, very bad, gripping, preposterous, exciting, incredible and just plain dull. Over the long run there are more cons than pros; but still there's something there. Perhaps the something is Alan Ladd in his second shot at fame and fortune; or more probably, if you believe press agents, it's the glossy Veronica Lake.

The story of "The Glass Key," is one of political intrigue and murder. The unnamed big town (probably Los Angeles because it rains a good deal) is run by an organization that calls itself, pleasantly enough, the Paul Madvig Voters' League. Paul Madvig (Brian Donlevy) and Ed Beaumont (Alan Ladd) are the brawn and the brains of the League respectively. Madvig, at the time the story opens, has thrown his weight into the camp of Ralph Henry, the Reform candidate. This isn't insanity on Madvig's part; it's love. For Henry's daughter, Janet (Veronica Lake) is as neat a dish as you'll ever meet on Plate



Night at your neighborhood theater. Unfortunately, Henry has a son, too; and this lad is a nasty mixture of snobbery, insolence and general depravity. It's this blight of the younger generation who's murdered.

Madvig falls under suspicion for the murder, and Ed Beaumont sets out on the trail, sure that Madvig had nothing to do with it. The trail leads to the oddest places; to Opal, Madvig's sister, who had been in love with the late young Henry; to Nick Varna, the underworld boss; to a crooked publisher; and to the beautiful Janet Henry herself. As you can easily see this leads Ed into as many salons and saloons as there are in town; in the salons Ed kisses the misses, in the saloons Ed get his kisser mussed. He finally tracks down the killer in time for election so that the voters can vote for the Machine with a clear conscience.

In all this hodge-podge some things stand out like the good deed in a naughty world. Ladd himself, turns in an effective performance; he's asked to do some weird things through the picture, but he manages to project a taut and neatly conceived character through all the shenanigans. It's no mean trick. He's come out from behind the gun (remember his first: "This Gun For Hire?"), and he acts this one with only his fists and his ability as an actor. He still speaks his lines with that tight-faced intensity, but he smiles a good deal more, and that should please his fans. He's a welcome new face, this Alan Ladd, and due for a stay.

Perhaps the best bit in the picture is turned in by a supporting actor. William Bendix, playing an underworld tough, has a scene that will move you to the edge of your seat, if not to the floor. Don't miss it. On the other hand, Margaret Hayes, through no fault of her own, is the center of a most preposterous piece of business. Learning that her husband has gone broke, she promptly takes a drink and curls up on the couch with Alan Ladd. Her husband, thereupon, goes upstairs and shoots himself. Don't miss that scene either; it's the best unintentional laugh in this year's crop of films.

Veronica Lake looks more like a wax mannequin than ever and quite as impossibly beautiful. The rest of the supporting cast are all effective when they're given the chance to be. There's Brian Donlevy in a role similar to his McGinty, Joseph Calleia leering in a tight black coat, and Bonita Granville who used to be a brat and who is quite pretty now. As a matter of fact, while we can't recommend "The Glass Key" for its story, you might drop in and meet the actors. They're a pleasant bunch. —*Par.*

P. S.

Bonita Granville turned on the weeps for seven hours straight and finished her crying scenes in one day. Only top actresses can do it. Amateurs lose control and wind up with hysterics . . . Paramount made a silent version some years ago, starring George Raft. Leading lady—Ann Sheridan . . . Brian Donlevy climbed into his lucky coat again, a wildly checkered number he's worn in every film since "The Great McGinty" . . . Reward for the Surprise-Discovery-of-the-Month went to the two stunt men who tangled with Alan Ladd. Found out to their sorrow that he, too, has muscles . . . Author Dashiell Hammett ("The Thin Man" and "Maltese Falcon" are his also) enlisted in the armed forces shortly after the picture finished production . . . No one knows who suggested Veronica Lake cut her hair, but the answer was "No!" by Veronica herself . . . For the first time in her cinema life, she gets a chance to wear some Edith Head creations. Doesn't have to worry about material restrictions because any one costume in wardrobe contains more than enough to drape the Lake 5 foot, 90 pound chassis . . . Lake, Ladd and Donlevy zoomed into public favor playing heels, so now they're worried about playing goody parts. They know their fans love to hate 'em . . . Dick Denning quietly campaigned to get himself a good action role, wound up playing a corpse . . . All the Hollywood Press correspondents were given a Glass

Key at the beginning of the picture's production, with instructions to use it any time they wanted to visit the set. Veronica was so intrigued with them (the keys, not the correspondents) she begged some extras from the publicity department and had them fashioned into buttons for her newest suit.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE

The delights of the country, so long celebrated in song and story, are open to a few healthy doubts, if you can believe "George Washington Slept Here." And in Jack Benny's capable hands and nimble tongue, you can believe it easily enough between chuckles. There are, it seems, many a city slicker who wouldn't trade the blast of a single taxicab horn for all the sweet-singing birds of Bucks County, Pennsylvania; to their eyes, the sheen of a cement sidewalk is far more beautiful than an acre of wheat rippling in a breeze. They hate flowers; they love modern plumbing.

Take just such a specimen and plant him suddenly in the country in a tumbledown house where the Father of Our Country reputedly spent a night, and you can see the possibilities. Well, that's exactly what "George Washington Slept Here" does to Mr. Benny. And Mr. Benny rises magnificently to the occasion; or rather falls to it. For a good part of the picture is spent in watching Jack drop through rotten plank floors, into lightly covered wells, and down lovely wooden staircases where, unfortunately, a few steps are missing.

Mr. Benny's bitter hatred of the country ranges from Ants to Zinnias. After being struck violently by a piece of loose timber, he asks weakly for a drink of water; there's a brook, he's told, "only" two hundred yards away. He's warned by his handyman that the trees need spraying. "Who," asks Mr. Benny with magnificent scorn and infallible logic, "sprays the trees in the forests? Why don't the bugs eat them?" The same tight-lipped handyman hints that Mr. Benny ought to be buying some dirt for his garden. "Dirt? Buy dirt?" screams Mr. Benny. "What have I got here if I haven't got dirt?"

As you can see, whether by intent or accident, the picture is a one-man romp for Mr. Benny. And there lies its weakness. For while Mr. Benny is immensely funny in his casual way, the script writers forgot to provide him with enough story for ninety-three minutes of movie-making. Once the situation is set up, the story lags and piddles to its finish, despite Jack's best efforts to keep it afloat. After all, once a man has vented his spleen on the birds, the bees and the bugs, there isn't much else to draw on.

Nevertheless, Jack is surrounded by a competent supporting cast even though they don't have much to do. Ann Sheridan, lovely as ever, as Mr. Benny's spouse in the film, seems restricted to calling anxiously: "Are you all right, darling?" as Mr. Benny takes his various tumbles about the house. Charles Coburn, as a blow-hard uncle, has a scene or two for his own, and Hattie McDaniel shares her big moment in the kitchen with a wandering horse. John Emery, Harvey Stephens and Franklin Pangborn stroll in and out occasionally, but they don't stay for dinner. As a matter

(*Continued on page 77*)



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(Continued from page 37)



Whoops! Tucker flew into a tailspin and landed plumb in the middle of a vase. Jinx, who's anything but fuss-budgetty, assured him it was worthless, let guests tear house apart to their heart's content!



Cal's just cast Jinx in "Laugh Your Blues Away." That's just what she and Evelyn tried to do after Forrest's grim fiasco. That beard he sprouts is a hangover from charades in which he was the Leg of "From Tops to Reveille."



Soup's on! The whole kit and caboodle pounced on the dining room table at the mention of food and devoured sandwiches, ice cream, cake and Pepsis! The Falkenburgs are all enormous eaters and insist on keeping guests equally well-filled!



Linda, Glenn and gang regretfully so-longed as clock struck 2 A.M., said they had a simply super time. No one won prizes except Orville, the piggie bank, who collected $19 for Red Cross!

(Continued from page 75)

of fact, only the handyman, Percy Kilbride, keeps pace with Mr. Benny in his unsmiling and very funny role.

For half of its length "George Washington Slept Here" is an hilarious comedy, light-hearted, entertaining and gay, making full use of Jack Benny's brand of humor. Perhaps it's in comparison with those early guffaws that the last half of the picture seems flat. After a belly laugh, a chuckle makes only a small sound. Perhaps they might try running the picture backwards. Mr. Benny probably wouldn't mind for that would leave him, at the end, in his Central Park apartment with all the conveniences of home at hand. Including running water, hot and cold.—*War.*

P. S.

An eager publicity man drummed up a campaign to find a bed actually slept in by G. Washington . . . Hundreds of folks wrote in, saying they had such a bed, so Warner Bros. built one of their own, to avoid controversy . . . After each successful take, Charles Coburn does a couple of quick steps, learned once upon a time from a vaudeville pal . . . For the dream sequence, Jack Benny is George Washington, Ann Sheridan plays Martha. The real surprise is Hattie McDaniel as Pocahontas! . . . The music box prominent in the first scenes is French, 200 years old, and one of the few in the world combining organ music with bells and drums . . . Harvey Stephens, a pioneer in glider training, was ordered by the government to open a new Glider Training School in Arizona . . . Baldy, the horse, has been in pictures 27 years, is now 35 years old. Had his biggest acting job in "Gone With The Wind." . . . Percy Kilbride is the only member of the original stage play working in the film. Jack B. signed him for a guest shot on his radio show . . .



Near-accident occurred when falling tree crashed in Ann Sheridan's direction. Benny became hero, pushed Annie out of the way in time to see the toppling timber smash his famous violin . . . Charles Coburn collects monocles and out-of-the-way eating places that serve foreign dishes . . . Joyce Reynolds, being given a big build-up by the studio, is 17 years old, formerly a U.C.L.A. co-ed . . . War-conscious prop men allowed no metal cooking utensils in the kitchen scenes—everything possible was made of glass . . . Bill Tracy signed up for the service the minute he finished his part . . . Famous gag man Wilkie Mahoney, pumped funny stuff into the script.

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

The Wonder Boy of Hollywood has failed to pass a miracle with his latest picture, and his license as Hollywood Genius Number 427 is hereby revoked. The Orson Welles production of "Journey Into Fear" falls short of being a good picture, either artistically or commercially. It's a weak exhibit for the man who made "Citizen Kane" and "The Magnificent Ambersons." Orson has gone to the Welles once too often.

All of which is a shame, since "Journey Into Fear" could have been a tense thriller, somewhat in the Hitchcock vein. Certainly the story was there, but somewhere between the script (which Mr. Welles had a hand in fashioning) and the sound stage, everything was lost except a couple of moody camera angles. It's a shame, too, because a competent cast is wasted; Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio and Ruth Warrick deserve better than they receive.

The story of "Journey Into Fear" has to do with an American engineer on his way back from Turkey, where he's been engaged in a survey of the Turkish navy. Carrying back facts and figures to the States, he's the target for Nazi agents determined to waylay him. Narrowly escaping murder, he's finally cor-



nered on a tramp steamer beating it from Istanbul to Batum. He's forced to fight for his life, and the cutting edge of the story is that Graham, the engineer, is just an average American, a fellow with a job, who's never shot a gun or fought a dirty fight in his life. He's no hero; all he wants is to get back to his wife and home. Instead he finds himself tangling with killers and Nazi agents, involved in a mess of international intrigue.

It's a story with possibilities of terror and tense action, but sadly, all the possibilities are ignored, and the action seems mainly concerned with watching the hero walk cautiously up and down dimly lit corridors. While this makes for artistic photography, it hardly helps build suspense. In its main outlines, "Journey Into Fear" is only a rather mild sketch.

Certain details stand out: the sound track, for instance, is consistently inter-



esting. Jack Moss as a killer named Banat is properly scarifying. Frank Readick in the role of a perky little Frenchman has a wonderful recipe for all henpecked husbands. Joseph Cotten, where the script allows, acts the American engineer admirably. But opposed to these, we wish someone would tell us what Dolores Del Rio was doing in the picture; aside from a few close-ups which accented her Latin beauty charmingly, Miss Del Rio seemed completely useless to the story or the action. Ruth Warrick, although starred, is wasted in a minor role. For Mr. Welles himself, in the role of a Turkish colonel — well, Welles.

But Mr. Welles needn't be counted out because of the failure of "Journey Into Fear." All the hullaballoo which accompanied the Welles Hollywood venture, the fancy adjectives pro and con thick in the air, obscured certain facts. Orson Welles has, certainly, a flair for the dramatic, a generous slice of originality, an admirable willingness to experiment. He has used his camera more daringly and more effectively than directors and producers who have been in the business twice as long as he. With all his excesses, Hollywood needs him.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Leering villain Jack Moss is a new face to movie fans, but not to Hollywood folks. For years he was Gary Cooper's business manager, now has the same job, plus producer rights, with Orson Welles . . . How he worked out a deal with himself to turn actor is a classic . . . As Jack Moss, Producer, he tried to brow-beat Jack Moss, the agent, into letting him contract Jack Moss, the actor, for as tiny a salary as possible. JM, Producer, argued that JM, Actor, had never been in a picture, was a rank amateur and couldn't expect a large hunk of dough . . . JM, Agent, fought back, told JM, Producer, that Welles had interviewed dozens of prospective villains, and none of them was right for the part. Only JM, Actor, would do. JM, Actor, kept quiet during these discussions, rousing himself from time to time to mutter, "Anything for my art!" . . . He finally signed himself on a one picture deal . . . Welles, the realist, wasn't content to use only half a boat as a set. He insisted an entire ship be constructed on a sound stage . . . He had to hurry to finish his role in the film, so he could keep his assignment for the Whitney Committee in South America. Between scenes, he studied Portuguese with a tutor . . . Orson and Joseph Cotten adapted the screen play from an original novel by Eric Ambler. Swiftly changing war developments made it necessary for them to do most of their writing on the set . . . The picture was originally intended as a comeback film for Dolores Del Rio . . . Del Rio left Hollywood for Mexico without seeing a single foot of the film, still hasn't seen it.

ROAD TO MOROCCO

Those fabulous "Road To" pictures which Bing Crosby and Bob Hope have been making at odd moments down Paramount way have now reached Morocco, and they're still the same miraculous mixture of mirth, madness and music. They're as easy to take as a two week vacation with pay, relaxing as an ocean breeze on a hot July day. Look down, look down that lonely road; here come Crosby and Hope to brighten up the landscape.

Just what it is that makes these pictures the frothy entertainment they are, is rather hard to define. They romp to the head of the class where many a more spectacular musical just falls by the sheer weight of elaborate production numbers. These Road pictures are cozy and familiar. Crosby jaws along nonchalantly, and Hope acts as if he were on his way down to the corner pool-room. The boys are out strictly for a good time, and they pass it right along to the cash customers.

As for plot, the "Road to Morocco" gets along with the bare minimum that the union allows. There are these two guys, Crosby and Hope, and they get tangled up with a couple of girls in Morocco, and then a couple of things happen and then, yeah, I forgot, Hope gets sold as a slave and Crosby— See what we mean? As one camel remarks to his mate at a peculiarly outlandish turn in the story: "Ridiculous!" A talking camel? Sure, there's one in the picture: what's more, there's a talking ghost, too.

Or to be more specific about the plot. There's one point where Crosby and Hope are trussed up like truffled chickens, neatly encased in a couple of nets and dropped in the middle of a blazing desert. When next we see them they're strolling along a sand dune. "Don't you think we ought to tell them how we got out of those nets?" Hope remarks. Crosby shrugs: "They'd never believe it anyway," he says. "Let's not tell them."

That's the way the whole picture runs from beginning to end. It's easy and sly, and nobody takes it at all seriously, least of all the actors; and oddly, no one minds at all, least of all the audience. A trick like that isn't as easy as it sounds for the twists have to be ingenious, and the chatter always bright, and the tone always just right or the whole thing would collapse like a bride's first cake. "The Road to Morocco" comes perilously close to it at times. But Crosby and Hope are old hands by now, and they never falter for a minute. For that matter the whole cast chips in to keep the ball rolling, and Director David Butler never lets the pace slip into a crawl. There's a nod due, too, to the script writers.

Dorothy Lamour is on hand for the love scenes and the occasional songs. Miss Lamour is in fine voice and fine figure; she doesn't wear a sarong in the "Road to Morocco," but she manages to look as if she might be wearing one. Miss Lamour sings very effectively as do Bing and Bob.

Anthony Quinn, Dona Drake and Vladimir Sokoloff are around whenever the plot demands them, but it's Crosby and Hope who do most of the work. At one point, Hope begins to recount everything that's happened since the picture began. "What are you telling me that for," Crosby says. "I know it." Hope answers reasonably enough: "Yeah, but the people who came in the middle of the picture don't."

They'll do anything to keep you happy.—*Par.*

P. S.

Crosby had to don one glamour outfit for the film, a pair of sky blue and maroon Arabian pajamas. Said he looked like a spear bearer at Minsky's . . . Technical director Jamiel Hasson was a member of the Turkish Cavalry during World War 1, later joined forces with the British and became one of their intelligence officers. Expects to be sent back to North Africa soon to serve as liaison officer between that country and ours . . . Cute kid Dona Drake and pal Dottie Lamour had 12 changes of costume. Total material used: 26 yards . . . Martha, the camel, wouldn't mug for



the camera unless cigarette smoke was wafted in her face . . . Desert backgrounds were shot at Yuma, Arizona, but for close-ups, 50 tons of sand were dumped and arranged on Stage 9 . . . All the gals working at Paramount made excuses to visit the set to see Anthony Quinn. Done up in burnoose, fancy coat and riding boots, he's the closest thing to Valentino since Rudy strode around the lot . . . Most of the ad lib stuff pulled by Hope and Crosby was written into the script. Dottie Lamour thinks it's a pity they pay her for working with the boys, 'cause she has so much fun . . . Toughest problem of the Special Effects Department was Hope's shoes. Velvet slippers, the tightly curled toes in the Turkish manner, had to straighten out and snap back—bang—when Bob kissed Dottie. How they did it is a secret . . . The steamed whole goats' heads were specially prepared in the Paramount commissary, but the bread came from a local Arabic bakery . . . All the food used in the bazaar

scenes was later taken to an orphanage. Hollywood never wastes anything.

SHALL I TELL 'EM?

John Beal is asked to portray a starving young actor in this one. He and his motherless child and a Russian are all starving together, despite the efforts of Margaret Lindsay, artists' agent, to find them work. Well he takes to driving a taxi, and one day up pops Maggie with a show job. What goes with the job though, is leading lady Constance Worth, and what goes with her, is John.



He has to play up to her, of course, and break Margaret's heart because after all, one must feed one's motherless child, but alas, when Constance learns of this motherless child, she burns. And whoops —John's on the prowl for another hack. But that Russian sells a play called "Road to Siberia" to some radio company, finances another play, Margaret gets John and the soon-to-be-no-longer-motherless child.—*Col.*

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

This concerns a dwelling called No. 39 Gay Street, which was anything but. Brian Aherne and the little woman Loretta Young discover this when they move there. Housekeepers scream, mon-



sters (who turn out to be turtles named "Old Hickory" and don't ask us why) slither across ladies' feet, pinning said feet to the floor, and eventually, someone is murdered. Unfortunately, the victim chose to be murdered with a horseshoe belonging to our hero (whatever the heck *he* was doing with a horseshoe), and not only that, he is drowned in our hero's bathtub.

Well finally you know whodunnit, and there is always this to be said: Any picture which offers Gale Sondergaard is bound to make little kids scream. —*Col.*

THE HIDDEN HAND

It seems that Morton Parsons, a mad killer, "as shrewd and crafty as he is evil" escapes from the booby-hatch, and presents himself at the estate of his wealthy but equally wicked sister, Cecil Cunningham. She dresses him up in black and lets him play butler. Then she calls a conference of her greedy nephews and nieces and tells them they can't have her money. She's leaving it to her secretary. Suddenly it looks as though she may not live too long, what with her affectionate relatives rather accurate aim in throwing flower pots, so she bribes a Dr. nephew to drug her, make like she's dead, bury her (she wants to see how those cut-ups'll act after she's gone) and then give her an-



antidote after a while, so she can come back and laugh at 'em. But knowing he's not to be trusted, she has another cohort bring her back and finds that while she's been dead, all the wretched nephews and nieces who didn't fall thru a certain trap-door — well, Mortie got 'em. So Cecil gives herself up to the police who are probably damned if they know what to do with her, and the sweet secretary lives happily ever after. —*War.*

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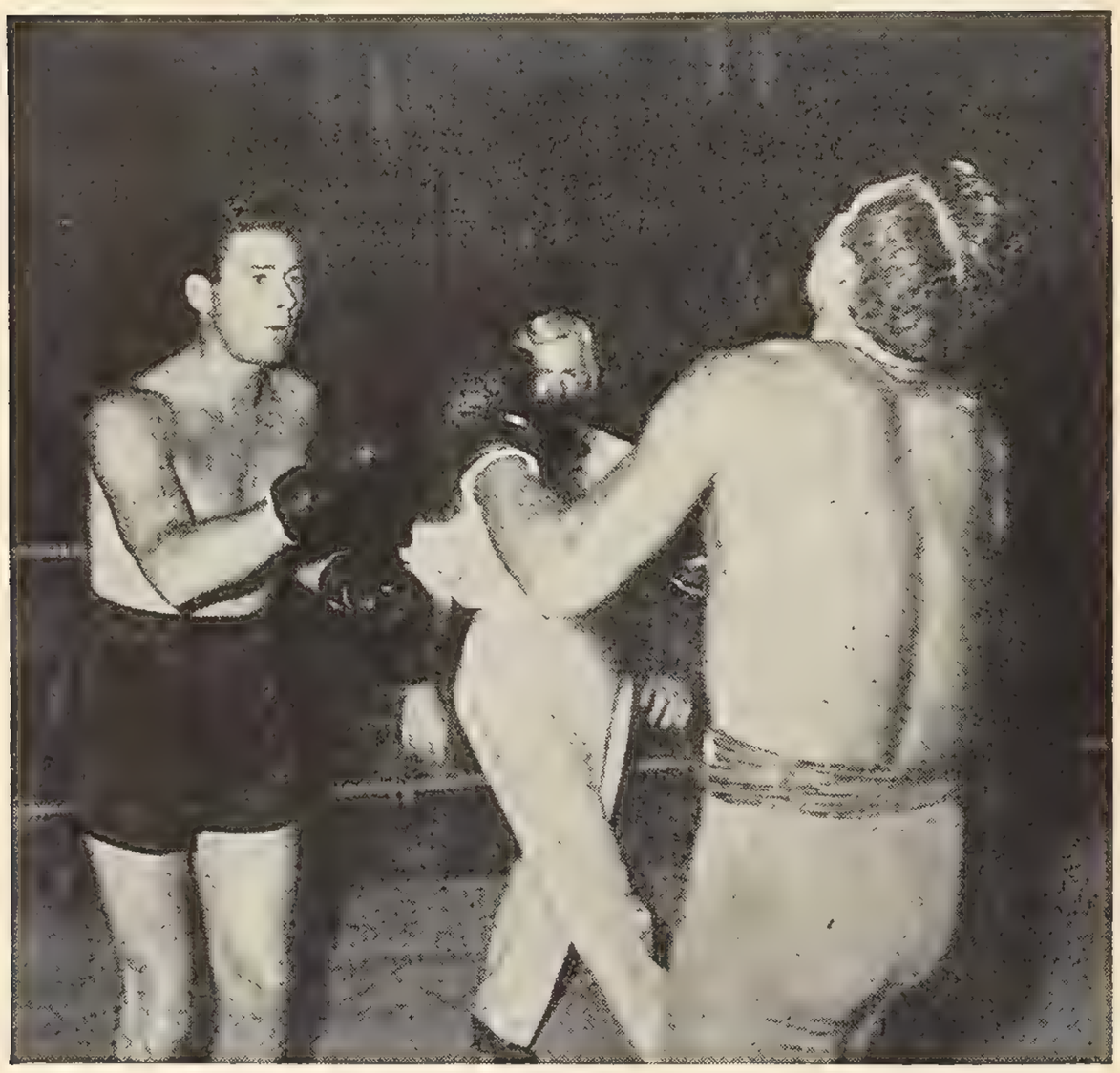
(Continued from page 31)



7. They came to see him, all the Olympic Club nabobs. They came out to a barge in San Francisco Bay, out of curiosity or boredom, perhaps. The Corbetts were there in all their wild pride. And Vicki Ware. It was a brutal fight, hammering and cruel, twenty-seven rounds of bare-fisted hell before Choynski finally fell. Then Jim had only one bare moment of triumph looking out over the seats, looking at Vicki Ware. For the police had discovered the barge and there was no time to talk to anyone—even Vicki Ware.



8. After that Corbett's beating fists rapped hard on the doors of the fistic world. Jake Kilrain . . . in New Orleans. San Francisco, again. Barns and barges, beaches and fields, Corbett fought wherever there was a fight to be had. They spoke of Corbett in the drawing rooms of the East and in the saloons of the mid-West, Mississippi, Texas and the West. He was famous enough to tour in a play called "Gentleman Jim." And with the money he set up his family in a new house in a new neighborhood closer to the world of Vicki Ware . . .



11. The Sullivan-Corbett fight took place in New Orleans. Climbing into the ring young Jim Corbett still looked brash and savage. But this was a climax; here between the four strands of the ring lay a whole future. He climbed in that September day in 1892 remembering the stables where he had early fought . . . smelling the sawdust . . . hearing Pa's voice. He remembered San Francisco . . . the Olympic Club . . . Vicki Ware . . . Vicki Ware . . . Vicki Ware . . . He hardly heard the referee's voice: Winner and New Champion.



12. There was a gala party for the new champion that night. Everyone crowded into the room, all the glad-handers who swarm around a winner. It should have been a moment of triumph, for even the nobs of the Olympic Club came to pay their homage. And it was good, now that he had reached the top, to see Pop and the Corbetts in all their glory. But it wasn't complete. That is, until Vicki Ware came. She brought him a gift. "What is it?" he said . . . "It's a hat," Vicki said solemnly. "Too large for anyone to wear."



9. They asked him what he wanted and he said: "I want Sullivan" . . . "He's the Champ, Jim. You'll never get him" . . . "I'll get him." He went to New York after Sullivan (Ward Bond), after the great John L. himself. He went backstage at the "Honest Woodman," and he said in the cocky, brash Corbett way: "You're afraid, Sullivan" . . . "Careful, sonny" . . . "I've got ten thousand dollars that says you're afraid. And a twenty-five thousand dollar purse to boot" . . . "Winner take all?" . . . "Winner take all." It was a fight.



10. In New York, too, he met Vicki. "Do you remember what you told me in the Olympic Club?" he said. "I said I was a fighter and you said you'd see. Well?" . . . "There's still Sullivan" . . . "Do you remember what I said to you that day? You told me you were engaged to Carleton De Witt and I said we'd see. Did you marry him?" . . . "No" . . . "Then there's only Sullivan between us?" . . . "You're still so sure of yourself?" . . . "Why not?" he said quickly. "Only Sullivan, then?" . . . "We'll see," Vicki said coolly.



13. Sullivan came. When he entered the room, it became suddenly quiet; they all turned to look. The old champ was carrying his championship belt, symbol of his fame. He extended it gravely to Corbett. "Wear it well," he said. "There's only one like it in the world" . . . "I'll try," Jim said simply . . . "It takes a champion to wear it," Sullivan said . . . "A champion wore it a long time," Jim said softly. "There'll never be another like you, Sullivan." In the back of the room Vicki put the outlandish hat back into its box.



14. He asked her about that later, when they had a chance to be alone. "Where's my hat?" he said . . . "It wasn't funny anymore, Jim. Or true" . . . "Don't you think I could wear it?" . . . "You wouldn't want to now. What you said to Sullivan proves it" . . . "Does it make any difference, Vicki?" . . . "It makes all the difference in the world. That's what I've been waiting for" . . . "I haven't changed entirely," Gentleman Jim said softly. "I still want to kiss you." After all, you can't say no to a Champion of the World.

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Compare Your Handwriting with Hedy Lamarr's



by Shirley Spencer

Would you suspect that the gorgeous Hedy was not as sophisticated as her background would lead one to believe? Whenever you see handwriting in which the letters increase in size at the end of each word, you may be sure the writer is naive. Take a look at Miss Lamarr's signature, and you will see what I mean. Not only are the last letters larger, but that "r" stands out as the most emphasized letter in the name. This indicates her well-known love of clothes and jewelry, and this in addition to the very heavy pen pressure, gives us the clue to her sensuous response to perfumes, too. Miss Lamarr mixes her own perfumes and designs jewelry.

The roundness of her letter formations, the slow deliberate way she writes, and the garland connecting strokes are all indications of a kindly friendliness, but a cool, detached attitude. She isn't excitable, and she hates to be put under pressure to do things without warning or preparation for she enjoys her comfort. She prefers to take her time and will prove stubborn if pushed. That tied-up "y" loop reveals quiet resistance and persistence underneath a calm and tolerant exterior.

Her writing is very large with wide spacing so we know that she likes to do things on a large scale and is not interested in detail. She is extravagant and indulgent and has the naive simplicity of a good-natured child.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York
County of New York } ss

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Albert Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1942.
GERVASIO LOPEZ
Commission Expires March 30, 1944

BEST SON A MOTHER EVER HAD

(*Continued from page 28*)

else. Dad set up a billiard table in the ballroom and taught them to play. The gardener thought they were nuts. "A special table? Just to run a little ball around on?"

Or you'd hear John yell, "Mother, we're short a man. Help us out till he comes?" So she'd pull on her catcher's mitt. She even tried football once. Only once, though. Or they'd all troop into the kitchen from the swimming pool, for milk and cookies hot from the pan. Mrs. Payne looked contendedly on while a week's supply vanished in twenty minutes. That gave her an excuse to bake again tomorrow. Offer John cake or cookies today and he'll turn you down. Hot from the pan is the only way he'll eat 'em.

His father was a great hunter. So was brother Bill. They'd come home laden with quail and partridge or deer. John loved the woods. He'd take his gun and go out and stay just as long, and come home empty-handed. They'd razz him then, for he'd eat the venison with as healthy an appetite as any of them. "When it's steak," he'd explain, "I can't see his eyes."

All sports were his meat, but if he had to pick one for a desert island, swimming would be it. Dave, his great Dane, would follow him to the pool and, sick with worry, bark his fool head off while John swam under water. Dave weighed a hundred and ninety and ate like a horse—two quarts of milk, eight eggs, three pounds of meat mixed with three pounds of cornmeal in pones. John had raised him from a pup, and Dave was the light of his life.

One day the game warden sent for him to come down to the hollow. There he found Dave, trapped in a pen. He'd been caught on a neighboring farm, and a steer was dead of a broken neck.

"He's a killer," the warden said. "We'll have to shoot him."

John's heart stopped. "Dave never killed anything. He's like a kid. Might have been chasing this beef around—knocked him down maybe, in play—but Dave's no killer—"

"Well, the beef's dead, and we'll have to shoot the dog—"

The warden was the law, and John was only fifteen. He didn't know then that he could have appealed the sentence. All he knew was, he couldn't stand there any longer, with Dave's sad trustful eyes fixed on him through the bars. So he turned and ran, till the sound of a shot stopped him short, then crawled under a hedge and went through his agony alone. Not till he had himself in hand, did he turn up at home.

growing up . . .

His father's death the following year brought an end to boyhood and probably changed the course of his life. Mr. Payne had figured M.I.T. for John, though he loathed mathematics. Mrs. Payne thought he'd go in for music or writing. Had it been ditch-digging, that would have been all right, too, providing it was what he wanted and not what somebody else thought he should have. When he told her he'd enrolled at Roanoke, she offered no protest, though she knew he was staying to be near her. By both their codes, people must work out their own salvation. Anyway, she felt sure Roanoke wouldn't hold him long.

He hung on for a year. Roanoke was one of those colleges where you're bound to take certain prescribed courses that bear no relation to your current interests or future needs. One day the stink of preservative in his nostrils was more than John could stand. He dropped the frog he'd been dissecting, went home and told his mother he might as well cut his throat as stay there.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Columbia. To the School of Journalism."

"Then that's where you're going."

Money being scarce, John took on a variety of jobs while he studied, to help cover expenses. It was often tough going, but his mother didn't hear about that until it was over. He's not what she'd call a letter-writer. In his scribbled notes and when he came home for holidays, everything was fine. Though Christmas vacations were brief, he'd always manage to get there. "If I had to walk! Christmases don't come lovelier than we have them in Virginia."

He told her he'd been taking part in college theatricals and that Mrs. Coit,



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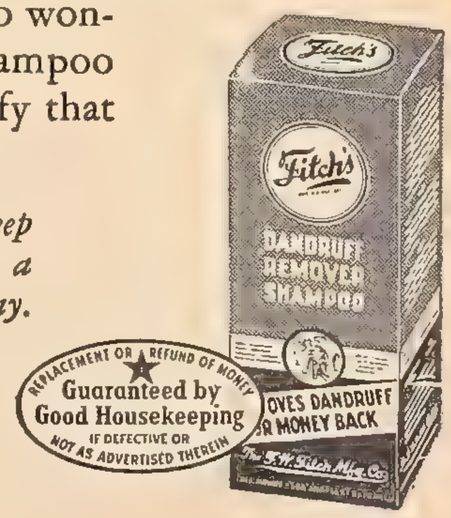
Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



Fitch Shampoo

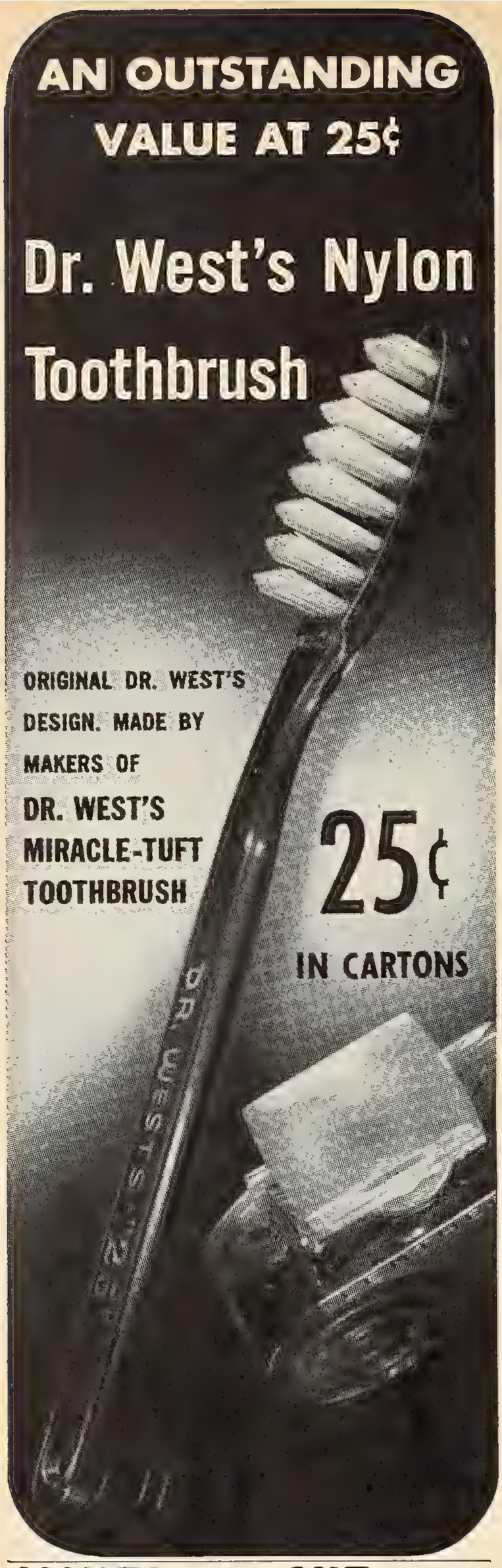
4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.



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head of the drama school, thought he had talent. She said Mrs. Coit must be a discerning woman. When the Shuberts offered him a stock contract, he wired: "What do you think?"

"Darling," she wired back, "I wouldn't presume to give you advice. If that's what you want, take it."

A year later she went up to New York to see him in the Bea Lillie show. "At Home Abroad." Far from nursing illusions about the glamour of his situation, she tells you he was "one of these chorus boys and could hardly make ends meet." But she remembers that he led her to a window and pointed to the teeming city below.

"Mom, one of these days you'll see my name plastered all over this town."

"Son, you're crazy as a coot." The funny part is, he was just talking, while she practically saw the lights blinking JOHN PAYNE.

reel boy . . .

She was thrilled when the movies took him, though she had her qualms and revealed them to Rosie. "John's a quiet guy, and movies are a showy business. It won't be any cinch."

"Leave it to John," said Rosie.

Of course after sitting tremulously through his first picture, they didn't see how anyone could resist him. "But I'm his mother. Could be I'm prejudiced."

"Well, I'm not his mother," snapped Rosie. "And you take it from me, that child has oomph."

Needless to say, John's the perfect son. Still no letter-writer, he patronizes Tel. and Tel. generously. Mrs. Payne could live without bread, not without flowers. No birthday, no Easter, no Mother's Day but brings blooms from John. And a check tucked inside for something he thinks she should have—like a radio-phonograph. She couldn't understand why he never gave her a toby jug, for which she has the collector's passion. So she asked him.

"Woman, you've got five hundred."

"Five hundred and one would be nice."

John and his mother together are a pleasant sight. He towers above her, his arm draped round her shoulder, their eyes laughing at each other. Coming and going, he kisses her where he hits her—nose, chin or ear. She thinks the beach house was a grand idea. John loves the ocean. Little by little she watched the strain of the last months dropping from him as he rode the surfboard and swam with her by moonlight, recalling their moonlight swims in the Ft. Lewis pool. Then they'd play records, though they never got to the end of his marvelous collection. Or, by request, he'd plank himself down at the piano and sing. There's a quality in his singing voice, she says, never caught by the screen. Rosie would doubtless call it oomph.

After such an evening he'd sleep like a babe, with the boom of the surf in his ears. The beach house is what the ballroom used to be—a refuge where he can get off by himself, yet not too isolated for guests. Several times he had people in to dinner—couldn't wait for his mother to meet Fieldsie and Walter Lang.

Mrs. Payne paid Jerry, John's man, high tribute—called him a cook. "And when *I* say a man's a cook, he's a *cook!*" She tried to sneak into the kitchen herself, but John steered her out. "I can't afford to get fat." He can cook, too—learned hanging around his ma's kitchen—tosses off a mean batch of hot biscuits, for which he recommends Bisquick. To John a woman who can't make with the stove is nature's freak.

At the ripe age of two, Julie Ann takes after her dad in at least two particulars — won't get chummy with strangers and stuffs herself with all the bacon she can hold. Mrs. Payne is Grum-ma and wouldn't be anything else. Modern-minded in most things, she'll have no truck with this newfangled notion of being first-named by your juniors. "I'd spank any grandchild of mine who called me Ida."

She can't resist the back of Julie's neck. "What for you kiss me there?"

"Because that's my sugar." After which Julie always presented the back of her neck, explaining gravely to the uninitiated: "That's Grum-ma's sugar."

The baby's a fair-haired, brown-eyed roughneck who resembles both parents. John throws her around like a baseball and she hollers: "More!" Like any minx, she knows he adores her, and she also knows just how far she can get away with murder. Worshipful or no, her father has a theory that kids should mind. "Julie," he says and she pays no heed. The second time he says "Julie!" his tone is different. She comes a-runnin'.

On Mrs. Payne's birthday she arrived with a box of flowers somewhat larger than herself and stayed for breakfast, happily filching her father's bacon. "Mom," John had said, "we're going to have the kind of birthday I think you'd like best." So he drove her up to the Biltmore, which overlooks the ocean at Santa Barbara — where, incidentally, Anne and John were married. They had dinner by themselves. The dessert course was an elegant birthday cake.

There was no need for words between them as they drove home along the dimmed-out coast. He knew how she felt about birthdays—that they should be family celebrations, just for your own. This was the kind she'd always given the boys. "Thanks, John," she said when he kissed her goodnight.

Just before she left he took her to the ranch he's bought on a knoll in Malibu.

"I might have known you'd buy a place like this."

"Yes. It's like home. I won't be able to build till after the war. But some day I hope to live here—"

"Then here's where you'll live."

His big arm tightened round her shoulders. He said nothing then, but at home in Virginia a package was waiting for her. On the card he'd written: "To the most understanding mother a guy ever had."

Inside was a toby jug—numbered 501.

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WHY VIC WILL NEVER FORGET RITA!

(*Continued from page 39*)

"Sure, sure," he cut in. "But this is champagne, and that doesn't count. And besides, you wouldn't want people saying, 'Why, Mature drank that whole bottle alone, the hog!' "

They had the drink and a lot of laughs.

They had raised their golden glasses in a toast. Their lips were parted on merriment. And then their glances met, and they set the glasses slowly down. Something lonely and terrified had looked out of each pair of eyes, and retreated, alarmed.

"Hey, Mature," Vic told himself, backing away, "that's the old trap that's baited there. And remember the feel of the trap—the snapping of iron, tearing shrinking flesh? The shout of the pack as it closes in? Remember?"

He tried to remember that—scandal blazoned across white pages. Mockery and sneers and heartbreak. A lonely boy backing into his corner, striking back the only way he knew. Memory was playing ugly tricks tonight—instead of remembering what he wanted, it had stretched a screen before him, and it was throwing close-ups here before him. The way she looked when the lights touched her hair—as if her head were on fire. The gleam of perfect teeth, ashine. And how her eyes almost closed when she laughed—gee, you could scarcely see them then, her lashes were so thick.

Memory and solitude were betraying Vic. So he had to try something else. Must stay the same old Mature, loving not at all, loved a lot. Head-free. Heart-free. Since his last marriage mess, he had learned to spot heartbreak and stay away.

So he dragged out his "Grummet Book" (Mature diction for dames, frills, wenches) and dialled another number.

That's all brother. "Your sorrows, troubles and care—she was always willing to share—" Well, we won't ask her. We know the answers. Don't we?

There was an evening, much later, when Vic went over to the Beverly Brown Derby for dinner. He stopped outside and bought a paper. Someone said, "Hi yah, Vic," and he saluted. He was going through the motions. To forget something a girl had just said to him. "Why, Vic," the girl had said, in her faintly accented, gentle voice, "you're the loneliest man in the world."

"Hey," Vic had gasped, startled, "you're off the routine—"

But she went on.

"You pretend to be gay and careless of life. But you run from something. You run from love—like the burned child. But never can you escape it. It will catch you some day. And you'll find no happiness till it does."

A laugh. He laughed now, to prove it—the harsh, scoffing merriment that he used as a shield. But his face refused to play the role right tonight. It got that funny, lost expression on it, the one he didn't put out for the public.

sheep in wolf's clothing . . .

Now looking like that, he sat at the Brown Derby ordering a thick steak from Everett, watching Rudi mix a Scotch and soda. (Rudi mixes that with a knowing look, for Vic hates the brew unless he's low.) He listened to the sounds around him but they played obbligato only to those echoing, soft, insistent words, "Why, Victor you're the loneliest man in the world—"

He tried to brush away the echo with a shrug of his big shoulders. He opened the evening paper.

The headlines read "—Hayworth-Judson Divorce Scandal—" There was a big picture of "Sal" on the front page.... Why, kid, that's not my girl, that laughed with me—what have they been doing to you, Babe, to make your eyes look scared, to make you seem so alone? What were you seeing when you forgot to smile at me over the champagne? What are you seeing now? . . .

His steak got cold and his Scotch got warm. He was holding her in his arms, her soft, fragrant body relaxed and confiding—but that was in the picture, of course. He was tipping her face up and bending his mouth down—only in the picture, of course. He was remembering the love scenes—but his thoughts got off the track, somehow. He was remembering her shy gaiety as if she were afraid to let herself go and have fun. He was remembering how unobtrusively "nice" and fastidious she was—when the off-color stories broke out, she wasn't there, somehow, till afterwards. Her voice was awfully soft, always—and what perfume did she use that clung so to her red-gold hair?

He called Western Union on the phone. The operator must have been a little excited, a little suspicious of a hoax—"send a telegram—signed Victor Mature—yes, that's it—to Rita Hayworth—you got it. Here it is—"

It was a screwy message because he wanted her to laugh. To tilt that round chin and shake the tears out of the half-shut eyes. He told her, in his fashion, that he was sorry she had to go through this kind of a deal. It told her, though, still in his fashion, that he wasn't too sorry—not too sorry that bonds were breaking—

When he put down the phone, he wasn't quite so lonely.

Rita phoned to thank him, and he was the swaggering, pleased kid when he answered. "Why, that's all right—I'll send one of those every day if you'll phone to say you got it," he laughed.

But you can't just be a couple of wistful kids in Hollywood if you have names that burn in scarlet across a headline. Vic remembered that and his mouth twisted sardonically. They weren't Agatha Williams, say, school teacher, and her boy friend. There were guests in Vic's

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Then eat other foods you also like

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house always, drinking his liquor and eating his food. If they answered the phone and got "Miss Hayworth," headlines would blossom.

jingles for Aggie . . .

And then Vic's mocking face relaxed and his lips were strangely gentle. They weren't Aggie Williams and her boy friend. But they could be. Vic couldn't see her with the two divorces hanging fire—but Aggie could phone.

So he told her. During all those hectic days, Rita only answered phone calls for Agatha Williams. Pat, her secretary, knew before anybody else how her eyes lighted up when "Telephone for Aggie" was the news for Pat's beautiful employer-friend. When those calls came, the bitter, aching disillusionment that blanked out Rita's gay child dreams vanished—and that was odd. The wolf rampant, the world-hater on the phone, and they'd talk for an hour—and somehow Rita was back in her little girl world where the wolf was only Red Riding Hood's grandmother and life was fun.

Vic's and Martha's lawyers had been talking divorce for weeks. Finally Martha filed suit, officially.

The ink was still wet on the first edition of the afternoon gossip columns when the telegram came from "Aggie." The same sort of wire Vic had sent to her. "A peculiar kind of—a gal—" He was telephoning at once. Saying, stiffly, slightly tongue-tied, "Thanks a lot, Rita. Thanks for the message." And she, like a frightened school girl, pushing back her hair, swallowing, said, "Why—that's all right—"

Poor, funny kids, not believing in life when it was gentle, not able, quite, to take it in.

"How about a consolation dinner?" And then surprisingly, Vic remembered his new, anxious, careful desire that no publicity should touch his girl,—"over here? Katie will fix something?"

Something in this struck Rita a little roughly. Just a little bad taste, perhaps, to celebrate—And again that new, wondering understanding came to Vic.

"Let's celebrate 'Sal's, success, Rita. Bring Pat—we'll be all chaperoned—Hedda Hopper may walk in—"

He walked over to the window and stood staring out. She'd said she would come—funny that he was so excited about that. Funny that he, Victor Mature—say it slowly, the million-dollar words — Vic Mature — was getting so steamed up about a little girl with big eyes who wouldn't come to dinner unless she was chaperoned. Why, that was strictly off his beat—

His mouth twisted down at one corner. That was the thing you read about—big wolf lures little lamb to his apartment. Soft music—Vic grinned. They'd have music, all right, on that screwy phonograph he'd ordered in a hurry one night, which had never been adjusted. With a turntable that went too slowly, dragging Frances Langford out into an off-center Bing Crosby. Soft music—low lights—but he wanted the lights high so he could see Rita's eyes shut when she laughed. A something served in a silver bowl—but Katie fried chicken like nobody's business. The Gorgeous Gal dimpling at him with a leg of fried chicken in her fist—

Vic laughed harshly and his laughter died. He swallowed.

Why—this was funny, wasn't it? He'd thought a good while ago that he had achieved the thing he'd fought and kicked and slammed his way up from a battered boyhood to get. And it had gone sour in his mouth and left him empty. Was it, maybe, that he hadn't found the thing at all? That what he wanted was a girl coming in out of the wind, her hair blowing, her eyes—that was it—her eyes—trusting?

He called up a friend—one of the real pals. And at the first whistle, he said stiffly, "Stow it. That isn't the way it is. It's—different."

That night, when Rita and Vic stopped talking, the records were giving a final howl. It sounded a little like the lone wolf surrendering.

"Gee," Vic said, wonderingly, "I've had fun"—and Rita said, softly "The phonograph is better—at my place."

Vic said, quickly, "I'll be there—tomorrow night."

But he wondered, afterwards. What was this—it was different, but what WAS it? Two scared children, dating—afraid to believe, afraid to face each other.

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They went to the Navy Relief Ball, and that was their first time in public.

Life was trying to get tough with Vic again. He was signing up with the Coast Guard, and the public that he'd kicked around so long was slapping back. With nasty little lines in print, with tongues in cheeks. It was funny that this time it didn't hurt, didn't even faintly bother him.

Because he could laugh at it and for the first time, he could laugh like a wide-awake, carefree kid. He afraid of the army?—why, he'd kicked his way up from hard labor, sixteen hours a day, worked at anything that would get him a sandwich. And now there was somebody to listen when he told about that, his words falling over themselves, his eyes lighted.

Love that is rooted in friendship is hard to uproot, and Vic was forgetting to try. His jaw was still hard but some of the cockiness was gone.

He had to laugh at himself sometimes. When he remembered, in the middle of a poker game, that he was to call Rita to say good night at nine, he tossed in his hand. And when he came back and met the hoots of friends who had found it was a pat flush, he grinned and went back to call Rita again. Okay, he was crazy, but he liked it. He no longer cared if they laughed.

A kid with a present under his arm for his girl.

Simple things—things that were right for my gal Sal. Once or twice some splendid gifts.

So he was ready, now, for the Coast Guard. Ready—and eager to go. He'd be razzed, maybe, for being a glamour man, but he could take that and dish it out. He'd weathered that sort of thing before. He drove down town and stopped at the Biltmore Coffee Shop for breakfast. And then his eyes went absent, and he got up and completely forgot to order.

Was he worrying about something, somebody wondered — contracts — troubles —

closed corporation . . .

He was at the candy counter and his hands were spread apart—measuring. And the girl brought him his order—a huge box of candy covered with pink bows, saying "To my Sweetheart" across the top of it. He came back to exhibit it to some friends.

"Do you think she'll like it? I'll be busy at the Coast Guard and can't call her up—"

Like it?

Rita will like it.

She won't say much. They don't talk a lot, now, the two of them. The lost, shadowed look is gone from her face, though, and when, for a second, her fingers twine with those of her sailor lad, something almost too bright to be looked at shines in her face.

He's a sailor now. His house is closed. Rita has his record collection, his cook, Katie, and his prized English bull dog, Genius, Jr.

But if you see them at a premiere, or somewhere, when he's on leave, close together, you know that she's keeping something more precious for him. He has a new short hair cut and a sailor suit. He says, introducing people, "You know Rita?" He looks different. She's keeping things for him while he goes away—she has custody of something else—his life. And he's willing to throw that away, if she needs it, to protect her and the new-found, shining thing that can only exist in the America of today.



MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Think you know a lot about Hollywood? Well maybe you do. Try these questions on your gang if there's a lull in the party—or just spend an enjoyable half hour by yourself, some rainy evening. . . .

1—Frances Gumm is the real name of what actress?

2—Jimmy Stewart is now a a) Private b) Sergeant c) Lieutenant in Uncle Sam's Army.

3—Can you name 2 of the 3 men whose names are most frequently romantically linked with Dietrich?

4—With whom do you associate the following phrases? a) I dood it! b) Coming, mother— c) Man to man— d) Who's Yehudi?

5—"The Moon and Sixpence" is really the story of a) Reynolds b) Gauguin c) Rembrandt.

6—Hope and Crosby are expert a) riders b) poker players c) golfers.

7—Polly Benedict is the character played in movies by what ingenue?

8—Michele Morgan was recently a) married b) divorced c) made a citizen.

9—Who is Hollywood's "sweater girl?" "one-eyed girl?" "oomph girl?"

10—Who turned his Martha's Vineyard estate over to the navy?

11—What couple said to be planning marriage, played mother and son in the movies?

12—D'ya know which stars were born with these monikers? a) Pauline Levy b) Frederick Austerlitz c) Jack Kubelsky d) Alice Leppert.

13—Famous scientists Pasteur and Ehrlich have both been portrayed on the screen. Who played Pasteur? Ehrlich?

14—Veronica Lake, at one time, studied to be a) a lawyer b) an engineer c) a doctor.

15—And speaking of professions, what star was at one time a) a radio announcer (sports) b) in the textile business c) a high-diving champ d) a Wisconsin lumberjack?

16—In what branch of the service are a) Glenn Ford? b) Ty Power? c) Bill Holden d) Clark Gable?

17—Whose sister is Frances Raeburn? Joan Fontaine? Sallie Blane?

18—Which 2 of the 3 following actors have been "The Saint"? Leslie Howard, Louis Hayward, George Sanders.

19—Who are two movie actresses with English titles?

20—Buck and Bubbles are a) a song and dance team b) a pair of trained seals c) Hedy Lamarr's cook and butler.

Answers on page 94

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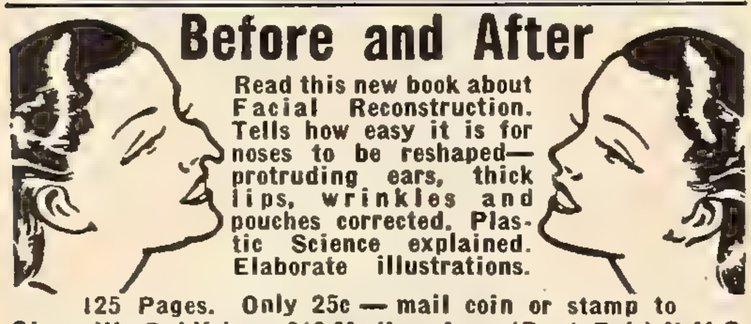
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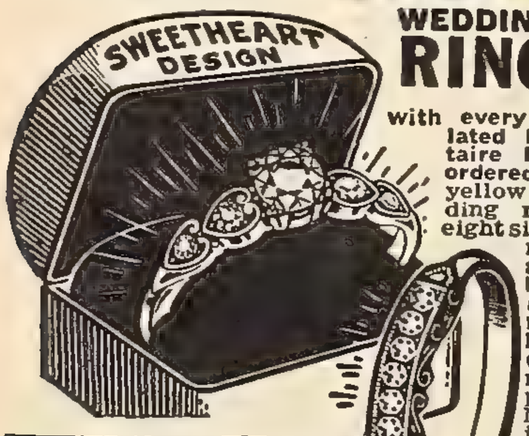
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QUEEN BESS

(*Continued from page 33*)

recites this tome of cosmic wisdom, "are frank, determined, energetic, impatient, intelligent, talented, honest and, above all, true to themselves." The stars aren't kidding there. That, ladies and gentlemen, is Miss Bette Davis.

I have known Bette a pretty long time. She has always been herself, and I've never heard anyone size her up as a phony. The first time I really got to know Bette she was living in a motor court in Daly City, California, a suburb of San Francisco, which is definitely across the tracks and down by the water works. The place had all the charm and elegance of any Dew Drop Inne or Spare Tyre Taverne of the Motel class. The tariff was a buck-and-a-half a night. Bette was spending her vacation there because her then husband, Ham Nelson, was playing in a nearby night club. She was having a wonderful time cooking meals and playing just wife. I came up for a story because all Hollywood was bubbling over Bette's performance in "Of Human Bondage" and sore, too, because it hadn't won her the Academy award.

Bette thought I was nuts. "You mean," she said, "you came 'way up here just to see me?" I said I sure had. "Well," sighed Bette, very perplexed. "As long as you're here, let's all have fun." We did—for several days, chasing around San Francisco. I'm sure nobody suspected that Bette was a famous Hollywood movie star. In a little while I even forgot it myself. I know Bette never gave the fact that she was something special a thought. Nor does she today, in her private life. All the acting Davis does is before a camera.

floods to come . . .

"River Bottom," where Bette lives today, stands, as its name flatly states, in the bed of a river. Being the Los Angeles River, it is usually dry, but sometimes it isn't. Houses around Bette's "River Bottom" were swept to Kingdom Come in the big California floods a few years back. The impending Noah's Ark fate leaves Bette unperturbed. So does the fact that "River Bottom" is not in the swankiest part of town. Officially it's in Glendale, sometimes called "the bedroom of Los Angeles." Glendale is about as fashionable as Brooklyn or the Bronx.

Bette bought her home for typical Davis reasons. (1) Because it was comfortable and (2) because it suited her and (3) because it was handy to her work. She has always been that way about places to live. When she won her first Oscar, Bette was dwelling in a little, brown California bungalow (years out of style) on busy Hollywood artery, Franklin Avenue. Cars whizzed by day and night. She paid $75 a month rent. The reason she lived there was because it was close to her work and her husband's. I lived right around the corner, and I used to drop in often. Inside, Bette's old rented bungalow was the most comfortable, homey little joint you ever saw.

inner sanctum . . .

Bette has always reasoned that that's what a house is made for—comfort, not show. Her friends call the front room of "River Bottom" "the best rest home in Hollywood." It's crammed with deep chairs, chaise longues, sofas and divans. In the center is a mammoth "lazy Susan" with a revolving shelf for drinks and sandwiches. Color is all through the room. The decoration frankly announces Bette and Farny's mutual horse-happiness. English sporting prints hang around amid all kinds of equine equipage modified to front room uses. Bette's andirons in her fire-place, for instance, are made from two old iron hitching posts. There was no base for them when she found them, however, so they stand today on two pieces of sewer pipe! And they look swell. That was Bette's idea. "River Bottom" is a house which would make an interior decorator throw up his hands in despair—only an interior decorator wouldn't get the chance. Bette's house is Bette's business. Or rather, Bette's and husband Farny's business.

Bette already owned her ivy-covered river bottom retreat when she married Arthur Farnsworth a year and a half ago. She was grateful that sensible, easy-going Farny (who matches Bette in his complete lack of pose and pretense) had no inhibitions about moving into her house. But she realized that a new marriage ought to have some sort of a new setting. The result was a wall torn out between the library and one bedroom to make a bedroom-sitting room. That's where the Farnsworths live.

The wall is lined with books (Bette's major extravagance), and in the center a big double desk sees double duty every day. Both Bette and Farny have heaps of work to attend to at home. They burn electricity far into the night

WERE YOU BORN BETWEEN OCTOBER 24 AND NOVEMBER 22?

Then read on—You and Hedy Lamarr are sisters under the skin . . .

Hedy Lamarr's exotic charm, sometimes known as sex appeal, comes, according to astrology, from the fact that she was born in the sign Scorpio. Everyone born between October 24 and November 22 is influenced by this sign, thought by many to be the most powerful of the twelve. It gives, among other things, intuition, the power to understand and influence others, dramatic ability. Hedy's wise, aware and tender look that seems to see through you without effort is characteristic of Scorpio. So is the temper that boils out of her usual calm like the fire of a sleeping volcano suddenly come to life. Lucky the man with a Scorpio girl, but woe to him who betrays her. She never forgets or forgives. But if he's true to her she'll follow him to the ends of the earth, be still a sweetheart after fifty years of married life and make him the happiest of men. Maybe, too, the most successful, for Scorpio likes nice things and has a way of uniting the practical with the romantic to create, for herself and those who share with her, a life of perpetual glamour.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last summer, my family and I visited N. Y. C. While there, we went to a theater featuring Tommy Dorsey and his band on the stage. Once seated in the theater, I noticed a man behind me was wearing sun-glasses. I nudged mother and said loudly, "Someone ought to tell that man the sun is outside." The man in question merely smirked nastily. After the feature, a community sing was flashed on the screen, and I just love to sing—I even forgot the "man with sunglasses," but not for long. Someone in back of me was bursting a vocal chord and who should it be but him! The louder he sang, the louder I sang, and we kept exchanging dirty looks till I was ready to clout the guy. Then came the climax—A sweet trombone and Tommy Dorsey in person. What would the folks back home say? Tommy introduced his featured vocalist. Who was it? Heh, Frank Sinatra, no less, the "man with the sun-glasses."

Miss Dorris Stechmann
1710-23d Street,
Galveston, Texas.

—Bette hard at her mail, household affairs and war work detail—Farny at his aviation business homework.

When Bette entertains, it's always in her home. She doesn't belong to any particular Hollywood set, never has, although no star knows more people. Olivia de Havilland and Geraldine Fitzgerald are probably as close to her as any actresses. But Bette is not one of the "between-us-girls" gossip type. She's entirely too opinionated and frank. She doesn't play bridge, and she can't stand groups of hen parties, society or Hollywood social struttings. Her social appearances are always in the interest of something important to her as a person or she can't be bothered.

Once a month Bette likes to step out to a currently popular Hollywood night spot. She thinks it does her good and keeps her young. "It makes me enjoy home more," is the way she puts it. Bette loves to dance. Her one gnawing regret is that she has never had time to learn the rumba properly. Once she stole away on an odd night and took a lesson. The latin instructor sashayed around with her for hours and kept saying, "Miss Davis—please—just relax! Relax!"

"I've never relaxed in my life," replied Bette. "If it takes that, I guess I'll never learn." That was the last lesson she took.

One thing hostess Davis insists on, however, at her own parties is that her guests relax and do as they please. She hates regimenting of any sort. She never plans programs of games or any fun schedule. Once she attended a party where the host went in for that sort of thing. At the same party was a Broadway actress fresh out from New York. As she was hustled here and there doing things she didn't feel like doing, she whispered to Bette, "You know I must seem awfully old-fashioned out here in Hollywood. But in New York when we go to parties, we just enjoy ourselves!" Bette heartily agreed.

People who expect a great glamour queen to be a sparkling Miss Personality in all her off hours are usually disgusted with Bette. Recently one visitor pumped her about her home life and got nowhere fast.

"But Miss Davis," she said, "what do you *do* with yourself in the evenings?"

Bette thought up a comeback she has heard plenty of times around her New Hampshire homestead. In a cracker barrel twang she answered solemnly, "Wal, some of the time I just set and think. But mostly I just set!" That isn't the truth, of course. When Bette is alone around the house, she's never idle.

Bette is a night owl. She hates to go to bed, but when she does she sleeps like a top. And no matter if she's about ready to give up the ghost the night before, a night's sleep always makes a new woman of her. She gets up fresh as a daisy—if she can skip the grim early morning hours. Bette rates mornings the most deadly part of her day. If she had her way, she'd have dinner every night at eleven o'clock, and never get up before noon!

level head . . .

Bette has a good sense of art—she'd have to to be the artist she is. But she hates any "art for art's sake" pose. Her taste in paintings runs to things she calls "beautiful to look at." She likes familiar scenes. Abstractions, surrealism, impressionism and the more puzzling phases of painting leave her cold as a pickle. The critics can have them. She has collected several Stanley Woodwards, one of her New Hampshire home, "Butternut," which she particularly prizes. What Bette really likes is her speed in everything cultural—not what's considered elevating.

She's a great reader, almost a book worm. Most rooms in her house, look, as she says, "like the public library"—stacked with books and magazines. But few of them are classics or deep, intellectual tomes. Bette is a popular reader. "Reading," she thinks, "is to be enjoyed—there's no other excuse for it." So she reads what she likes. One of her particular idols is Somerset Maugham, who wrote the novel that first made Bette a Grade-A star, "Of Human Bondage." A while back she had a chance to meet Maugham. Bette was as nervous as a witch, because she knew Maugham was extremely sensitive about the dramatization of his works. In fact, he seldom sees his plays or movies made from his stories, because he has to get up and leave if it doesn't set just right. While in Hollywood recently, he took a look at Bette's movie of "The Letter" alone in a projection booth. "I enjoyed it. I sat through the whole show," he told Bette. She thinks that laconic statement is one of her nicest compliments.

nothing but the truth . . .

Bette is not averse to compliments (and she's had plenty), but bald flattery makes her toes turn up. She can smell false praise a mile off. For that matter, her very pet peeve is indirection and insincerity and beating about the bush. She goes right to the point in everything, and she likes other people to treat her the same way. At the studio today they talk man to man to Bette about everything, and today Bette and Warner Brothers get along, you'll notice. Most of her early battles, strikes, suspensions and court suits sprang from attempts to handle her with hocus-pocus.

Once for instance, when Bette was a newcomer, the wardrobe department scheduled her for a certain dress. When she came in for a fitting they ex-



Eyes that won a chance at stardom

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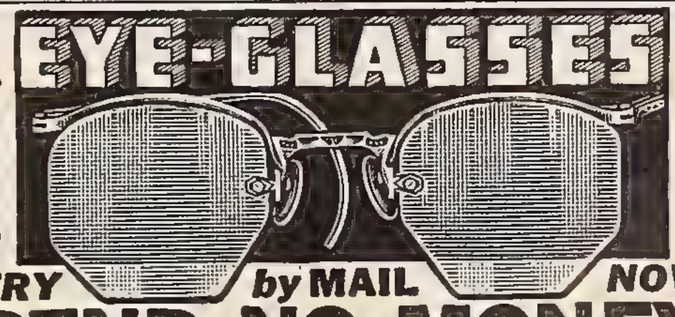
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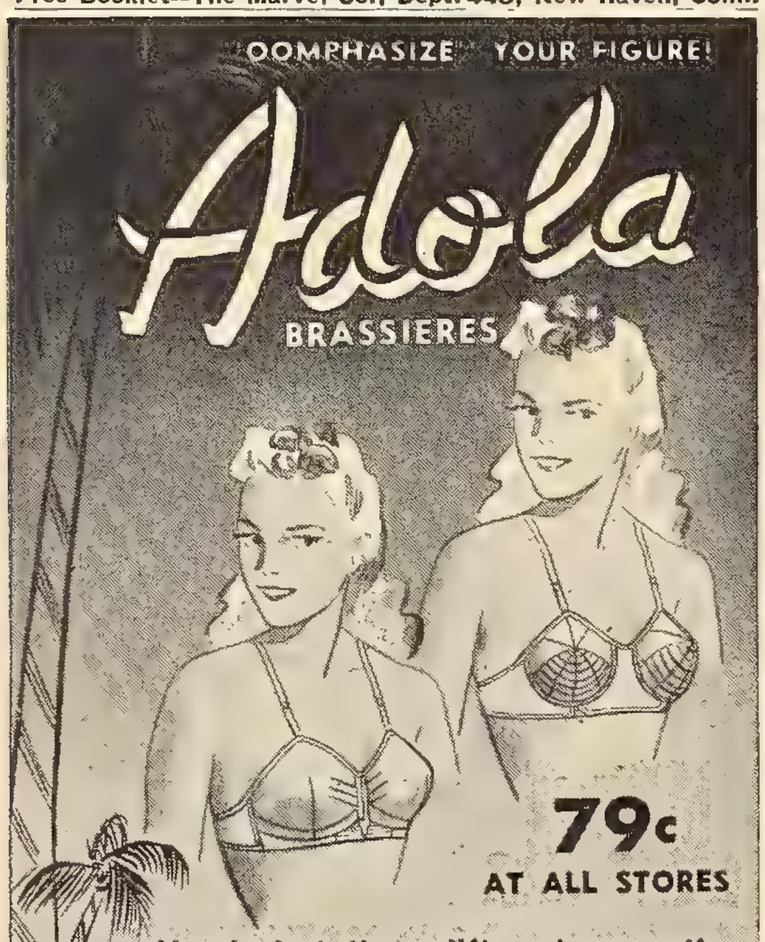
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ADOLA, 31 W. 27 ST., N.Y.C.

plained vaguely that "the material doesn't suit your personality, so we've chosen something else." Bette smelled a mouse. She found out the real reason was—another star with more influence had spoken for the dress material—and got it. That didn't make her mad. But the fibbing did. She spoke her piece right there and then. Gradually, every department at Warners' has learned that the only way to get along with Davis is to call a spade a spade.

Clothes, incidentally, are not too important with Bette. Although what she calls her "practical New England conscience" dictates that she never let her public down, Bette would never appear publicly in a sloppy get-up, although by instinct she's a slack and blouse girl. When she goes out, she's always immaculately groomed, mostly in tailored things, which she considers her true type. Bette wears a size 10 dress, but her waist is wasp-small. All her clothes have to be tailored for her. She likes fancy dresses least of all, but when an important premiere comes up, she goes for a new evening gown and can look as glamorous as the next star, as she did at "Yankee Doodle Dandy" just the other night. Her favorite dress up colors are reds and blues; for things tailored, dark greys and browns.

Yankee thrift . . .

Bette has no odd clothes collections. She is a mild sucker for nice handkerchiefs. But no rows of bizarre hats or trick shoes line her shelves. Clothes to her are like paintings—they have to be "beautiful to look at," not attention compelling. The only place where she sports a decorative quirk is in costume jewelry. Bette has always loved bracelets that jingle-jangle-jingle. Her favorite is what she calls her "goose bracelet." It's a gold chain, with a gold goose and four golden eggs. Her sister Barbara gave it to her, inspired by a favorite family crack, that Bette is "the goose who laid the golden egg." The four eggs represent Bette, her mother, sister Barbara and her baby daughter Fay, Bette's niece, who looks a lot like her famous aunt.

Bette has a peculiar complex about jewelry. Someone has to give it to her. She can't buy it for herself. For years she has loved diamonds. She has even tried to talk herself into the idea that diamonds are good investments so she could load up on them. But somehow she's never been able to buy anything for herself. Farny has promised her a diamond necklace one of these days, and Bette is living in hopes.

Bette is canny about money. She has made plenty of it and spent a good deal, too. But she has never taken any flyers on the market or risked big profit investments. She keeps a business manager; none of this "know it all" financial confidence is evident in her make-up. In peace times Bette socked her sugar away in insurance and annuities and government bonds. Since the war she's gone in heavily for War Bonds.

She's no gambler in any sense of the word, if you except gin rummy and poker for small stakes. Bette's one trip to Santa Anita was sensational. Bette picked every horse in every race for a winner and cleaned up. "That's just Satan's trick," grinned Massachusetts Bess, "to make a sucker out of me!" She never bet a cent again on the ponies.

The only major money extravagance of Bette's is comfortable living. She owns her home and the 2,000-acre New Hampshire farm, Butternut, which she has completely equipped with a fortune in early American antiques by now, but she's still too wise to sink her dollars in a farming enterprise. Butternut is where she hopes to retire one of these days when she's "Dame Davis." In Hollywood, being a strong family girl, Bette is lady bountiful to her family, and while not a major contributor to organized charities, she's always helping private deserving cases. Recently a man she heard of faced losing his four dogs for a veterinary bill. Bette paid the ransom. Her Yankee heart can turn soft as an Alabama watermelon, where dogs are concerned.

For herself, perhaps the only big time indulgence is keeping her horses, Chief and Chappie. She could go overboard on sporty automobiles, Bette admits, as they are a definite weakness, but since the war that's necessarily out. The war, by the way, has doubled up on Bette's petty pet economies, always an item in her existence. She's a saver by nature. Last summer at Butternut her brother-in-law stayed under the shower what seemed to Bette an unreasonably long time. Bette's water supply on the farm stems from springs, and she could see them dwindling away to mudholes by the minute. Finally she rapped on the door. "For heaven's sake," yelled Bette anxiously, "turn off the water! There won't be any left!" Her in-law gravely appeared wrapped in a towel and explained how four thousand gallons welled up every minute, or something like that.

Bette is notorious around Hollywood for never having a nickel in her purse. She has to borrow quarters all around the lot for cigarettes and things. Wisely, her maid sneaks a few bills out of

WIN $5.00 in WAR STAMPS

We're a little amazed by the wonderful ideas from our readers all over the country, and are only sorry we can't use all of them. Since we can't, we chose this month a letter which shows how little things that anyone can do will make the stamps sprout into bonds. And we bet you never thought of either of the Churches' simple activities! Well, perhaps your own family is doing something surprising. . . . Let us know, and maybe you'll be $5 closer to your next war bond.

When Dad's shirts are worn at the neckband and front and the material is still good-looking, Mom, instead of putting them in the ragbag, takes out the backs, cutting around the neck and arm seams, and then binds them with rickrack or bias braid in bright colors. From the good part of the fronts she cuts "tiebacks" and then she transfers the pockets — binding them, too, with the braid. Result? Aprons! She gets from 25 to 50 cents for them at church bazaars and Field Days. This goes for war stamps. I, myself, go from door to door with a basket of electric light bulbs of different watt sizes. So many women forget to buy bulbs that I make a sale at almost every house. That's how I'm filling my books with stamps.

W. O. Church,
R. F. D. Allen Road,
Woburn, Mass.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Here's my inside story—The following incident occurred when Jeanette MacDonald was on tour in Denver. My little sister wanted an ice-cream cone, and I told her she was grown up now, and ice-cream cones were for little girls. However, we would go into the drug-store for a "coke." We walked in, and there sat Jeanette MacDonald nonchalantly eating an ice-cream cone! Was my face red!

Miss Joan Morris,
Tobey-Kendel Hall,
Greeley, Colorado.

the cookie jar so she won't be too embarrassed. But only her famous face has kept Bette from washing dishes to pay for her lunch in more than one Hollywood restaurant.

To her Yankee conscience about a dollar's value, Bette excuses her horses as necessary exercise. She never makes excuses, by the way, to anyone but that conscience—about anything. But riding, after all, is Bette's one outdoor conditioning effort. She swims—was a lifeguard once (really). Golf, tennis and things—well, there isn't any time. But she can always canter in the mornings or evenings. Bette's major sports fan interest is prizefighting. She likes to go to the Hollywood fights and listens eagerly to big time cauliflower epics over the radio. Last year, at a smart afternoon affair, Bette asked her hostess the time and then cried, "Oh, I must run home!"

"Why?" asked the lady. "It isn't late."

"I know," apologized Bette, "but I might miss the Joe Louis fight. It comes on at six!"

daily dozen . . .

Bette keeps in battle trim herself without diets or daily calisthenics. She has a massage four times a week and swallows daily doses of calcium and vitamin pills for energy. Outside of an occasional throat that acts up she's healthy, and, as I said, wiry as a chicken fence. As she has grown into her thirties, she has lost the nervous intensity that used to make her flare up and get jittery. Betty smokes, too much probably, has a drink or two before dinner—that's about all the vices. Eating, as always, is only a necessary business of living to her.

Bette is no gourmet. Fancy foods leave her unimpressed—as anything affected does. She hates foreign foods, intricate sauces and complicated dishes. She likes plain fodder, and if she wanted to go straight to the devil, she could on hot dogs. When she starts to get chubby Bette sometimes lays off potatoes—for a couple of days. But keeping the Davis figure is really no problem. In fact, Bette is lucky as looks go. I've known her almost ten years, and she looks exactly the same to me.

But she keeps up to snuff in the beauty department, "just in case somebody *does* notice," Bette grins. She uses bright red lipstick, a touch of mascara and the powder base that Perc Westmore brews. She likes cologne instead of perfume. Bette has always been extra neat and clean about her person. She gave up painted nails, for instance, because she was never quite sure whether or not her nails were clean underneath. Bette is a tub, not a shower girl, a once-a-day bather and a hot-tub soaker when she's tired. Since the war she has become a hoarder of soap leftovers which she used to toss grandly away. Other wartime economies, by the way, are telephone calls and flowers (both of which used to nick her budget substantially).

Bette is up to her elbows in war work now. The last time I saw her she had been at it five nights straight, working on Hollywood's version of the Stage Door canteen, which she launched with John Garfield. As usual, Bette was sensible and as direct as a kick in the pants about this. Bette's idea was that soldiers like to look at screen stars, and maybe have them serve coffee—give autographs and shake hands—but darned if they're going to have a good time palling around with them. They'll be too shy. And the stars won't know soldier chatter and jive. So Bette enlisted the cuties in the Hollywood Studio Club to really get in there and entertain the boys in khaki—and from early reports, the Hollywood Canteen is going to be famous wherever gobs and doughboys gather.

That, of course, is only one item in Bette's war effort. She sponsored the recent Hollywood Guild War Relief garden party at Pickfair, gathered all the prizes, auctioned them off and ran the show like an old ringmaster. She's on the executive committee of Hollywood's Victory Committee. She launched a Liberty ship and smacked it right on the nose with the champagne bottle, too. Then, like other Hollywood stars, Bette hikes off numerous nights to army camps around Hollywood. The last one was a negro camp down near the Mexican border. The boys there hadn't had any entertainment for six months. When Bette recited "The Star Spangled Banner" as only she can, the sea of black faces was shiny with tears. As you read this, Bette will be spending her hard earned vacation on a strenuous Eastern bond-selling tour.

On this circuit she'll be doing a bit of high voltage dramatic acting every night of the week for weeks. Arch Oboler wrote Bette's skit, "Adolf and Mrs. Runyon." It's a tense fantastic thing, in which a lady (Bette) whose husband has been killed in Germany, gets a crack at Hitler. (She kills him, too.) Some well wishers told Bette it would take too much out of her to tear herself to pieces every night. "That's the only way I can sell bonds," countered Bette. "I'm not an orator or a dream to look at. But I can act!"

I'll say she can. All through this piece, I see, I've mentioned everything except what Bette Davis is best known for. The best may come last, but acting is still the greatest thing in Bette Davis' life. A hundred percenter in

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Complete, efficient hair care . . . cleansing, waving, dressing . . . with these three inexpensive Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids. Ask for all three at your favorite 5 & 10 or drugstore.



Beauty is your Duty!

everything else, Bette bats a thousand in every picture she makes, every acting job she undertakes. That such a real, unphony person as Bette should be such an important part of artificial Hollywood may be the height of something or other, perhaps, but it is a fact nevertheless.

local booster . . .

"Bette Davis," a big producer told me recently, "has never stopped selling Hollywood for one minute." That's because Bette honestly loves Hollywood, her work, the screen and the people of it. She has never hesitated to do anything she thinks will boost the business of making movies or of making movies careers, and this she has done unfailingly.

I can recall the time brand new director Irving Rapper in his first picture was surprised to find Bette Davis a bit extra in that picture which was so important to him. She waited around all one morning in dark glasses dressed as a nurse for the scene. When Rapper called for his extra nurse, up stepped Bette. She played the bit part for fun and to help his picture. She likes to do things like that. In "The Man Who Came to Dinner," aside from suggesting him for the role, Bette boosted along the career of a young leading man she had faith in, Richard Travis. She played chess with him, talked and encouraged him and did her darndest to take his mind off his severe case of jitters! Bette has never turned down anything, deed, sponsorship, or whatever else it entailed, that would help somebody or some phase contributing to a better motion picture world. She has proteges by the carload you never hear about, and you never will, if you wait for Miss Davis to advertise the fact.

Sometimes her judgment fails her about her own career. Bette has made some not so good pictures by her own choice, such as "The Bride Came C.O.D." She has deliberately gone into others where she knew she'd be out-acted, like "The Man Who Came to Dinner," where Monty Woolley was bound to steal the show. Bette has her own personal estimates of herself. She thought, for instance, that she was bad in "The Little Foxes" when it was all the Academy could do to keep another Oscar off her mantel. Her favorite picture to date is "Dark Victory." Her movie idol—Greta Garbo—who, to Bette, sums up everything a screen personality should be.

bugaboo . . .

Bette has only one superstition about herself and her acting. Once, in her early New York days, she hit three green lights in a row driving down Sixth Avenue in chase of a job, and she got the job. Today if the light is green as she drives in Warner Brothers' gate, she knows she's okay. If it's red and stops her—she knows everything will go wrong—and it usually does. It isn't red very often, I might add. Bette has the signal pretty well figured out by this time.

But, red light or green, a lady like Bette Davis can't go wrong very much whatever happens to Hollywood or this world. Because, Bette Davis is real and honest. "To thine own self be true" might have been written for the vital, electric lady with the big round eyes, and the mind which is most assuredly her own.

Bette tells a story on herself—about the time she toured with her family across the country, back to Hollywood from New Hampshire via the Pacific Northwest. For days she rolled along disdaining road advice, and each night her family group anxiously asked if she was *sure* she was headed the right way. "Of course," said Bette haughtily. "We're headed right for Columbia River Highway. Anyone can see that on the map." And even if "anyone" couldn't, he didn't dare argue, when Bette got off on that high and mighty tone.

One morning in a highway lunchstand the question came up again. "Don't bother me with silly questions," snapped Bette in annoyance, "I know I'm headed right for the Columbia River Highway!"

Two truck drivers sipping coffee stared at her.

"*Where* you going to hit it, lady?" they asked mildly.

Bette flared in her rare but most *grande dame* manner. "Please!" she snapped. "Don't worry about *me*. I know where I'm going!"

"Hope you do, lady," said one truck driver politely. "But I've been driving in these parts for twenty years and I'd sure like to know. *Where are you going to hit it?*"

It turned out that Bette was miles off her course and had to drive hundreds back to get on the right track. Today her family still kids her with "Where you going to hit it, lady?" whenever she gets uppity.

But it isn't often that Bette Davis, headstrong or not, gets off the track. Most of the time, by and large, so far she has hit it all right. It's hard for a straight shooter like her to miss.

10 YRS. AGO IN MODERN SCREEN

November, 1932, was the month in which Governor F. D. Roosevelt of New York defeated President Herbert Hoover of California to win the national elections. . . . And in Europe, President Von Hindenburg offered the German Chancellorship, on a parliamentary basis to one Adolf Hitler. He did not accept. . . .

While in MODERN SCREEN—The latest Hollywood gossip was that: Charlie Chaplin and a certain Paulette Goddard were a very special item. . . . Lupe Velez was suing H. B. Warner for damages because his "great beeg car a mile long" smashed into hers. . . . Sue Carol and Nick Stuart had been a new Mama and Papa for 3 months. . . . George Brent announced that in Ruth Chatterton, he had "found every single thing a man might seek in a woman." . . . And Thelma Todd wed Pat de Cicco. . . .

FASHION MERCHANDISE

Shown on Pages 68 and 69

The red, ice-mist scarf on Ann Rutherford, a Glentex design, is available at your favorite department store. The suede-front weskit is designed by Leon, likewise the Tish-U-Knit cardigan sweater.

The black velvet suit dress shown on Barbara Britton is a DuPont rayon fabric, brightened with pink butterfly collar.

"CRASH DIVE" STORY

(*Continued from page 41*)

beautiful; entrancing, maybe, exquisite. Also very sleepy.

"Hello," the Lieutenant said. "I'm Ward Stewart. Have we met before?"

The girl turned with the snap of a whirling propeller.

"Surprise!" Ward said pleasantly.

scram, please . . .

In rapid succession the girl grabbed for her robe, reached for the curtain, turned for one more shocked look at the pajamaed Lieutenant and said: "What are you doing here?"

She had, Ward thought, a particularly lovely voice. "I believed," he said, "that I was going to sleep here."

"This is my berth."

Ward reached patiently for his wallet and took out his ticket. He read it through once and then shrugged. "It seems you're right," he said. "My ticket does call for the upper. I hope you don't think—"

"Get out!"

Ward gathered up his things, slipped into his bathrobe and stepped out into the narrow corridor between the lines of berths in the Pullman. "Goodnight," he said cheerfully. "If you want anything, I'll be right up above."

The curtains around Berth No. Lower Six closed with a savage snap.

"I don't suppose," Ward said, "that you'd care to tell me your name."

She didn't.

Washington was a mass of hurrying people, of uniforms and clerks, congressmen and dollar-a-year men, bureaucrats and patriots. Washington was a subway jam on a city-wide, all-day scale. Ward Stewart ducked through the crowds and into the welcome shadows of the Navy building. He was in the Admiral's office precisely at the time of his appointment.

"Hello, Ward," the Admiral said. "Glad to see you. Sorry to get you off your PT boat in such a hurry."

"She'll be waiting for me, Uncle Bob," Ward said.

"I'm afraid you're not going back to PT boats, Ward. I'm reassigning you to the submarine service."

"Subs!" Ward said violently. "I finally got my feet on something that runs on top of the water, and you're sending me back to those tubs."

"We need experienced men, Ward."

"I won't go."

"Orders," the Admiral said sharply.

Ward said: "Yes, sir."

"Any preference as to base? Hawaii, Panama, San Diego, New London—"

"What's the difference?" Ward said gloomily. "The bottom of the ocean looks the same all over."

So that was that. It was back to subs for Ward Stewart, Lieutenant Junior Grade. Back to those crawling crabs. By Heaven, his PT boat could make Panama in the time it took a sub to get out of the harbor. He crossed the street toward his hotel wondering whether he ought to get roaring drunk that night or only shouting drunk. He whirled through the revolving door and into the lobby. He threw a disgusted glance at the hordes circulating in the lobby, at the knot of people who always surrounded the desk clerk these days in Washington, clamoring for rooms; fat men from Iowa and sunburned men from Alabama, ladies for the WAACS, ladies for the WAVES, girls—

As a matter of fact there was only one girl at the desk, and she was pleading in an oddly familiar voice for a room. Ward ducked around an ornate column for a better look. No doubt about it. It was the girl.

Ward made a rapid circle of the lobby toward the phones, keeping an anxious eye on the desk. At the switchboard he asked for the desk clerk. He spoke hurriedly into the phone. *Lt. Stewart was checking out; but Lt. Stewart was checking out only on condition that his suite was given to the girl who was now at the desk; was Lt. Stewart clearly understood?* He was.

reunion in Washington . . .

Ward stood at the other end of the lobby, watching the expression of pleased surprise on the girl's face. He watched her start for the elevators followed by six little girls chattering away madly. Then he crossed to the desk, paused to ask a few pertinent questions. The girl was Miss Jean Hewlitt of New London, Connecticut; she was evidently in charge of six little girls who had come to make a tour of Washington. Ward thanked the desk clerk and grinned, jingling his key to the suite in his pocket.

Why should a man get drunk on wine, when he might get drunk on kisses?

Jean Hewlitt was ordering her charges to wash up and rest when Lt. Stewart blithely opened the door and walked in.

"Hello, there," Lt. Stewart said.

"Look here," Jean said. "I don't know how you discovered where I was. And I don't much care how you did it. Please get out before I call the manager."

"But this is my room," Ward said.

"Are we going to start that again," Jean said frigidly.

Ward held up his key: "Look! I didn't make it. The hotel gave it to me."

Jean paused uncertainly: "Perhaps—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few years back, Freddie Bartholomew went on a P. A. tour. During his appearance in Jersey City, he consented to meet all the high school reporters en masse at a stated time. Before he showed up, there was much discussion as to what he'd be like—sissy? spoiled brat? regular guy? Then he came in, impeccable in his Eton suit, with perfect manners, though he was slightly shy (probably because he was being stared at by contemporaries and not grown-up reporters). While the others were scribbling in notebooks that he was nice but a little too perfect, my attention was drawn to the silver dollar he was flipping, and it was then I noticed his hands were the dirtiest I'd ever seen. I nudged the girl next to me and soon the observation went around the room. Suddenly the tone of the interview changed. It was agreed Freddie's costume belied his personality. Here indeed, was a regular guy.

Kay Hamill,
306 Varick Street,
Jersey City, N. J.

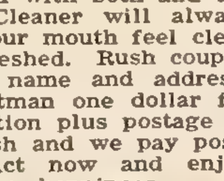
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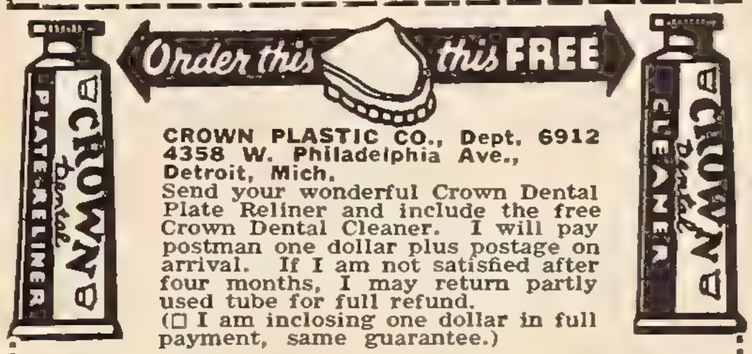
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"Besides," Ward continued, "this is Washington. Priorities, you know. The Navy gets them."

"I don't know whether you're telling the truth or not," Jean said. "But if you are, you must let us stay. The children are exhausted. We've been trying to get accommodations ever since early this morning. For their sake, please."

hard bargain . . .

"On one condition," Ward said.

"Condition?"

"That their teacher give me the pleasure of her company this evening. There's an embassy party tonight, and I'd hate to go alone."

"I'm terribly tired," Jean said.

"Shall I call the manager?" Ward said. "Remember priorities."

"You're blackmailing me."

"See you at seven," Ward said.

The Embassy was alight with glitter and brilliant talk. Through the stately rooms the diplomats walked on careful toes. But the Embassy Gardens were quiet, and the formal hedges and the fountains were touched with moonlight, gleaming softly like golden shadows. They were sitting, Ward and Jean, on a bench that nestled between two towering bushes. They could hear the music faintly.

"Glad you came?" Ward said.

"I've had a wonderful time."

"I wanted you to," Ward said. "I wanted you to have the best time you've ever known."

"I'll always remember it," she said simply.

"I want to be around to remind you," Ward said.

"The only thing I know about the Navy," Jean said, "is that they're always casting off lines. Is this one?"

He didn't answer her. He reached for her in the darkness and she made no protest. The music stopped, but he didn't know that while he was kissing her.

"I know another embassy for tomorrow," Ward said softly. "Will you come?"

She hesitated for a moment. "Yes."

The music started again; it was something very loud and military.

But she was gone the next day. The desk clerk informed the Lieutenant that Miss Hewlitt and her six charges had checked out an hour before. No, there was no note for the Lieutenant. The desk clerk was positive. She hadn't left any word at all.

Ward cursed and thought harshly: she didn't believe me, she thought it was all a line, she's run out, she's run away, she's gone home, home to New London.

New London!

Lt. Stewart cut across Washington like a PT boat pressing in for the attack. He was in the Navy building and up to the Admiral's office like a destroyer making port after convoy duty.

"Do I still have my choice of bases, sir?"

"Why, yes, of course," the Admiral said. "Where'll it be, Ward?"

"New London!" Ward said.

"You like the fish there better?" the Admiral said drily. "Or are you the one that's hooked?"

The Albacore lay at her slip in the Naval Base at New London, a long slim murderous sliver of steel. On her deck two men in soiled dungarees watched disconsolately as several subs, whistles tooting, slipped their lines and pointed out to sea.

"Nothing come through yet for us, Ed?" Dewey Connors asked his companion.

Ed McDonnell shook his head: "Not yet, skipper."

"Will we rot in port before that replacement shows up? They probably can't unswivel him from the swivel seat he's in."

Standing on the wharf, Ward Stewart called brightly: "Paging me, gentlemen?"

He leaped down lightly to the deck of the Albacore. "Lt. Jr. Grade Ward Stewart reporting, sir," he said to Connors.

"Glad to have you aboard," Connors said. "Nothing personal, Mister Stewart. We were just getting a little land edgy tied up at the base."

"Right," Ward said.

"Care to look over the ship?"

"If you don't mind, sir," Ward said, "I've got a few calls to make before we shove off—"

Ed McDonnell said thoughtfully: "Looks like our new man's got a couple of other things besides subs on his mind."

Connors watched the figure in trim blue disappear at the end of the wharf. "Yeah," he said. "As a matter of fact, so have I."

"Jean?" McDonnell said.

Connors nodded: "We'll be sharing some chop suey if you have to get in touch with us in a rush."

Jean was somehow different, Connors noted that night in the Chinese restaurant. She seemed edgy; sometimes she didn't seem to be listening when he spoke to her.

"How'd you like the Washington Monument?" he said brightly.

She looked up, frowning, slightly: "What? The Monument? Oh, it was fine." She hesitated for a minute and then said abruptly: "Let's get married, Dewey. Quick. Tonight."

"Is that what's been on your mind, Jean?"

"Yes."

"You know I'd do it like a shot. But we planned to wait until I got a Lt. Commander's rating, and we've waited so long. It won't be very much more."

Answers to MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

(*page 87*)

1—Judy Garland.
2—c) Lieutenant.
3—Rudolph Sieber, Jean Gabin, Eric Maria Remarque.
4—Red Skelton, Henry Aldrich, Andy Hardy, Bob Hope and Professor Colonna.
5—b) Gauguin.
6—c) golfers.
7—Ann Rutherford.
8—a) married.
9—Lana Turner, Veronica Lake, Ann Sheridan.
10—James Cagney.
11—Greer Garson and Richard Ney (Mrs. Miniver).
12—Paulette Goddard, Fred Astaire, Jack Benny, Alice Faye.
13—Muni, Ed. G. Robinson.
14—c) a doctor.
15—Ronald Reagan, George Sanders, Alan Ladd, Dennis Morgan.
16—Coast Guard, Marines, Army, Army Air Corps.
17—Kathryn Grayson, Olivia de Havilland, Loretta Young.
18—Louis Hayward and George Sanders.
19—Dame May Whitty, Lady Merle Korda.
20—a) a song and dance team.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was sitting on the side-lines at some shooting on "The Commandos Come At Dawn," a picture directed on Vancouver Island by John Farrow, starring Paul Muni. It was a hot day in August, and everyone had been feeling it. Mr. Farrow, a very genial fellow had been struggling with a certain scene all morning and had finally arranged it just the way he wanted it. The cameras began to grind when suddenly there was a very loud sneeze. The director uttered a moan. "Who did that?" he demanded sternly. "Now we'll have to start all over again!" A small voice behind piped up: "It was me, Daddy." And Mr. Farrow turned around to see his impish small son Michael, grinning apologetically, while Momma Maureen O'Sullivan looked on, dismayed.

Doris L. Davies,
Box 503, Vancouver, B. C.
Canada.

"I don't care about the stripes on your sleeves, Dewey."

"It's not the stripes. It's the paycheck."

"Maybe you're right," Jean said. "But remember I asked, will you?"

The Chinese waiter padded into the booth: "Telephone for the Lieutenant."

Jean sat at the table, staring at the little fortune slip that she'd found in her rice cake: SPEAK NOW OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE. Well, I spoke up, she said softly to herself, but I don't know if it's going to bring me any peace. When Dewey came back, she was slowly tearing the fortune slip.

"This is it, Jean," he said. "I've got to get back to the base."

"So long, sailor," she said. "So you won't marry me, and you can't even take me home. Good luck, skipper."

The Bromley School for Girls was a dark mass of bricks as Jean drove up. She parked her car outside the Dormitory and slid out from behind the driver's wheel.

"Hello," a voice said.

She wasn't surprised, not really; somehow, she'd half expected to hear that voice at any turn, at any corner. Somehow she'd been half waiting for it.

"Care to drop in on an Embassy?" Ward said.

"I'm sorry," Jean said gravely. "But I had to run away."

"And I had to follow," Ward said.

"You're stationed in New London?"

"Right."

"I don't want to see you."

"I can't argue that with you tonight," Ward said. "I came to say good-by."

"You're going to sea?"

"We may row out a little way," Ward said, "if the waves aren't too high."

He reached for her, then, as he had that night in the Embassy Garden. And he kissed her swiftly and surely, like a man putting his seal on something he especially prized. Then he was gone, and there was only his voice from somewhere a bit down the road.

"So long."

land ho! . . .

The Albacore came back to New London a month later, with a broom at her masthead, signal that she had swept the seas of at least one more bit of scum. There had been a German Q-ship, prowling the lanes; there had been, but no more. The Albacore came back with her skipper and her Lieutenant Junior Grade, brothers in battle, and friends as only men who have shared the cramped quarters of a submarine at sea, can and must be friends.

They called Connors down to Washington for a talk, a pat on the back and the very strong possibility of a Lt. Commander's rating. Ward, who had, as McDonnell once remarked, a couple of other things besides subs on his mind, was at the Bromley School for Girls the night the Albacore made port. He had an apple for the teacher.

It was more than that, really. He was quiet and subdued that evening. He and Jean got into his car, and he drove for hours without saying anything. They drove through the dusk and into the night, through the pleasant Connecticut landscape and up to a charming old house that nestled back of the road on a little hill, overlooking the New England valleys.

"A new roadhouse?" Jean said.

"My grandmother's home," Ward said gravely. "I'd like you to meet her."

family portrait . . .

Mrs. Stewart was an old woman with quiet, kindly eyes and a quick, shrewd tongue. Jean liked her. There was a way the old lady had of speaking of Ward that suddenly made him seem different . . . not brass and glitter; they sat in a large, gracious room that was full of memories of Stewarts, Navy Stewarts. And from time to time, the old lady would look at her openly and frankly, as if there were an understanding between the two of them about another and younger Stewart.

They left late. And again on the way home, Ward didn't say much. It was almost dawn when they came back up the curving drive of the Bromley School. The sky was the shining gray of the false dawn, just before the sun would come over the horizon.

"Thanks for coming," Ward said.

"I'm sorry I went."

"Sorry?"

"I liked your grandmother. And I liked you for taking me. And I didn't want to, Ward."

"Afraid?"

"Maybe."

"Once," Ward said, "you told me about Navy lines. I want you to know that there aren't any anymore. I'm adrift, Jean, and I'm looking for port." He was twisting his Annapolis class ring on his finger and suddenly he drew it off. "I want you to keep this for me, Jean . . ."

He kissed her with the sun coming up behind them like a red ball of fire in the morning sky. And suddenly she broke from his arms and ran from him into the building. He didn't follow her, and he didn't call. He looked gravely down at his bare finger. She had it now . . . for better or for worse.

Dewey Connors came back from Washington with secret orders and another stripe on his sleeve. Ward picked him up at the airport, and they drove back to his quarters.

"They wanted the story on the Q-boat," Connors said excitedly. "Now all we have to do is locate the base it was operating from and destroy it."

"Simple," Ward said.

Connors paced up and down his quarters, unpacking the small bag he'd carried with him. "We leave sharp at twelve midnight . . . but before we go, there's a certain little ceremony I'd very much like you to be present at."



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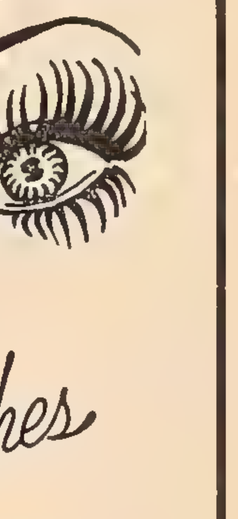
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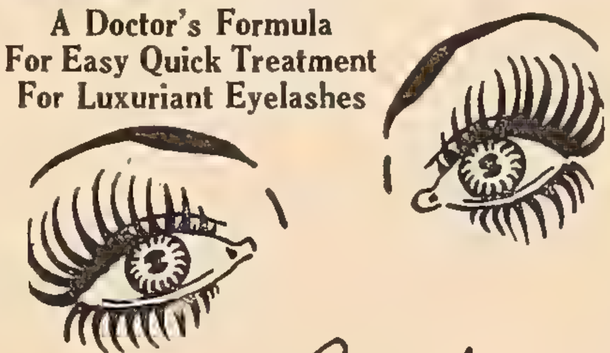
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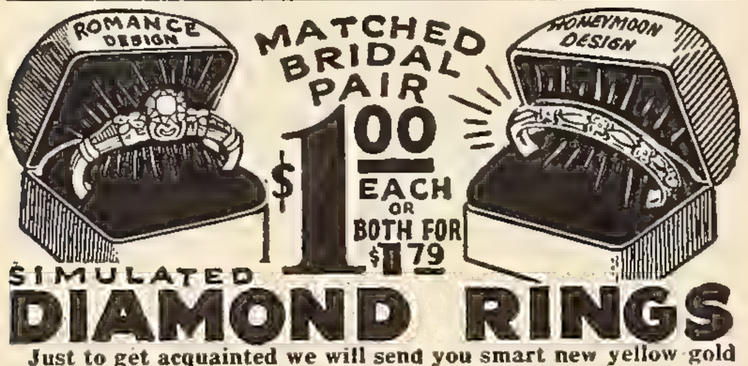
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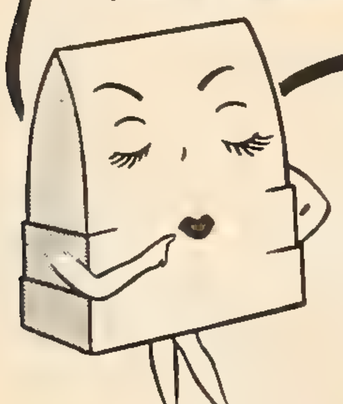
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"Glad to," Ward said.

"My marriage. Lt. Commander Dewey Connors requests the pleasure of your attendance at his marriage to Miss Jean Hewlitt at—"

"Jean Hewlitt," Ward said.

"Do you know her? Dewey said. "She never said anything to me about it."

Jean answered that herself, from the doorway. "Yes, he knows me, Dewey," she said. "I came as soon as I heard you were back."

"Look!" Dewey waved his sleeve with the added stripe before her eyes.

"You deserved it," Jean said softly.

"That's my marriage license," Dewey said happily.

"No, it isn't, Dewey," Jean said.

"It isn't?" Dewey said. "What are you talking about, Jean?"

"I'm talking about us, Dewey. I can't marry you."

"Can't—"

"Oh, I asked you once to marry me," Jean said tensely. "I wanted you to marry me quickly. That night. Remember?"

"Well, what's happened since then?" Then suddenly it broke on him, and he looked from Ward to Jean, seeing it there between them, as clearly as if they were shouting it. "Oh," he said harshly.

"Dewey," Ward said. "I didn't—"

"We're sailing at midnight," Dewey said. "Be on board."

Twenty-seven days out of New London, the Albacore was still on patrol, a vague underwater shadow, slipping through the seas, the thin eye of the periscope ceaselessly sweeping the surface. Below decks in the throbbing hull, the men lived between the gauges and the valves, unshaven, a bit on edge, cursing the lack of fresh food, cursing the sea, the sub service and themselves.

Twenty-seven days out of New London; and then they sighted their quarry.

"Battle stations!"

It was a tanker they sighted, a dim shape slipping down the coast where no ship was reported to be. They fell in behind her, lithe and lethal as a tiger crouched to spring. They followed her down the barren coast until she led them straight as a plotted course to the mother nest. Peering through the periscope, Ward could make out the installations on the sandy shore . . . fuel tanks . . . ammunition dumps . . . wharfs . . . a tender tied up at dock . . . the shape of submarines . . . Base of the Q-ships!

here goes nothing . . .

"This is it," Connors said steadily. "Our job is to wipe out this nest. There'll be a landing party under Lt. Stewart to blow up the shore installations. We'll take care of the ships from the Albacore. Understood?"

"I want a word with you, sir," Ward said, when Connors finished.

Dewey nodded curtly and led him to his small cramped quarters.

"I don't know whether I'm coming back from this one," Ward said, "so you'll have to believe me."

"Yes?"

"I didn't know about you and Jean. And what happened wasn't her fault. I made her listen to me. You were her guy, Dewey, and you always will be. I'm just a fellow who had a swift line of chatter. It blinded her for a while. But that's all."

Connors didn't say anything.

"So long, Dewey," Ward said softly. "Good hunting."

The men on the sub went about their job with the swift, deadly efficiency of a weapon bared. The landing party, their faces blackened, their guns held at the ready, were gathered around the hatch. Ward took his place at their head.

"Take her up," Connors said.

The sub broached the surface softly, like a bubble rising. The men were through the hatch and into the small landing boat in a quick, short dive. As soon as they were afloat, the Albacore submerged again. Ward and his men were afloat on a dark ocean. Ahead on the shore, they could see the cautious glitter of the enemy's shaded lights.

"Let's go," Ward said.

On shore they separated into small groups. Ward gave his orders in a low voice. . . . McDonnell, the ammunition dump . . . Hammond, the gasoline drums . . . action to begin when they saw the oil tank go . . .

He paused on the edge of a large field. It was a hundred-yard run to the oil tank. In the shadows around the tank there were deeper shadows. They might be oil drums . . . they might be sentries. There wasn't time to find out. He drew a deep breath and began to run, holding the dynamite sticks stiffly in front of him.

The shadows around the tank were sentries. They were on their feet shouting, and then a moment later rifles began to spit bullets toward the figure racing across the field toward them. Now, Ward said softly to himself and lobbed the dynamite at the tank.

to the victor . . .

"One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ." he counted softly.

A tower of flame suddenly split the sky. In the huge sudden glare, he saw a soldier, clearly outlined for a moment and then suddenly buried under a wall of falling debris. From the left came the deep, ear-splitting boom of the ammunition dump going up. Good for McDonnell. Beyond in the darkness a series of minor flashes lit the darkness. The gasoline drums. Ward, pressed against the earth, looked at his watch. On schedule. Now back to the rendezvous, and if they were lucky, back to the Albacore. From somewhere around the wharf he heard a gun go into action, spitting bullets into the sky. They must think it's an air raid, Ward said to himself. Then over the thin scream of the anti-aircraft there came a series of dull booms. That must have been Connors getting in the torpedoes. Good, Dewey, good.

There was a small knot waiting on the dark shore at the rendezvous for the return.

"Where's McDonnell?"

"Didn't make it."

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"Curley?"

"Dead."

A searchlight spat a tower of light into the darkness and swept past them in an arc. It wavered and returned. There were sudden hoarse shouts in German coming in the distance.

"Get in the boat, you men," Ward said. "I'll stay here and cover."

He shoved them off, cursing and protesting. The thunder of boots echoed over the hard ground, and Ward turned with a submachine gun in his hand and methodically opened fire. He felt cool, calm. He saw three men crumple before the fire, and the rest threw themselves on the ground. A shower of bullets split the air around him. He dodged around a rock, falling back toward the water. He opened again with the submachine gun in his hand. How long since the men had shoved off? Five minutes? Good enough. They'd be back on the sub in another minute or two.

Then from right and left, machine guns opened up, criss-crossing the area around the rock. The searchlight cut a huge swath of daylight over the area. Ward sent one more burst toward the light and then, in a moment, he cleared the last rock and was in the water. He began to swim away from the beach with long, hard strokes.

It was hopeless. But a sailor dies in the sea, not on land. He must have been swimming for a while before he realized that he was going in the direction of the Albacore. The Albacore . . . she was probably outside by now, running safe. But dimly, incredibly, there was a darkened shape just ahead, and a carefully shielded flashlight playing on the water and a voice saying, "Easy, Ward, here we are."

The Albacore came in with a broom on her masthead. She came in under her skipper, Lt. Commander Dewey Connors. She came in to a cheering mob and an approving Admiral. And maybe of all those who waited on the slip, it was a girl who watched with the most intent eyes. And she must have seen Dewey Connors and Ward Stewart standing together on the bridge. And she must have seen Dewey shake his head and grin and push Ward up onto the dock ahead of him. So that Ward could get there first to the girl who was watching the return of the Albacore.

THE CAST:

Lieutenant Ward Stewart..... *Tyrone Power*
Jean Hewlitt.....*Anne Baxter*
Lieut. Comdr. Dewey Connors.... *Dana Andrews*
"Pop"..... *Charlie Grapewin*
Grandmother.....*Dame May Whitty*
Brownie.....*Henry Morgan*
Oliver Cromwell Jones....*Ben Carter*
Doris.....*Florence Lake*
Hammond.....*Charles Tannen*
Crew Member.....*George Holmes*
Curly.....*John Archer*
Captain Bryson.....*Frank Conroy*
Ed McDonnell.....*Jimmy Gleason*





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What stories and features did you enjoy most in our December issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

The Best Son a Mother Ever Had (Payne) ..... ☐
"Gentleman Jim" (Flynn) ..... ☐
Queen Bess (Davis) ..... ☐
Modern Screen Goes to A Victory Party ..... ☐
Why Vic Will Never Forget Rita! (Hayworth-Mature) ..... ☐
"Crash Dive" (Power) ..... ☐
Big Sister (Tierney) ..... ☐
Life with Father (Morgan) ..... ☐
"Who's Gig Young?" ..... ☐
Good News ..... ☐

Which one of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

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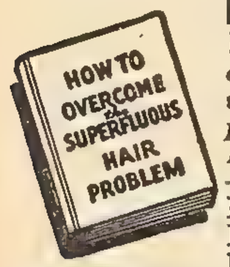


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"CRASH DIVE" PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 41*)

dive sequence, in which Ty, as the last man to enter the sub, had to slam down the heavy hatch cover a few bare seconds before the rushing water closed over them. Actually, such a narrow margin of safety is against Navy regulations, but officials allowed it as dramatic license. That didn't change the fact that Ty was responsible for getting that lid in place as they dived, and after 7 or 8 rehearsals, he was getting nervous. There were no mishaps, but Mr. Power was a solid mass of black and blue marks when it was over.

The "Crash Dive" troupe landed in R. I. at the height of the summer season, so they set up quarters in Jamestown. Dowagers and debs did their best to lure Power to their homes along with the rest of the actors, but Ty sent his regrets, told them he had to work. Every night he'd hunt up the kids in the little town and organize a baseball game.

When Annabella could get away from New York, she joined him. Then, and only then, he accepted invitations to social doings. Everyone was completely bowled over by Annabella's charm and amazed at her appetite . . . at one backyard barbecue, they watched pop-eyed while Mrs. Power delicately stowed away nine ears of corn, one right after another!

For the almost unbelievable shots, showing a submarine submerging, a Mitchell camera, sealed in glass, was lashed to the deck to record everything that happens during a crash dive. Technicolor cameras would have been too tricky, so the old Mitchell was equipped with color film and operated from within the sub. The result, on the screen, makes you wish for some of Mothersill's seasickness pills. The over-the-waves views of the PT boats were filmed the same way and have the same effect.

The only production problem that almost defied solution was how to make Lena, the champion bull-frog, look happy. Sent by airmail all the way from Missouri, Lena was in no mood to play. An S.O.S. to owner David Twyford brought the answer—Lena had to have her tummy tickled, or she'd remain an old sour-puss.

Both Power and Dana Andrews were in uniform most of the time (their costume) and were kept busy saluting. It was easier than not saluting, then explaining how come. One baffled sentry doesn't know yet how Andrews, whom he saw arrive in civilian clothes, could attain the rank of Lt. Commander in two days. He gave up completely when Dana showed up three days later in a new uniform bearing the stripes of a *full* commander!

Jimmy Gleason basked in a sudden surge of popularity when the group returned to Hollywood for extra scenes. Anne Baxter took him to lunch Monday, Dana Andrews invited him for Tuesday. Ty and Charlie Grapewin wrestled for his luncheon check the rest of the week. Finally he found out they'd just discovered he was a member of the Beverly Hills War Rationing Board No. 522. "I assure you it won't do them a bit of good," he announced. "I'm a hard guy."

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 66*)

The week the house was completed, Hedy invited a few friends in for dinner. She tucked Jamesie, her three-year-old son, into bed and went down to meet her guests. The party was progressing nicely when Hedy and the guests became aware of a steady thumping and scratching coming from the floor above. Terrified at the thought of prowlers in the nursery, Hedy flew upstairs and into Jamesie's room. At the doorway she stopped, and tears of relief began to chase down her cheeks. For there stood Jamesie, attired in his sleeping pajamas, diligently scribbling green and red hobgoblins over the freshly-papered walls!

"I couldn't scold him," sighed the doting Hedy. "He looked too blissful. Besides, I think he shows real talent—if you like surrealism!"

Good News about Edgar Buchanan

"I would like," he says pensively, "to be cast upon a desert island in a sarong with suspenders. And I would like there," he continues, "a blonde." . . . Such dreams may come of his acting in a picture with a title like "Escape to Glory" . . . Or perhaps Edgar Buchanan's a dreamer anyhow—all 6 ft. 200 lbs of him! . . . You look at his bulk apprehensively and query, "Who was the first girl you ever kissed and how come?" "Well, it was in high school—a picnic, and we were playing 'Run Sheep, Run' and, er—she was bowlegged. That was the year," he adds thoughtfully, "that I almost flunked out" . . . After, he tooted his way through dental college in a 3rd rate orchestra, but he admits sadly, "When I took up the cornet, I became very unpopular in my neighborhood." . . . It took 12 years of being a dentist to make him an actor . . . Came his 1st screen test—Edgar stood nervously on the set; all was ready, the lights adjusted, the lines prepared, and then the huge camera came rolling toward him on a track—Edgar? Edgar ducked! . . . Also came the 1st time he saw himself in the movies. There was the screen up there, distorted something awful, and a hushed silence and, "Oh, I want to go to bed for a week," he moaned. "Oh, at least for a week"—It was almost as bad as the time—well—He was 12 years old and terribly grown-up, and cautiously, oh so carefully, he was smoking a "Bull Durham." He got caught. "My Mom thought I was headed for perdition, my Dad thought I was coming into manhood, and my sisters laughed when he larruped me" . . . Poor kid also had the same name as his Dad, which meant that he was always called Junior! and forever got his debts mixed. . . . When Junior grew up, he decided he liked his girls feminine and married one he liked kind of specially . . . She can smoke, drink and wear ox-blood nail polish if she wants. He's a softie. For himself, he likes overalls, little parties where he can hear everybody's stories, red striped neckties and steak. He's a guy with a weakness for big-eyed Springer Spaniels—who admits meekly, "I lie a little to my wife occasionally and I chew tobacco when I play ball." He's a reg'lar feller who's idea of Valhalla is fishing a trout stream!

BIG SISTER

(*Continued from page 47*)

so everything is a-hem! She said to Mrs. Tierney the other day, "It's the funniest thing: Gene and I can wear each other's things to perfection, but I notice that we fill them out differently. She's full in places where I'm not so full, and I'm chubby across my tummy where she isn't chubby at all. Is that because she's 22 and I'm only 16, or is it because she's married and I'm not?"

Gene shrieked. "*Mother!* Make that chee-ild behave," but she curled up on the lounge, laughing.

"By all means," encouraged Pat, "have a talk with me about The Facts. Most of the time I understand what's going on around me, but sometimes I wonder."

fugitive from a textbook . . .

Actually, a good deal of the groovy advice that is guiding Pat right now, has emerged from her Big Sister's acute brain. Pat has looked to Gene for blueprints on conduct ever since that third attempt of Tierney, Jr.'s to escape forever from education.

Pat was attending a very famous school in Kentucky, but she didn't like it. Through the long, aching nights she saturated her pillow with tears. She wrote desperate letters to her father—up in Connecticut—and to Gene in Hollywood. The answers mainly consisted of pep talks on the benefits of school, from Pere Tierney and surprise presents from Gene.

Neither contribution lifted that millstone from Pat's heart, so she packed one morning and got as far as the gate before she was discovered. Her second attempt was more successful—she caught a train bound for New York. The school authorities noted her absence, wired her father, and she was met at the station by an irate parent and presented with a return trip ticket. Oh, hoomiliation!

The third time she was stopped just before she caught the train.

Gene, having received three jailbreak reports, was worried. She hopped on a plane and rushed East. Pat had no idea that she was coming, so when The Kid was called down to the reception room to find her childhood protector standing there, she made a b-line and landed on Gene's shoulder in a teary heap.

"It's all right, baby," Gene said, patting the tumbled hair. "Let's go back to your room where we can talk this over. Listen, honey, you mustn't sob like that . . . I'm not going to leave you until you have everything settled and are all happy."

They went up to the room and closed the door. Gene took off her gloves, hat and coat and sat down while Pat curled up beside her. "Now, what's wrong?"

Behind a hanky borrowed from Gene, Pat sobbed, "I'll bet you never tried to run away in your whole life. I'll bet you don't know what it means to try to get away from anything."

"That's where you're wrong. I tried to run away a dozen times back home. Every time I had a to-do with Mother or Father, I swore I was going to leave home, go over to the neighbor's and be their laundress. Remember that big meadow? I started across there regularly, disgusted with home and ready to make my own way."

A faint grin began to show around swollen lips and pink nose. "What stopped you?" demanded Pat.

"Snakes," admitted her sister. "I was scared to death of them. Every time I saw something move in the grass or bushes, I was certain it was a snake. So, every time I started to run away, I turned around and came right back."

Pat blew her nose. "But you don't know what being homesick and lonesome means," she charged.

Gene stared out of the window for several moments. So long, in fact, that Pat raised her head to study her sister. On Gene's mobile, expressive face there was not exactly sadness, but the memory of sadness.

"Remember when I was in Switzerland for two years?" she asked. "I couldn't breeze home, and I had no one to comfort me. I'll tell you a secret: I used to pretend, at night, that I was back home in the bedroom with you. I used to tell you all about what was happening to me and how strange the country seemed. But, you were always full of wise cracks. The phantom you. Whenever I was really low, you kidded me out of it. 'Go ahead and cry, Tierney,' you'd say, 'and—considering the temperature in this room your tears will turn to snow and won't you look silly!'"

Suddenly Pat threw her arms around Gene. "I wish I *had* been there," she said, half-laughing, and half-crying. "I wouldn't have been so fresh; I would have gone out on the balcony in my PJs and shouted that you are the swellest sister in Switzerland or the world."

"There's just one more thing," Gene said. "Always remember this: everyone on earth is lonely and homesick at one time or another. When you feel the Miseries haunting you, comfort yourself with the notion that said Miseries are giving someone else a rest."

Pat dried her eyes and confessed that she'd be as good as new if Gene would loan her that dress for a week. "It's a deal," Gene agreed.

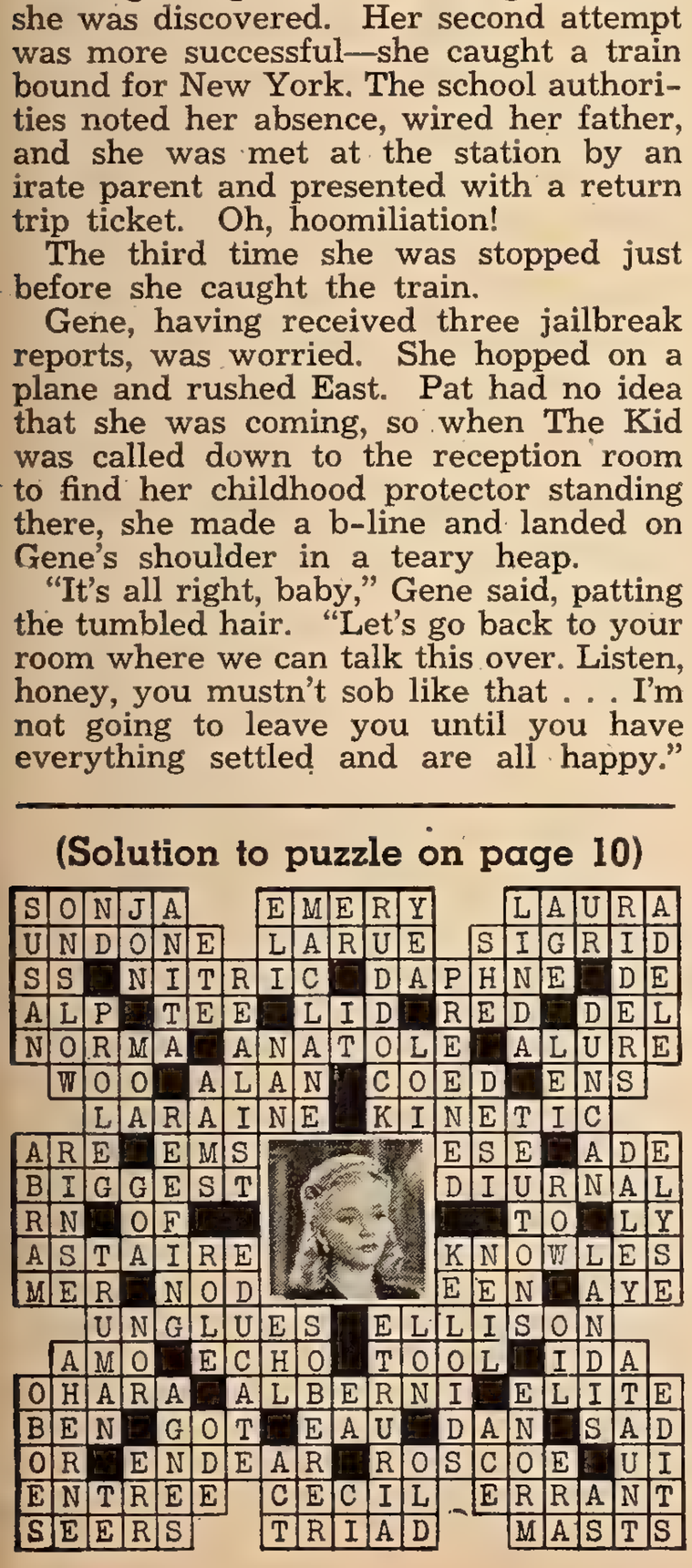
"no chocolate ice cream" . . .

"No chocolate ice cream," Pat promised, holding up her right hand in the attitude of a solemn oath.

"No chocolate ice cream," ordered Gene. To this day, this sentence is still a password with the Tierneys, when either borrows any item from the other's wardrobe.

Seems that Pat, as a jerky juve, occasionally spent a leisure hour or so—when Gene was away from home—trying on her big sister's clothes. One summer afternoon The Pretty Pest garbed herself in Gene's new white formal and went

(Solution to puzzle on page 10)





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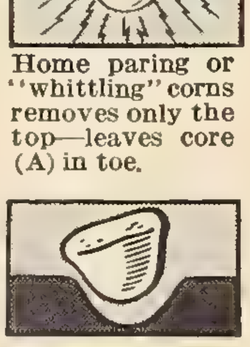


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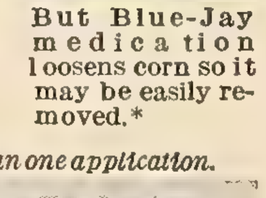
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BLUE-JAY

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BAUER & BLACK CORN PLASTERS

grandly down the street to buy a chocolate ice cream cone. The dress was much too long, and the afternoon was much too hot. Need we go on?

Nowadays, with Oleg designing most of his wife's clothing—which is eventually borrowed by Pat—the kid sis does very well. She was admiring a new hat recently; one that had been cooked up from the inspiration of a gob's white topper. "Gene, you look too luscious for words in that bonnet," she said, then nearly rolled off the lounge with hysterics. "Which reminds me of the time . . ."

It happened when Gene was ten, but even as a sprout she loved clothes. Her mother was giving a very fancy tea party one afternoon—an affair attended by Everyone who was Anyone, and Grand Manners were floating all over the place. Gene knew that she was supposed to appear at the party and make her curtsy, but she wanted to do it in the royal way. She rummaged through her mother's closet until she found an enormous hat—long since retired from active duty.

Studying herself in the mirror (without realizing that she strongly resembled the pole that upholds a beach umbrella) she approved of the image and haughtily descended the stairs to enter the parlor.

socially beheaded . . .

Mrs. Tierney beheld the spectacle with a straight face. "Ah, Gene," she said affectionately, "I'm so glad you came down. Mrs. Gildersleeve, my daughter Gene. And Mrs. Gotrox, my daughter Gene." Mrs. Tierney introduced Little Ant Under a Mushroom around the tea-drinking circle quite as if everything were all right, but Gene had that Foolish Feeling. She had noticed that one or two of the ladies were hiding twinkling eyes behind discreetly held napkins.

She escaped as soon as possible and returned to the bedroom where 4-year-old Pat was waiting, wide-eyed.

"As long as you live," Gene advised hotly, shedding the headgear, "don't ever wear a silly hat to a party."

This terse warning was advance notice of Gene's suspicion that she was going to be mimicked forever by *la petite soeur*.

Even today, what Gene does—Pat is going to do as soon as she gets around to it. When she came to California early this summer, Pat was wearing her hair in reverse rolls at the side and a prodigious pompadour in front.

In private life, Gene wears her hair parted on the left and combed in loose waves because she thinks this informal fashion "sort of hides my high cheek bones," as she told the studio hairdresser.

Pat, upon being met at the station, did a double-take of her sister's coiffure . . . and the next morning the buns, bangs, rolls and rats were a thing of the past. Tierney 2nd's tresses were trailing in a drape shape.

Whenever Pat comes home followed by a queue of contemporaries—ready for iced Pepsis, jive and jam—she grins at Gene and says, "I brought these friends home to help celebrate my birthday."

This is an elaborate rib derived from Gene's school days. As a child she had a terrific imagination. "I won't," Mrs. Tierney told a friend recently, "say that my elder daughter was a whopping fibber. I'll just say that she had a gift for fiction."

On several occasions she put in appearance, tagged by five or six schoolmates who had been invited to her "birthday" party. Said birthday not being anywhere in the immediate vicinity.

Mrs. Tierney always managed to scare up some cookies and ice cream in short order, and even an occasional pitcher of lemonade. After the guests had departed one afternoon, Miss Gene sat down beside her mother and slid an apologetic arm around her waist.

"I'm awfully proud of you," she confided. "You never embarrass me by saying that it *isn't* my birthday."

clinging sister . . .

Gene now renders the same courtesy to Pat; she camly produces something for the guests to munch. "You're a wonderful chaperone," Pat told her patronizingly one day. "You look like a movie star, you talk like a movie star, you act like a movie star—but you laugh like a real hep cat."

"You were always a better chaperone for me than I am for you," Gene grinned. "Remember my cowboy romance in Montana?"

Seems that the two Tierneys were spending their summer on a dude ranch, complete with sage and such. Most remarkable item of scenery was a handsome cowpoke who took one look at Gene and began to sing, "I've got nerves that jingle, jangle, jingle."

Pat observed this phenomenon with a jeer, but she clung closer to Gene than ants to a picnic. "Good-by," said Gene, using the gentle hint department. Pat rolled her eyes and smiled.

"I'll buy you a candy bar the next time we're in town if you'll go away now," bribed Gene. Pat relaxed completely against the gate crossbars.

"All right! What *do* I have to do to get rid of you?" Gene exploded.

"You have to get down and kiss both of my feet," decided Pat.

Gene scowled at the dusty boots, then looked at the dark-eyed gallant in 10-gallon hat. A private conversation with him—however brief—was worth it, Gene decided, so she got down on her knees and applied a quick kiss to each kicker.

Just a year ago, Pat was still acting as chaperone on a trip that Gene made to Palm Springs to be photographed against a leisure background by a fashion magazine. Johnny Swope and Buzz Meredith were on hand to make life interesting. When they saw the number previously referred to as "Gene's little sister" they emitted long, low whistles. Miss Pat was then 15 and utterly on the smooth order.

"Coives," breathed Meredith, looking slap-happy. "Wot coives! Now I know what they mean when they sing that song about the three little sisters. Just one little sister sets me on my ear.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

About 3 years ago, when Warners' had their premiere at Dodge City, Kansas, I met John Payne. It happened like this— The parade was moving down the street with all the movie stars, and John was on the back of one of the wagons. I saw him and rushed out to get his autograph, but by the time I got to where he was the parade had started to move again. I ran after the wagon, and, just as I got to it, slipped on a banana peel and fell into John Payne's lap! Nice? Well he jumped down and asked me if I'd like to come along and join the parade, and, when I said yes, he helped me up, and I rode with him until the parade stopped!

Miss Helen Schulz
619 Wiley Bldg.
Hutchinson, Kansas.

Wowie!"

"Behave," cautioned Gene. "After all, she's just a baby—a mere infant! She's only 15."

Buzz turned to leer at Gene. "And you, grandmother, are 21!" quoth he.

Gene is ambitious for Pat to have a picture career, but she wants her to be—first of all—a genuinely capable actress. "I'd rather she'd be a good anything than a poor actress," Gene told one of the men who has been begging to give Pat a screen test. "She isn't quite ready yet. She should finish her high school work at Miss Porter's back in Farmington, then —next summer—we'll see what's to be done."

Pat put in quickly, "I'd like to work in a picture with Gene some day. I think it would be fun to put on a sister act at least once in our careers."

"What, no family feud?" asked the astonished movie-maker.

Pat, who is slightly taller than Gene, looked down at her approvingly. "We've always stuck together—haven't we, squirt?" she asked.

"Ever since that time Dad raised cain about the letter I had written to Johnny. Remember?" asked Gene.

two against the world . . .

Gene had been home from Switzerland only a short time, but she had annexed a very special throb who was a student at Yale, no less. She had just finished writing him a letter one afternoon when he telephoned long distance, so she read the letter to him. It was the usual communication filled with local gossip and a certain amount of kidding. No smooch, though.

Afterward, Gene had whirled upstairs to detail the conversation to a goggle-eyed kid sister. Mr. Tierney happened to pass the telephone desk, noticed the letter and glanced at the salutation which happened to be "Johnny, dear—" instead of the more conventional "Dear Johnny."

With thunder in his eyebrows he marched upstairs and preached an irate sermon on manners to his daughter. "I trust that never again will a child of mine so far forget herself as to ignore all convention," was his final word on the subject.

Gene wept copiously into her pillow for several moments, then straightened to see what Pat's reaction was. That young lady, her mouth a stubborn line, was busily writing a letter. When she felt Gene's querying eye upon her, she said, "I'm writing to my boy friend. His name is Tommy, and I started it off, 'Tommy, dear.' I think that sounds nice and friendly."

Two against the world.

It has always been that way; they presented a solid front against all opposition, although there might be a lot of private heckling between them.

Heckling like this: Just before Gene came to California, she was being heavily rushed by a very handsome, very eligible boy who had only one weakness—he stuttered. However, he was a dancer strictly on the beam, he had a knockout car, and he was a quiet sort anyhow. Gene was instructed to get back from her dates with him at a certain hour, but sometimes—well, you know how it goes.

When the main entrance was locked, she tiptoed up the stairs and scratched on the door of the private entrance to the rooms she shared with Pat.

Pat was a hair-trigger sleeper, so the first scratch would bring her out of bed to ease open the well-oiled door. There, half in and half out, Gene would tell her stammering swain good night.

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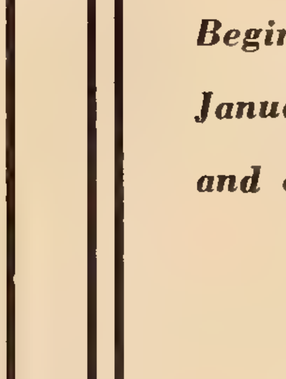
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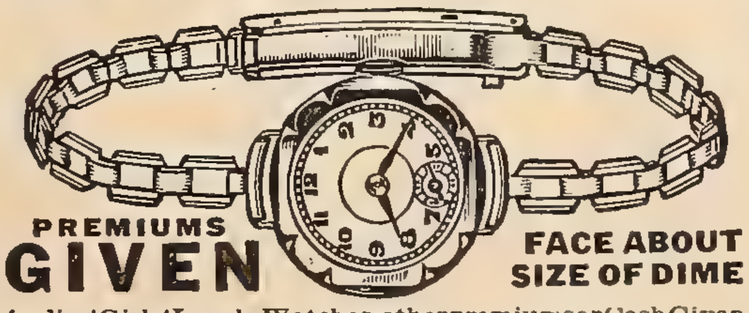
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His was a woeful wooing. "Aw, p-p-please g-g-give m-m-me a g-g-goodnight k-k-kiss," he begged.

Softly, in the darkened room beyond, would sound a whispered echo audible only to Gene: "Aw, p-p-please k-k-kiss h-h-him g-g-goodnight b-b-before he wakes the whole house, including Dad!"

Pat still stutters when she wants to tease Gene. "M-m-my g-g-goodness, b-b-but you're g-g-gorgeous—k-k-kiss m-m-me g-g-goodnight," she sighed the first time she saw Gene in artificial eyelashes and studio make-up.

On only one subject do they disagree. They don't like the same type of man. Gene goes in a big way for the dreamy boys. She admires the intellectuals, the open-shirted gentry who know all about chamber music, who can speak French enough to baffle even the most supercilious of head waiters, and who can quote an epigram and tell who said it originally.

Pat likes them in brass. She wants them to be able to trim her at tennis—at which she is pretty good because occasionally she can outpoint Gene—and she wants them to be able to carry a pigskin forty yards to a touchdown.

sisterly okay . . .

Gene, knowing her sister's coolness toward intellectual types, was in a minor tizzy before Pat met Oleg. That these two persons who were dearest to Gene, should like each other, was so important that Gene didn't dare think about it. Occasionally she crossed her fingers and wished very, very hard . . . and waited.

They met Pat in New York and took her everywhere. Oleg, who is a whiz at designing clothes, looked at Pat and said, "What a lovely figure! She would be a designer's dream—just as you are, Gene."

Pat appeared to be having a very good time. She roared at Oleg's wise cracks—but then everyone does that, because he is one of the wittiest men ever to hit either New York or Hollywood.

Still, Pat never broke down and told Gene that Count Husband was strictly the stuff. Gene was too proud to come right out and ask. Then, at the end of the second week, Gene happened to pass Pat's writing desk. Pat had been called to the telephone and had left a half-finished letter to one of her best girl friends. Gene's eye—as is only natural—caught one crucial paragraph.

"You'd be lavishly in love with Ollie," Pat had written. "He is positively in the groove. Witty and smooth. He has all the American good scout stuff, plus that sophisticated old Continental glamour. In other words, the man in our life is very okay."

Gene rushed in to a surprised sister who had just hung up.

"Darling," she said, giving Pat a bear hug, "you're wonderful. It used to be two against the world—and now, it's three."

Pat, who feels things as deeply as big sis, but who wouldn't admit it for a pair of Cadillac convertibles, grinned and pinched Gene.

"Oh, sure, sure," she jauntily opined. "Three against de woild. That is, until I get me a guy and make it four."

BEAUTY AND THE COLD

(Continued from page 44)

with the rest of your face. In applying powder, don't batter your tender nose. Press the powder on with an extra-soft puff, then gently remove the excess with a brush.

Tweeze out stragglers from your brow line . . . cold-blurred eyes will then look neater. Don't let nail polish stay chipped, it's so depressing. Use perfume; your public can smell it even if you can't. Don't forget deodorants and anti-perspirants . . . they're particularly important because of the heavy clothes you're wearing.

A good brushing will soften the straw-texture your hair seems to acquire along with a cold. Brushing can also very often relieve a headache. Try soaking cotton pads with your favorite cologne or toilet water and packing them between the bristles of your brush. It will waft a gentle fragrance through your tresses, and it's refreshing to cold-frayed nerves.

A special hair tonic rubbed into the scalp will re-vitalize it. Keep your hair-do as simple as possible, make it one that won't unravel into sad hanks when you're not feeling up to coping with it. When your coif does become unset, use a sparkling, clean-scented toilet water or a patented quick-dryer to moisten the end curls before pinning them up. They'll dry faster than they would with water . . . and there's less danger of more cold.

Health Stuff

It's your duty to beauty as well as health not to neglect a cold. Whenever you can, rest in bed. Drink lots of liquids and eat simple foods. Limit yourself to a temporary diet of fruit juices, water, broth, eggs, toast, tea, jello, baked potatoes and stewed fruits.

Realize the importance of cleanliness. Cold germs float in stale air and make themselves cozy in the dust. But sunlight and fresh air butcher them by the thousands. Wash your hands frequently and accompany each washing with an application of silky-textured hand lotion. Keeps skin smooth, leaves no cracks for germs to lodge in. Change your make-up often enough so that you won't worry about it. Always use facial tissues to cover your sneezes. They save laundering and keep germs from spreading.

Don't Spare the Powder

Even though cold germs haven't reddened your nose, winter beauty presents its own problems. Though you're brimming with vitamins you still need the flattery of powder base, eye beautifiers, lipstick, rouge and pretty scents, and the charm-protection of depilatories, deodorants, anti-perspirants and mouth-health aids.

Arctic Beauty

Remember you're not the same gypsy-tanned gal of last August. Key your make-up to the calendar. Out of doors, or indoors with steam heat, lips become dried and cracked. Pamper them with a rosy pink salve. Use it under your lipstick to smooth the way for your rosebud finish. It seems to make the color stay put so much longer. At night smooth a rich emollient on your lips. Before starting a new lipsticking job, use cold cream to remove the old.

Don't let the wind put tears in your eyes, don't let the glare of sun on

snow put crow's feet around them! An eye lotion washes away all signs of tears, tiredness or cold weather bleariness. A lubricating eye cream smooths out that oh-so-tender eye area skin, protects it from drying and wrinkling.

Really nippy weather isn't easy on your face. Cold winds bring dry skins, so invest in lubricating creams or lotions to repair the damage. Powder bases, cake, cream or liquid, are as important as your winter woolies. Applied ever so sparingly, with a dab on cheeks, chin, forehead and nose, they make powder cling like velvet. There are special emulsions designed to nullify chapping, roughness and redness.

Beauty and King Winter

Film lovelies can't afford colds. A few sneezes, a husky voice . . . and a thousand dollars flies out the window. We hope you will be as careful as the stars in keeping healthy and fit—and remember to use your cosmetic aids so you look as wonderful as you feel. Your radiant good looks are more important today than ever!

CO-ED

(Continued from page 16)

The boys "down under" and "over there" and just "away" remember girls at home who were gay and friendly. Girls who were a little bit idealistic and more than a little hard to get. They remember dirty saddle shoes and clean scrubbed faces, Lindy hops and colossal hair-ribbons. They're going through you-know-what so's they can come home and marry one of those gals and live happily ever after. For Pete's sake, don't let the breed die out.

So they remember us as gay, you're saying. Well, just how do you go about being gay when the headlines scream horror every morning? When the boy you're mad for has enlisted? When everything is so disgustingly ickey? First of all, realize that this is only an interlude in your life. The war will, one heavenly day, be over, and we will have won because we won't stop fighting until we do.

And now with so many incidentals being eased out of your life—cars and cokes and pure wool cardigans — find joy in the fundamental things. The non-priorities such as good books, good music and good friends. If Joe's Wednesday nights currently belong to some aeronautical course, wish him well and get yourself a date with Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," or "The Song of Bernadette." Or dial yourself a symphony on the radio.

here's how . . .

If your OAO has joined the Army—please don't sit home being morbidly faithful. It's much too easy to dramatize a fleeting crush in khaki into something tremendous. See lots of other boys, but don't go propagandizing them into enlisting. They'll be called soon enough, and the more school they can get the better soldiers they'll make.

And they remember you as idealistic. Well, that's tough, 'cause you're having a time hanging on to those ideals about now. The eat, drink and be merry stuff is so rampant and so senseless. Stop considering the war a dead-end street and try to think of it as a very bumpy road to a better world. What kind of a person do you want to be in that better world? A cynical gal with circles down to your chin? Tired, burnt out, disillusioned from having lived too fast too soon? Or strong and wise. Tempered by what you've seen, but far from broken. Anxious to take up the good way of life that used to be and eager to really begin to live.

You used to be more than a little hard-to-get. Remember? How're you doing? There was that cute boy you met at the USO party who'd just come back from the Pacific and was off again in a couple of days. He was so adorable, and you felt so sorry for him, but was that any excuse for lingering indefinitely in the car with him? You know, it's very, very easy for a boy to find a girl with nothing more to offer than a superior neck, but the gal he remembers and cherishes is the one who cheered him up with some silly, inconsequential chatter, then restored his faith and courage with some common sense and understanding and finally sent him away feeling safe and loved with a good night kiss that was tender and sincere.

The old standards about "smootching" are still good, because the reason for not over-doing it is still the same, and this is to us the best possible reason. Somewhere in the world is the boy who's going to be your husband. Maybe you've never even heard of him; maybe he sat next to you in Chemistry. Anyway, he's the most wonderful person that ever happened, and you want terribly to be worthy of him. When you marry him. you don't want any past rearing its ugly puss, but, most important of all, you want the right to his complete and eternal faith in you.

Think of that when Bill or Johnny or Ted is about to be shipped foreign, and the drama of the whole situation has you floundering. Think of that when your chums are heckling you to go gadding and pick up some boys at the nearest camp. Think of that whenever the moon is too bright, and you'll be okay.

There's a new and better world in the making, and it's all yours if you want it. Take it away there, Miss America!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While on a Southern cruise, Bing Crosby engaged in conversation two Ursuline nuns who were bound for British Honduras to establish a mission and convent school. Mr. Crosby told them a great deal about his children and his work, and in turn the nuns told him of their mission tasks. As their talk drew to a close, he asked if they would like an autographed picture of him, and, although they didn't know what they would do with the picture, they thanked him and went to their cabins. Later, a messenger came with 4 envelopes, containing photos of Bing Crosby. As the nuns opened the envelopes, they found a 50-dollar bill in each!

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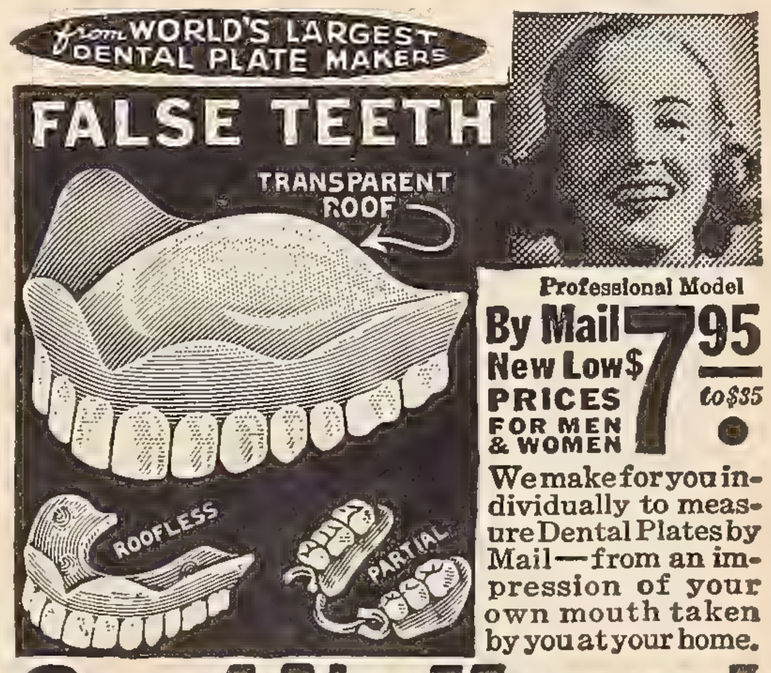
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REFLECTIONS ON BEAUTY

(Continued from page 43)

many ways to overcome skin faults, it is foolish of any girl to let them spoil her face and her fun!

Beauty Birth-Days

Give your skin a weekly beauty present—a thorough facial treatment. Pretend you're a beauty shop operator and go right through the motions in a professional manner. First get your face deep-pore clean, so your treatment will do the most good. You already know the rules for that—cleansing cream, soap and water. Next have a mask, that faithful "short cut to beauty." The mud pack our grandmothers used has been out-dated by modern, stream-lined methods. There are creamy masques that wash off with water, strawberry, mint and cucumber ones that smell as refreshing as they feel, and herbal and mentholated formulas that are especially good if you want a brightening, stimulating effect. Nancy Coleman has a quick skin-toning recipe that sounds good; she lathers her face with her favorite soap until it looks like a man's at the barber shop. She lets the suds dry for five minutes, then washes them off with cold water. You might also try using vanishing cream, spreading it on so thickly that your skin looks literally "snowed under." The heaviness of the layer has an exhilarating effect, and the skin glows healthily afterwards.

Remember that necks and throats come in for almost as much inspection as faces. Scrub your neck vigorously with soap and water at least once a day, not skimming over the hard-to-reach spots around the ears, under the chin and up by the hairline. Use your mask extra-thick on your neck. Because this skin is more heavily textured than that on the face, it needs a generous portion to do as much good.

After you have removed the mask, smooth on an application of emollient cream. Chap-time is coming, and lubrication is the first line of defense. Spread it from the base of the neck to your forehead (upward direction again, you see) and stroke and mould it into the skin with light-fingered touches. That's what beauty operators do to keep skin silky, supple and unlined. Remove the emollient with tissue and pat briskly with a pad of cotton saturated with skin lotion, freshener or icy water.

Beauty Defense

For the hours of the day and night when you take your face to school, office, stores or wherever, a make-up base gives it a flattering finish and protects it from dirt and extremes of weather.

Hands need skin protection, too. Using lotion or cream faithfully each time you wash them is an important beauty rule.

Back to the Mirror

These skin care hints are easy to follow, and so are Ann Rutherford's and Barbara Britton's suggestions for wardrobe witchery on pages 68 and 69. Don one of the fetching stocking caps pictured there, and with your face bright and shining beneath it, you'll be proud of the reflection in your mirror!

LIFE WITH FATHER

(Continued from page 53)

Dennis thought he'd better let that one pass. This younger generation is entirely too hep to angles.

Later that afternoon, as he and Stan tramped down one of their favorite paths, Stan asked in a man-to-man voice, "Exactly when are we going to get this baby, Dad?"

Dennis, a little puzzled about how to proceed, decided that a straightforward answer was the ticket. "The doctor thinks it will be here the first week in September—perhaps a little before."

"Is there any way to tell whether it's going to be a boy or a girl?" the Young Idea wanted to know.

"No." Then Dennis had an afterthought. "Does it make any difference to you?"

Stan kicked a pebble off the path. "Darned right. I say it's going to be a boy, and Kris keeps thinkin' it's going to be a girl, another sissy-old girl. So, to keep from arguing, we decided that we'd better have twins—a boy *and* a girl. Then the boy could sleep in my room with me, and the girl could sleep in Kris' room with her."

That reminded Dennis of a message he had from the children's mother. "Whether it's a boy or a girl or twins," he said, "your mother wants to use Kris' room as a nursery until the baby is at least a year old, then we can decide whose roommate the baby will be. I'm supposed to ask you what color you think the nursery should be, and whether you have any ideas about the furniture to go in there."

Stan was not to be flattered by this appeal to his interior decorating skill; he sensed an adult trick of some kind. "If you're going to use Kris' room for the nursery, what becomes of Kris? Where does she bunk?" he demanded suspiciously.

Dennis simply rolled his eyes downward at his son and grinned.

Stan almost boiled over. "In my room, I'll bet! Gosh, Dad, that's a gyp. Why do I have to have her on my hands just because of some old baby? . . ."

no trespassing . . .

"Where else could Kris sleep if she didn't move into your room?" Dennis asked reasonably. "Of course, if you'd rather, we can just leave Kris here when we go back home to stay. She could be Grandmother's girl and go to school in Beverly Hills. She wouldn't be around the house to bother you—or to play with you." Stan gave the arrangement some thought. A grin twitched the corners of his mouth, then spread slowly to his squinted eyes. "Oh, well, she's not so bad. She says some awful funny things, and all the guys I know think she's pretty cute. I guess I can stand to have her around."

On the way home, Stan was unusually quiet. He noticed a B 24 "Hightailin' for parts unknown," he said, and he visually okayed the performance of

a flight of P 38's, but his usual constant conversation was a.w.o.l.

Finally Dennis asked, "Anything on your mind, Tuffy?"

"Aw, sort of. Is Mom *awful* sick?"

Dennis sighed before he could answer. "Yes, Stan. She'll be all right soon, but she's quite sick now."

A grimy paw moved over to rest on Dennis' knee. "I sure hope I didn't cause all this trouble before I got born," he said wistfully, the words more than half a question.

The father found that he was having trouble with his "hay fever" again. "No, you didn't cause us any trouble at all, and neither did Kris. This is just something that can't be avoided and that no one understands. It's one of life's secrets, Stan."

man to man . . .

The boy exhaled in a long, relieved sigh. The car had turned into the street on which the grandparents live, so Stan said hurriedly, "Park a minute, Pop, before Kris sees us and comes running. I want to ask one more thing." His voice and face were so eloquent of a problem that Dennis drew up in the shade of a flowering eucalyptus tree.

"Shoot," he said.

"I heard Grandmother talking to somebody on the telephone the other day, and she said something about the hospital bills being awfully large. Well, Dad, I was thinking that I could take a cut in my twenty-five-cent allowance every week. I could get along on a dime, and we could use the other fifteen cents to help pay off the hospital."

Dennis put his arm around the slight young shoulders and hugged the boy. He looked along the street lined with houses—houses filled with children, and houses empty of children—and his overflowing heart was filled with something stronger than love, something wider than gratitude. A vast humility of spirit left him voiceless, but he thought, "Thank God forever and ever, amen, for a boy like mine."

Night after night, during the long waiting period, Dennis went down to the hospital to have dinner with Lillian. She worried a good deal about the children. "Is Stan practicing?" she wanted to know.

Stan is something of a prodigy on the piano, but the instant he moved from his own home to Beverly Hills, he gave up music like a politician shedding a pre-election promise.

Of course, Dennis couldn't tell Lillian the truth, so he said Stan was coming along fine. Afterward Dennis coached junior as follows: "You've been practicing like crazy if Mother asks—see?"

Stan winked, flexing his fingers. "Freddy Martin's piano concerto is my best number," he agreed.

Another thing that worried Lillian was the problem of Kris' hair. Her tumbled top is a mass of curls and needs to be brushed every night, then combed into ringlets. "It seems to me that her hair doesn't shine as much as it did when I was brushing it," she said.

"Of course it doesn't," Dennis agreed with alacrity. "But think what fun it will be for you to coax it back into a normal state when you get home. If Kristin's hair gets into an awful mess, she's just proud enough to fuss about it—and she'll think you're a genius when you get rid of the snarls and tangles for her."

Occasionally, during the weary weeks, the children were decked out in their best slacks and pinafore and taken down to the hospital to have dinner with

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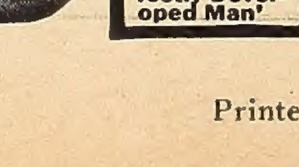
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Dennis and their mother at her bedside.

Before one visit, Kris put in appearance on the front seat of the car, complete with bouquet spelled with a capital Boo. It was enough to scare a law-abiding householder into king size jitters. There was a hunk of lantana and a few sprigs of ivy; there was an amaryllis complete with root. Four or five hibiscus blossoms, a prize Hoover rose and selected portions of a blooming gardenia bush completed the floral offering. The resemblance of this bouquet to any of the neighbors' shrubbery, living or dead, is purely coincidental—at least, Dennis hopes none of the property owners suspected the identity of the local vandal.

On August 28, the third Morgan child put in a very welcome appearance. He was a lusty boy, named James Irving, and his mother came through the ordeal like the trouper she is.

Dennis stood outside the glass enclosure and made eyes at his second son. "Hurry up and get into condition," he said. "You and I have some sparring to do, young fella. We've got to get acquainted."

When he told Stan and Kris that the rookie was a boy, Stan turned to his kid sister. "I'm sure sorry it wasn't twins," he said generously. "But—tell you what. When he gets old enough to be moved out of the nursery, I'll have him in my room one night, and I'll let him be your roommate the next."

Lucky James Irving, to be dropped by the stork into a family that dotes on him already!

WHO IS GIG YOUNG?

(Continued from page 55)

officially, from Byron Barr to Bryant Fleming to Gig Young.

Pop was a big shot in town (St. Cloud, Minn.) because he owned an important canning factory.

"My first job," Gig admits if pressured slightly, "was working for my father in his canning factory during a summer vacation when I was fifteen. The foreman didn't know who I was and fired me right off the bat. This made me very happy, because I figured I'd spend the rest of the summer fishing and swimming. But my father had other ideas, and much to my disgust, had me rehired. I was earning $8 a week. I spent the first week's salary on my first girl friend. I bought her a great big heart-shaped box of candy and called on her every night thereafter until the candy was gone. I bought myself a flashy tie, too, so I'd be a snazzy Jim Dandy when I took my girl out."

Today, even as then, Gig would rather just "take his girl out"—he's married now—than join the mob at a huge celebrity party.

sundaes and senators . . .

Social register fiends please note that the Young man has spent years rubbing elbows with the country's best families. Why shouldn't he? In the lean years after the family had moved to Washington, D. C., and Mom began eyeing Pop with that "Don't-you-think-it's time-Buster-went-to-work?" look, Kid Buster took the hint with hardly a yap, and before the folks had realized he was out of knee pants, he was off jerking sodas for Congressmen, Commissars and Clerks alike. In the months that followed, Gig made things soft for the upper classes when he served consecutively as a hotel clerk, gas station attendant, usher, gardener, farm hand, and finally, having sweated his way to Calif., he marked time as a waiter.

Come lately, with Mrs. Gig cooking three squares a day for him, our Hero says he keeps in trim by "Eating everything I want, wanting everything I eat; and staying thin worrying about my option." Says it's a nice trick if you can do it—eating everything you want—but holds high a warning forefinger.

"I would like to say to anyone who is thinking of marrying an actor, TRY TO PICK ONE WHO IS UNDER CONTRACT! I know what I'm talking about, because I didn't have one when I married, and believe you me it certainly would have helped on the first of the month—any month."

So far, Gig and the missus have no little Gigs, but they insist that the matter is not in their hands. "If the studio takes up my option," Gig says, hands clasped about his knees, eyes wandering speculatively, "then I think it would be nice to have a boy and girl.

baby bow-wow . . .

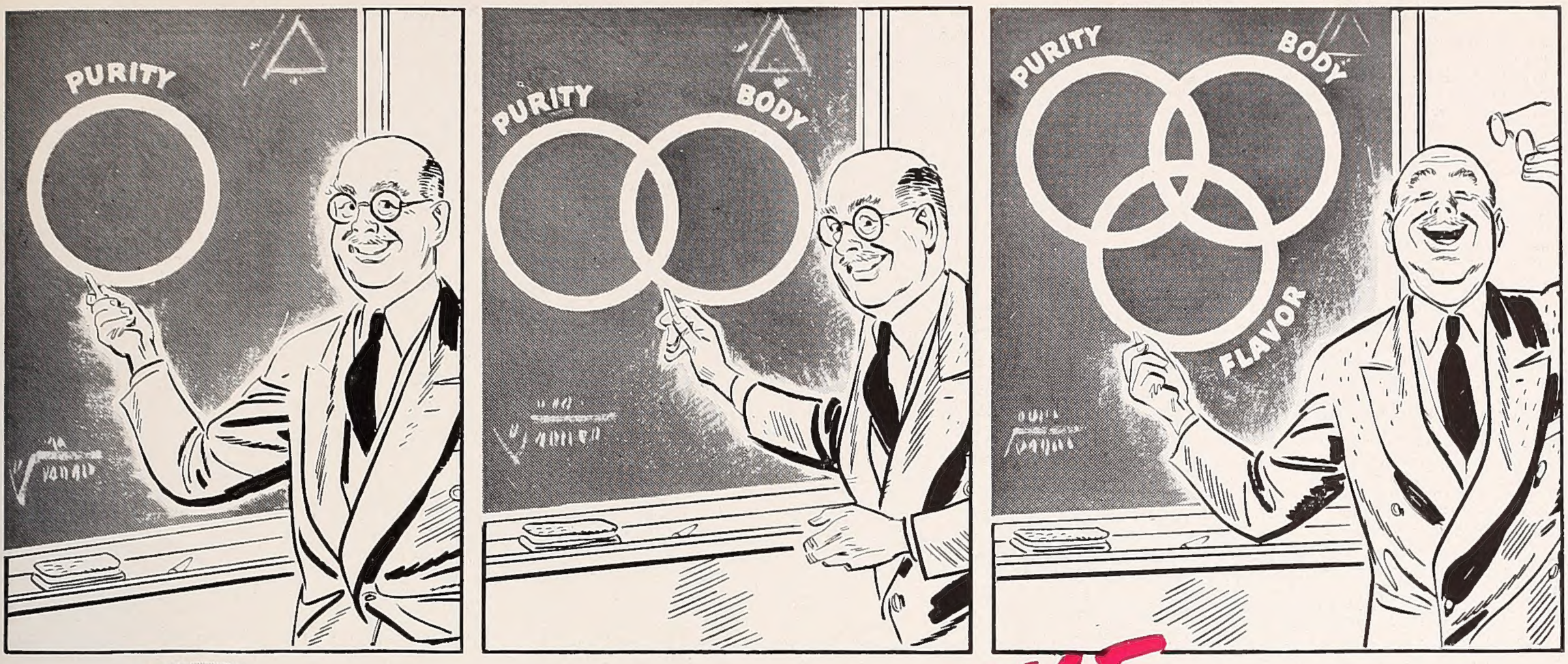
All of which reminded him of the uninvited, unauthorized and very unlikely publicity given him a few months back by over-zealous press-agentry. Happened in the days when Gig was known as Bryant Fleming. Seems the master got himself a cunnin' li'l puppy dog, name of which he gave Gig Young to commemorate in history his "Gay Sisters" role, the best break the studio had given him thus far. Came one day, after a long series of interviews, Gig yawned and mentioned that "Well, folks, guess I hafta go home and feed the baby," meaning, of course, the purp. Didn't take long for one of the not-so-wise columnists to scoop that one. Hot news! Very next day the small-brained, big-time writer boldly announced that Warner Brothers' newest discovery was the proud and attentive poppa of a darling brown-haired child!

Women? Swell! Bring 'em on—"But I can't stand them noisy!" Expresses no preferences in looks, dress or personality, doesn't give a darn whether they wear their lovely locks piled high or glamorously drooped.

As for his own front, Gig gives the missus a special kiss every time she says it's O.K. to slap on those sloppy tweeds, the coat and pants that don't match, and the rough textured tie that can take it. On the screen, he hasn't been specially bothered with fancy make-up tricks to cover up possible bad features or add slick new ones. "Everything's my own, so I don't have to worry—yet!" he winked.

Just to show you that Gig's really a man to watch out for, he admits that, next to collecting defense stamps, his favorite hobby is his library of home recordings—discs he's personally recorded of friends' conversations, taken, of course, when they're off guard and liable to say almost anything rash. The ole devil enjoys it most when he plays the platters back next time his pals show up.

Never a dull moment with Gig Young around!

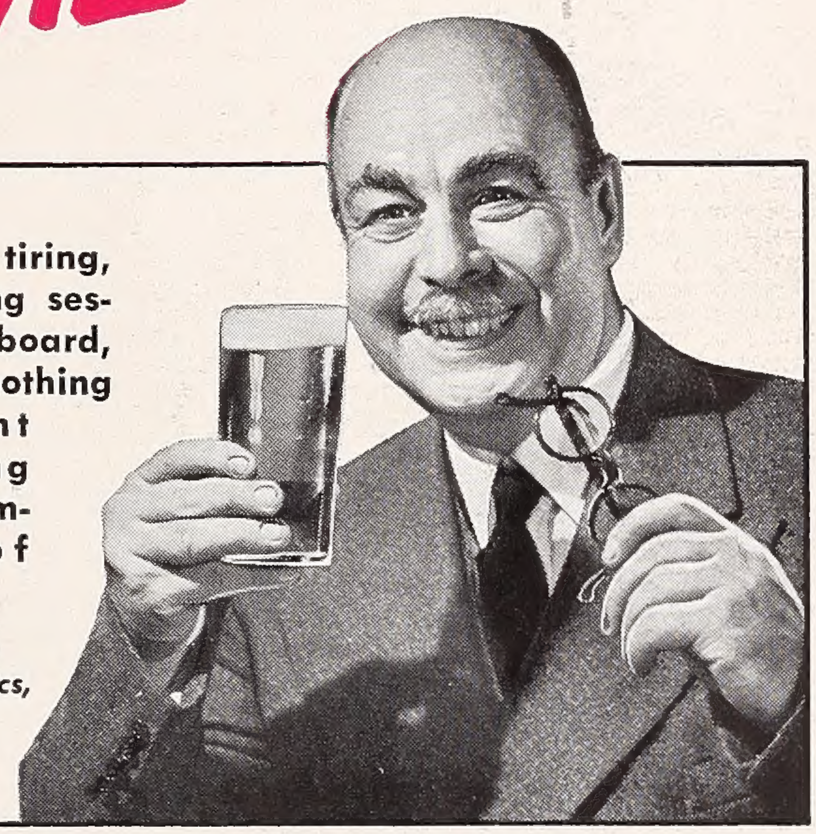


AH! 3-RING TIME



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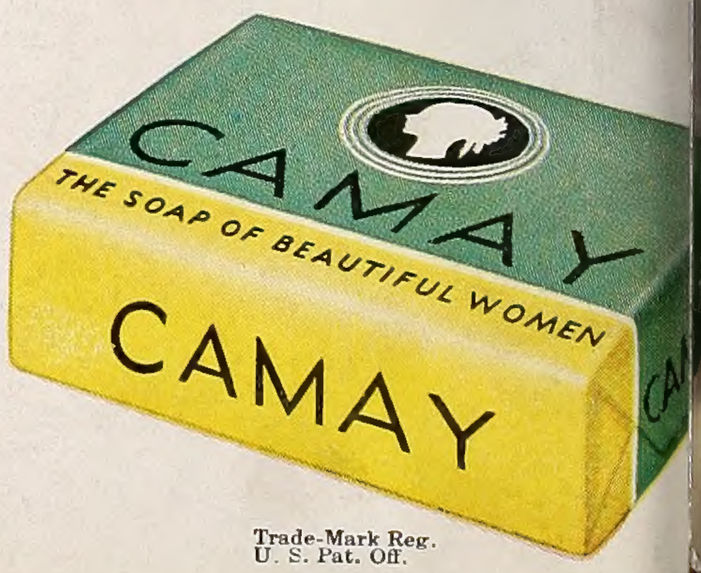
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